16 PAGES. MARION DAILY STAR. PAGES 1 TO 9.

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Express Train Wrecked

One Hundred and Fifty Passengers on Board.

ALL GO OVER AN EMBANKMENT.

A Large Number Killed and Nearly All the Rest Seriously Injured—Three Hundred Men Hard at Work Clearing Away the Wreck and Rescuing the Victims.

READING, Pa., Sept. 20.—A wreck occurred on the Reading railroad, seventeen miles above this place, at about 6:45 last night. If everything is borne out by subsequent developments, it is the worst wreck that has ever occurred in this section in the history of the Reading Railroad company. The train which met with disaster left this city at 6:10 o'clock, ten minutes late.

It is known as the Pottsville express, and was running at the rate of at least forty-five miles an hour. It had on board probably 125 to 150 passengers, and consisted of engine, mail and express cars, and three passenger cars. At Shoemakersville, about fifteen miles above this city, there is a curve where the railroad is about eighteen to twenty feet higher than the Schuylkill river. Here, shortly before 6 o'clock, a freight train ran into a coal train, throwing several cars in the latter on the opposite track, and before the train hands had time to go back to warn any approaching train of the danger, the Pottsville express came around the curve and ran into the wrecked coal cars on its track.

The engine went down the embankment, followed by the entire train with its human freight. The scene was one of great horror, and can be better imagined than described. The cries of the imprisoned passengers were heart-rending. It was a scene never to be forgotten by those who participated and survived. Some of the passengers managed to crawl out of their prison and aroused the neighborhood. Word was telegraphed to this city and help summoned, but all information was refused at this point by the railroad officials.

Physicians and surgeons and a force of 300 workmen were taken to the spot, and with the aid of a traveling electric light plant the work of clearing away the wreck was at once proceeded with. Work was slow and the dead and dying were taken out with great difficulty. Up to this hour fifteen dead and over thirty wounded had been taken out. Of the latter some were brought here and others taken to the Miners' hospital at Ashland. The dead so far recovered are still on the ground.

Following is the list of the killed:

William D. Shome, of Reading, badly mangled.

John White, engineer, of Pottsville, Pennsylvania.

James Templin, fireman, of Pottsville, Pennsylvania.

Harry Logan, conductor, of Pottsville, Pa.

David Augstedt, of Mahaney City, died after being taken from the wreck.

E. W. Logan, baggagemaster, of Sheandoah.

The others are unknown and awaiting the recognition of friends. None of the bodies have been taken from the scene of the disaster.

The injured are:

Harrison Riland, of Philadelphia, leg broken and internally hurt.

Joseph Southwood, of Centralia, badly cut and internally hurt.

James F. Merkle, of Bethlehem, body cut about the head and internally hurt.

John Thornton, of Leesport, badly cut about the head and body, seriously injured.

Joseph Noll, of Shenandoah, cut about the head and left shoulder broken.

Frank B. Holl, manager of Frank Mayo's Dramatic company, cut about head and body, bruised about arms and legs.

John Carroll, of St. Clair, back hurt and internally injured.

Joseph A. Asfill, of Mahoney City, bruised about body and legs.

Robert Cotton, of Pottstown, injured internally.

Samuel Shellenberger, of Hamburg, legs injured.

E. W. Cahler, of Girardville, foot and leg mashed.

John Cosdick, of Mount Caramel, hurt internally and hand mashed.

W. W. Johnston, of Shenandoah, head badly cut and leg broken.

George Sanders, of Reading, badly hurt about back and neck.

Benjamin Franklin Beecher, of Shenandoah, left hip badly cut and leg hurt.

James Lentharm, of Shenandoah, left hip crushed and legs hurt.

John Hess, of Mahoney City, legs badly hurt.

David G. Young, of Mahoney City, head badly cut and legs sprained.

Lyman Drake, of Hamburg, both legs broken.

Dr. B. F. Reinald, of New Ringgold, right arm badly hurt.

Jacob Ulmer, of Pottsville, both legs broken.

Samuel Clemens, of Mahoney City, badly hurt about body and legs broken.

William Sanders, of Ashland, hurt internally.

William Glassmayer, of Port Clinton, badly cut about the breast.

Thomas Cooney, of Philadelphia, head and legs injured.

The wrecked train is still lying at the bottom of the river. The exact number of the passengers lost is not known and a reporter who is still on the ground telephones his belief that there are still twenty-five or more bodies underneath the wreck, or were carried away by the current.

Sixteen of the injured were brought on a special train to the Reading hospital at 11 o'clock.

A passenger who went down with the wreck and who was but slightly hurt, says: "When the passenger train left Reading the cars were all filled, many of the passengers being ladies. I sat in the front part of the last car. The train was going at a lively rate of speed. The passengers appeared a happy crowd, many of the ladies chatting and laughing after a day's pleasure at the Berks county fair. I was viewing the lovely country through which we were passing when suddenly there was a terrible crash. I was hurled from my seat. While the cars rolled down the twenty-foot embankment and I was thrown from one side of the car to the other like a boy, when, splash went one end into the water and I was thrown against the side of the car with a force that partially stunned me.

"I quickly recovered myself, and managed to climb upon the seats on that side of the car which lay against the embankment. I was a prisoner in the car, unable to get out, and while I was nursing my sprained ankle and dislocated wrist I realised that I was in a scene of veritable horror. Around me were human beings struggling in the water, screaming in their fright and some almost dragged me back into the water again. A few saved themselves as I did, and the remainder struggled in the water and then quietly sank out of sight."

Wreck in Arkansas.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 20.—The Times Democrat's Pine Bluff, Ark., special says: A fatal wreck occurred on the Valley railroad yesterday afternoon a few miles north of this city. A northbound train jumped the track. There were eight or nine passengers aboard. Frank Sweet, one of the shingle mill men, was killed. His body was embalmed and forwarded to his home in Michigan.

The others injured were:

George Watkins, of Little Rock, breast bruised and collar bone broken.

Conductor McIlvain, of Little Rock, head badly bruised.

A. M. Davis, bruised about the body.

C. W. Nutts, colored, cut on legs.

George Singleton, colored brakeman, cut about head and shoulders.

Roan Sykes, colored, scalp wound.

An unknown colored woman received slight injuries. All the wounded are being cared for in this city.

Passengers Shaken Up.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Sept. 20.—At 6:30 o'clock this morning the New York express on the New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Western railroad crashed into a coal train that had stopped to register at the Broadway station in Fulton. The engineer and fireman escaped by jumping. Express Messenger J. D. Hopkins, of Norwich, also jumped, but broke his leg. The locomotive of the passenger train and a coach and two cars of the coal train were badly wrecked. The passengers were badly shaken up and frightened. The wreck was soon cleared.

NEWS BY CABLE.

Five Hundred People Drowned Off the Coast of Japan—Other Items.

LONDON, Sept. 20.—Advices from Hioga state that the Turkish man-of-war Errogol was foundered at sea and that 500 of her crew were drowned.

The Errogol was a wooden, frigate-built cruiser of 2,344 tons displacement. She mounted forty-one guns of small calibre and was built in 1868. Osman Pasha and Ali Pasha, envoys of the sultan to the Emperor of Japan, were passengers and were drowned.

Ready for Mobilizing.

LONDON, Sept. 20.—A St. Petersburg dispatch states that the Russian troops which were sent from Kief to take part in the maneuvers at Rowno, in Volhynia, will remain permanently at the latter place. Their location there will facilitate mobilization in case of need.

A Royal Conference.

PARIS, Sept. 20.—La Paix says that Emperor William and the Emperor of Austria have held a long debate on the admission of France into the alliance with Germany, Austria and Italy.

Chicago's Choice for Director General.

CHICAGO, Sept. 20.—The world's fair local directors held a secret meeting Thursday night. The result was the indorsement of George R. Davis, of Illinois, as the choice of Chicago for the position of director general. The decisive vote stood: Davis 25, Goshorn 1; Ferd. W. Peck, of Chicago, 2; ex-Assistant Postmaster General Stevenson 1, and six blanks. There was considerable warm discussion preceding the vote as to whether the selection of a director general should not be relegated wholly to to the National commission, in view of the attitude taken by that body.

Mangled With a Shotgun.

PARIS, Ky., Sept. 20.—John L. Spears, one of the most respected farmers in this county, either suicided or accidentally killed himself near Hutchinson's station yesterday morning. His body was fearfully mangled, and a shotgun was lying by his side. He was well off, and left a wife and several children. No cause can be assigned for the suicide. His friends claim an accident.

Suicide in an Asylum.

TRENTON, N. J., Sept. 20.—Richard W. Goodchild, of Bayonne, a patient in the state lunatic asylum, committed suicide yesterday. Goodchild was a real estate broker, and had been in the institution eight months.

Explosion of Natural Gas.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 20.—William H. Bell, of Bellevue, was killed yesterday by an explosion of natural gas while cleaning a cistern at his home. The cistern had filled with gas and was exploded by a light.

Price of Silver Bullion

A Report From Acting Secretary Batcheller.

SENATOR PLUMB ANSWERED.

No Rule or Policy of the Department to Go By—Proceedings of Both Branches of Congress—Various Other Washington News.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—Acting Secretary Batcheller, of the treasury, yesterday sent to the senate the following reply to Senator Plumb's resolution of inquiry about the department's method of purchasing and paying for silver bullion: "There is no rule or policy of this department which requires that checks drawn in payment of silver bullion purchased under the recent act of congress be paid over the counter of the sub-treasury at New York. As a matter of fact these checks pass through the New York clearing house the same as other checks drawn on the assistant treasurer at New York.

"In regard to the issue of treasury notes of large denominations in payment for silver purchased, I have the honor to state that it was found impracticable to engrave and print in the period of thirty days, the time allowed between the passage of the act of July 14, 1890, authorizing the issue of these notes, and the date the purchases of silver were to commence, a sufficient supply of these notes to comply with the law except in denominations of $1,000 and $100.

"In the course of a few days, however, certainly by the first of next week, the supply of treasury notes of small denominations will be sufficient to enable the department to make payments for silver purchased in notes of small denominations instead of larger ones. When the supply of small notes will permit, the notes of large denominations, already issued, will be exchanged at the treasury and its branches for notes of small denominations, and as fast as such notes of large denomination are received in the treasury, notes of smaller denominations will be paid out in their stead.

"In order to prevent any scarcity of notes of small denominations by reason of the necessary issue of treasury notes of large denominations, the treasurer of the United States has been in the habit of receiving treasury notes of large denominations on deposit with the assistant treasurer at New York for transfer of funds, and shipping from the treasury notes of small denominations (silver certificates and greenbacks) to banks requesting them.

"With reference to the inquiry, 'whether such method of payment does not practically result in the payment of such checks in gold coin instead of treasury notes,' I have the honor to state that the amount of treasury notes paid out to-day in the purchase of silver bullion, all in denominations of $1,000 and $100, has been $5,209,000, of which amount $985,600 have been received back in the treasury in the payment of dues and are now carried as cash, leaving the sum of $4,223,400 in circulation.

"So far as the department is informed, there has been no demand of any magnitude upon the treasury for the redemption of these notes in gold coin."

Senate and House Proceedings.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—The senate yesterday discussed for a while Mr. Plumb's resolution to recommit the bankruptcy bill with instructions to amend it by making it to apply to voluntary bankruptcy only, and then left the whole matter on the calendar, with not much probability of it being again called up this session. A number of unobjected bills on the calendar were taken up and passed before adjournment.

In the house the Democratic minority by filibustering tactics, refusing to vote, but responding to roll calls, prevented final action up to the time of adjournment on the Langston-Venable Virginia contested election case.

Census Office Reports.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—The census office yesterday announced the population of the following cities, with increases since 1880: Battle Creek, Mich., 13,099; increase, 6,027. Cincinnati, 296,309; increase, 41,180. Hamilton, O., 17,519; increase, 5,397. Middletown, O., 7,678; increase, 3,135. Beaver Falls, 9,734; increase, 4,630. Connellsville, Pa., 5,623; increase, 2,014. Monongahela, Pa., 4,986; increase, 1,182. New Brighton, Pa., 5,603; increase, 1,950. Uniontown, Pa., 6,358; increase, 3,093. Washington, Pa., 7,045; increase, 2,753.

Successful Experiment.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—Secretary Tracy returned to Washington yesterday from Annapolis, where he witnessed the tests of the three steel armor plates there. Speaking of the tests the secretary expressed himself as being highly pleased, and said that it was the most remarkable test in the annals of ordnance matter. The experiment will be continued next Monday, when shots will be fired at the center of each plate from an eight-inch rifled gun.

Silver Purchases.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—The treasury department yesterday received for purchase 520,000 ounces of silver bullion, 476,000 ounces of which were accepted at the following prices: 100,000 ounces at $1.1674, [illegible] ounces at 1.1675, [illegible] ounces at [illegible]; 50,000 ounces at 1.1645, [illegible] at 1.1645, 50,000 ounces at [illegible].

Cincinnati's Population.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—The count of the population of Cincinnati was completed at the census office Friday. It shows 296,309, as compared with 255,139 in 1880, being an increase of 41,170, or a percentage of increase of 16.14.

BUSINESS BAROMETER.

R. G. Dun & Company's Weekly Review of Trade.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.—R. G. Dun & Company's weekly review of trade says: Secretary Windom's purchase of four-per-cent. bonds has brought immediate ease in the money market. No unhealthy expansion of speculation has appeared as yet, and commercial loans are again quoted at 6 to 7 per cent., while money on call has fallen from 100 to 4 1-2 per cent.

The actual disbursements of the treasury, in excess of receipts for the week, have been $9,300,000, only part of the bonds having yet been paid for, but over $1,000,000 more notes have been issued for silver bullion. It is important to notice that the pressure for money still increases at most of the interior centers, and the banks of England, France and Germany lost about $65,000,000 gold last week. Until crops move more freely, the future of the New York money market will not be entirely unclouded.

The root of the difficulty is that wheat is quoted at 98 3-4 at Chicago, $1.02 3-4 here, and only about $1.03 at Liverpool for the same grade, so that no free and natural movements to the seaboard or hence to Europe can take place. Similar obstacles check the movement of some other products. Exports of wheat and corn are not half those of last year at corresponding dates. But imports are coming forward in large volume, anxiety to get goods entered here before the new tariff goes into effect being great. In half of September the increase of imports over last year at New York has been 9 per cent., but the decrease in exports hence has been 19 per cent.

The interior money markets are generally closer, with the strong demand which an unprecedented volume of business naturally causes. At Boston the stringency affects trade somewhat, but wool is in much better demand, sales reaching 5,693,000 pounds. Wool also shows improvement at Philadelphia, and cotton manufacture is fairly active; the iron trade is very active and nail makers advance prices to $2 per keg. Chicago has a large decrease from last year in receipts of grain, but increase in lard, cheese, hides and wool; dry goods and clothing sales exceed last year's. Money at Chicago is close and rates stiffer. St. Louis notes good fall trade in all lines. At all other western points reporting trade is good, exceeding last year's, but everywhere money is in strong demand, and at most places tight. Closeness also appears at southern points.

The consumption of iron is enormous, the largest ever known, and the plate, structural, sheet and wrought pipe works are crowded. The great increase in sales of wool marks a revival in that manufacture, and the cotton manufacture is active, the decline in raw material helping. Dry goods business is growing in activity.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the past seven days number: For the United States, 164, and for Canada, 26, or a total of 190, as compared with a total of 193 last week, and 204 the week previous to the last. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 198, representing 177 failures in the United States and 21 in Canada.

FIRE LOSSES.

Thirty Dwellings Burned at Whitehall, Michigan—Other Fires.

DETROIT, Sept. 20.—A special to The News from Whitehall, Mich., says: Whitehall had the greatest fire early yesterday morning that it has had since 1881. It started near the Mears barn and swept a path through the town for half a mile, destroying at least thirty dwellings. The Muskegon fire department came to the aid of the town and helped save the rest of it.

The principal losers are Lyman T. Covell, brick block and drug store; M. B. Covell, brick store; Ruggles' opera house and rink; E. J. Smith, of The Whitehall Forum; Reed & Sons', and Masonic's and Odd Fellows' halls. The loss aggregates over $100,000.

At South Haven, Michigan.

SOUTH HAVEN, Mich., Sept. 20.—Fire early this morning, destroyed M. Hale & Company's and E. E. Burlingham's dry goods stores, H. Cain, & Company's boot and shoe store, C. Fletcher, & Sons' hardware store, William Grill's butcher-shop, E. E Dale's drug store, Angle & Hellman's tailor shop, a barbershop, the postoffice and the residence of J. J. Clement. The loss is estimated at $60,000. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Passenger Steamer Burned.

CHESTER, Pa., Sept. 20.—The passenger steamboat Norwood, owned largely by Mr. Hogan, of Philadelphia, was burned early this morning while lying at the wharf in this city. No one was injured. The vessel was worth $6,000, well covered by insurance.

Spice Mills Burned.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.—London & Johnson's coffee, tea and spice mills, known as "Metropolitan mills," Nos. 181 and 183 Chambers street, were damaged $15,000 to $20,000 by fire early this morning. The loss is almost wholly covered by insurance.

Schoolhouse Burned by Firebugs.

CHICAGO, Sept. 20.—The public school at Washington Heights, a suburb of Chicago, was destroyed by fire Friday morning. Loss $40,000, insurance $15,000. It is believed that the conflagration was the work of firebugs.

Verdict in the Hein Case.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Sept. 20.—The coroner's jury in the Hein case rendered a verdict to the effect that Bertha Hein and Carrie Hein were murdered by their father, Frederick H. J. Hein, and that the said Frederick H. J. Hein, after killing the children, committed suicide. Maud Hein, the third victim of her murderous father, died yesterday. The funerals of the father and the daughters, Carrie, Bertha and Maud, were held in the afternoon.

Buckeye State News.

Items of Interest from Various Places.

A FARMER BEAT OUT OF $5,000.

Two Sharp Swindlers Secure a Snug Sum From a Jefferson County Farmer—Attempt to Wreck a Train on the Cincinnati, Sandusky and Cleveland Road. Kent Saloon Keepers in Trouble—Other Ohio Items.

STEUBENVILLE, O., Sept. 20.—Two sharpers played a successful swindling game for $5,000 on Henry Burris, a wealthy Quaker farmer residing near Smithfield, Jefferson county. Under the pretense of buying a farm they left a satchel filled with money, about $18,000 the sharpers said.

Later they met Burris at Smithfield and asked for a loan of $5,000. Thinking the money in the satchel was ample security, Burris made the loan and the sharpers disappeared. The satchel was filled with paper and pieces of wood.

Saloonkeepers in Trouble.

KENT, O., Sept. 20.—There is consternation among the Kent saloon keepers. A large number of witnesses were subpœnaed to appear before the grand jury at Ravenna this week to testify against a number of them for violating the Sunday law and selling to minors. It is charged that the saloon keepers raised funds and enticed eight boys, all witnesses, on an excursion to Niagara Falls so the officers could not subpœna them. The saloonist left the boys to shift for themselves at Niagara and they had a tough time getting back.

Governor Campbell Misrepresented.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 20.—Governor Campbell declares that he has been misrepresented by certain newspapers in his attitude towards granting pardons, etc. He has written a letter to the board of penitentiary managers taking them to task for releasing Lou Houck, the notorious three card monte sharper serving a term for manslaughter. He calls attention to the fact that both himself and Governor Foraker had passed on the case and had refused to interfere with the sentence.

Robbed by Masked Men.

TOLEDO, O., Sept. 20.—A special to The Bee from Perrysburg, O., says: Last night about 10 o'clock two masked men entered the house of Peter Fines, about two miles south of Perrysburg, and beat Mr. and Mrs. Fines into insensibility and then robbed them of $900, which they had in the house. The appearance of the house indicated a desperate struggle. Both are in a critical condition and may not recover. Two persons suspected of the crime are under arrest.

Attempted Train-Wrecking.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Sept. 20.—A fiendish attempt was made Thursday night to wreck the Cincinnati, Sandusky and Cleveland passenger train of twelve cars returning from the state fair and laden with passengers. Ten ties were piled on the track between London and Lilly Chapel. The engine struck them and was badly damaged, but kept the track.

New Incorporations.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 20. Articles of incorporation were filed with the secretary of state yesterday as follows: The Dayton Spice Mills company, increase from $50,000 to $200,000; McMurray & Fisher Sulky company, Marion, $100,000; Mount Carmel Building and Loan company, Cincinnati, $500,000; Great Northern Detective company, Ada, $10,000.

Grew Despondent and Suicided.

NEWARK, O., Sept. 20.—Holly Hock, aged 19, son of a prosperous farmer residing near Sylvania, suicided by shooting his head off. He was despondent over a chronic spinal disease.

Fatal Boiler Explosion.

ATHENS, O., Sept. 20. Simon Chalis and his son William were killed by the explosion of a threshing machine engine near this place yesterday forenoon. Several others were injured.

Child Drowned in a Cistern.

IRONTON, O., Sept. 20. Harry, the 4-year-old son of Stephen Vostean, a painter formerly of Covington, Ky., was drowned yesterday afternoon by falling into an open cistern.

Two Victims of an Exploding Boiler.

ATHENS, O., Sept. 20. The boiler of a threshing machine engine exploded at Marshfield, seven miles west of here, Friday morning, killing two men named Davis and Hayes.

Freight Cars Piled Up.

AKRON, O., Sept. 20. A special engine on the Canton and Southern railway collided with a freight at Congress lake. Eight cars were piled in a heap, but no lives were lost.

Brakeman Injured.

SALVATOR, O., Sept. 20.—The leg of Henry Worthington, brakeman on the Baltimore and Ohio road, was crushed between the cars.

Mob of Strikers Dispersed.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., Sept. 20. In the absence of the draymen, who are on a strike, the merchants of nonunion proclivities and some squatters drove their own drays, loaded with wool, to the quays. A mob of strikers tried to prevent the unloading of the drays, but the police charged the crowd and cleared the streets.

Colorado Republicans.

DENVER, Sept. 20. The Republican state convention yesterday nominated John L. Routt for governor and Judge William Storey for lieutenant governor.

CHILDS WILL BUY THE GROUND

About Which Lord Sackville is Acting So Unconscionably Mean.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 20.—The controversy over the claim of Lord Sackville to collect rent for the ground at Shakspeare's birthplace on which the memorial fountain erected by George W. Childs stands may possibly result in the acquisition of a part of the great poet's town to Mr. Childs. It is announced that Mr. Childs had sent across the sea a proposition to purchase the ground. Lord Sackville, who contends that the ground is a part of his estate, is pretty nearly at liberty to name his own figure. The people at Stratford-on-Avon hold that the ground is a common, and has been such for years, and the payment of rent is resisted on that point.

Lord Sackville is not so desirous of getting money out of it as he is that his right to claim rent shall be admitted, and he informed the town council that he would remit the rent if he were only asked to do so. The council, however, would not please him so much as to do that. Lord Sackville, in view of the fact that the donor of the memorial fountain, which cost $50,000, is an American, has been widely criticised and the English journals have teemed with adverse comments. If Mr. Childs buys the land he will present it to the town. The fountain has already been presented.

Will Follow Kemmler.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Sept. 20.—Judge Fish charged the jury yesterday morning in the Cal Wood murder trial. His charge occupied over an hour, and was clear and impartial. The jury were out but thirty minutes and returned into court and delivered a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. The prisoner was sentenced in the afternoon to be executed by electricity at Dannemora prison during the week of Nov. 3. Wood was totally unconcerned, but his wife wept and broke down upon hearing the sentence.

Two Were Killed, Not Forty.

OMAHA, Sept. 20.—Special dispatches to The Bee confirm the report of a cyclone in the vicinity of Manning, Iowa; but the report that forty people were killed, proves untrue. William Ferry and child were killed, and a number injured. The loss of property will amount to several thousands of dollars. The roof of the school building at Massena was blown off, but, aside from this, no damage reported.

Eight Lost from the Challenger.

BOSTON, Sept. 20.—The ship Challenger, of Bath, before reported lost, put in here in distress Friday. She has nothing but her fore and main lower masts, with fore and main yards standing. Capt. Thompson reports experienced adverse winds nearly the whole time after leaving West Hartlepool until the hurricane of Aug. 31. Eight men were lost overboard and four injured.

Everything Quiet at Guatamala.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.—A special to The Herald from the City of Guatamala says: Everything is quiet here now. The officers and men of the United States war vessels are pretty well tired of their stay and view with satisfaction the orders they have received to leave. The Thetis leaves San Jose next week for Nicaragua. The Ranger goes from here to Panama.

Shot at the Supper Table.

THREE RIVERS, Que., Sept. 20.—Mrs. Gervais, of Point Du Lac, nine miles from here, was shot and killed while sitting at the supper table with her husband, last evening. The shot was fired through the window. There is no clew to the party who did the shooting, and no cause can be assigned for the act.

THE MARKETS.

Review of the Stock, Money and Cattle Markets for Sept. 19.

Wall Street.

Money on call loans loaned at easy rates at 4@5 per cent.

Exchange quiet and steady; posted rates, 481½@485; actual rates, 480½@480¾ for sixty days, and 484@484¼ for demand.

Governments steady; sixes, 114 bid, fours coupon, 124¼; four and a-halfs 104⅝.

STOCK QUOTATIONS.

The following were the 1 p. m. figures:

Atchison	41⅞	Mich. Central	92¼
C., B & Q	96¾	N. Y. Central	106
C., C., C. & St. L.	69	Northwestern	108⅝
Del. & Hudson	157¼	Ohio and Miss.	20¼
D., L. & W.	144	Pacific Mail	46
Erie	25	Rock Island	86½
Lake Shore	107¾	St. Paul	66¼
L. & N	86¼	West. Union	81½

Cincinnati.

WHEAT—98@$1.02.

CORN—47@55c.

WOOL—Unwashed fine merino, 17@18c; ¼-blood combing, 22@24c; medium delaine and combing, 24@26c; braid, 17@18c; medium clothing, 23@24c; fleece washed, fine merino X and XX, 28@29c; medium clothing, 28@30c; delaine, 30@31c.

CATTLE—Good to choice butchers, $3 50@3 75; fair, $2 25@3.25; common, $1 25@2 00.

HOGS—Selected butchers and heavy shipping, $4 70@4 80; fair to good packing, $4 50@4 75; common to rough, $4 25@4 25; fair to good light, $4 60@4 80; pigs, $3 50@4 65.

SHEEP—$2 75@4 75.

LAMBS—$4 00@6 25.

Chicago.

HOGS—Light $4 50@4 85, mixed, $4 00@4 75; heavy, $4 00@4 70.

CATTLE—Extra steers, $4 75@5 15; steers, $3 35@4 65; stockers and feeders, $2 25@3 50; mixed, $1 25@3 00.

SHEEP—$3 25@4 85.

LAMBS—$4 25@6 00.

New York.

WHEAT—No. 2 red winter, $1.03@1.04; December $1.05⅝.

CORN—Mixed, 55½@56c.

OATS—No. 2 mixed, 43½@44c.

Toledo.

WHEAT—Cash, 99½c; December, $1.02⅝.

BASE BALL.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At Cincinnati—Cincinnati 5, Philadelphia 4.

At Pittsburg—Pittsburg 7, New York 7; game called on account of darkness.

At Chicago—Chicago 10, Brooklyn 5.

At Cleveland—Wet grounds.

PLAYERS' LEAGUE.

At Pittsburg—Pittsburg 0, New York 3.

At Buffalo—Buffalo 5, Philadelphia 0.

At Chicago—Chicago 6, Boston 7.

At Cleveland—Wet grounds.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

At Columbus—Columbus 9, Baltimore 4.

At Toledo—Wet grounds.

At St. Louis—St. Louis 8, Rochester 7.

Successful Gold Beaters.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.—The last shops have just acceded to the demands of the gold beaters for increased wages, and now 1,600 of them throughout the country are at work at an increase of from $2.50 to $3.50 per week for workers by the week, and from $4 to $6.25 for beating fifty pennyweights for piece workers. Charles Brice, chairman of the gold and silver beaters' National tariff committee, ascribes the success of the strike to the McKinley bill, which provides for an increase of duty on gold leaf of 33 1-3 per cent.

Railroad Conductors.

TOLEDO, O., Sept. 20.—The International Brotherhood of Railroad Conductors spent most of the day in consideration of the secret work of the order. It was practically decided however, that Toledo will be selected for the headquarters of the order, and that Grand Chief Conductor George W. Howard will be re-elected.

Drowned Man Recognized.

NEW YORK, Sept 20.—The body of a man was hauled ashore at Rockaway Beach a few days ago, and has been identified as Joseph Haas, of Pittsburg, Pa., a passenger on the steamship Veendam, which left here Sept. 16. He is supposed to have jumped overboard somewhere about the narrows.

Shake, Ezeta.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.—A special to The Herald from San Salvador says: A letter has been received by President Ezeta from United States Minister Mizner informing him that cable instructions had been received by Mizner to formally recognize Ezeta's election as president of Salvador.

Charged With Trespassing.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 20.—Vice President Turner, of the United Mine Workers of America, was arrested at Irwin station on the Pennsylvania railroad yesterday. He is charged by the Westmoreland Coal company with trespassing. Bail was furnished for Mr. Turner's appearance.

Consul General New Back.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.—Gen. John C. New, the consul general of the United States at London, arrived here yesterday on the Inman line steamship City of Berlin. A number of notable persons were on hand to receive the general and many were the hearty congratulations extended him.

Merrimac on a Boom.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Sept. 20.—The Merrimac river at this point is considerably swollen and a freshet is feared. The water has risen five inches since yesterday and is still rising. Several valuable boats have been swept away. The current is so swift that the ferry between here and Bradford has been abandoned.

Ball Pitcher Released.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 20.—President Von der Ahe has released Pitcher Tom Ramsey. The reason given is that Ramsey has not been pitching up to his standard and that he cannot field his position.

What It Does.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
1. Purifies the blood.
2. Creates an appetite.
3. Strengthens the nerves.
4. Makes the weak strong.
5. Overcomes that tired feeling.
6. Cures scrofula, salt rheum, etc.
7. Invigorates the kidneys and liver.
8. Relieves headache, indigestion, dyspepsia.

ALAS!

How wretched is the man who has fallen a victim to Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, or diseased Liver, with all the horrible attendants. Look upon the picture. Poor man, being tired of dragging out a miserable existence, he is the picture of despondency; altogether, he is rather a forlorn specimen. Do we pity him? Of course; but at the same time feel assured that in a measure he is to blame for the bad state into which he has fallen. A sure, safe, speedy and easy cure can be found in Simmons Liver Regulator—Nature's own remedy. No mercury or deleterious drugs, not unpleasant to the taste, and always reliable—just such a remedy as you can pin your faith to without a shadow of disappointment. Read the testimonial, don't take our word for it:

"I have been subject to severe spells of Congestion of the Liver, and have been in the habit of taking from 15 to 20 grains of calomel, which generally laid me up for three or four days. Lately I have been taking Simmons Liver Regulator which gave me relief, without any interruption to business." J. HUGG, Middleport, Ohio.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
PRICE, $1.00.

WOMEN WHO SCRIBBLE.

ONE OF THEM [illegible] THEIR WORK AND THEIR [illegible]

Not All Editors Think They Make Good Reporters, but Some Have [illegible] as the Best Newspaper Men in the Land.

[illegible]

NEW YORK, [illegible] way [illegible] New York [illegible] as [illegible] Women [illegible] have [illegible] newspaper [illegible]

More [illegible] papers [illegible]

Here [illegible] the [illegible]

Alert [illegible] work is interrupted [illegible] a tirade of questions [illegible] desires from an ambitious [illegible] a [illegible] to be communicated. The [illegible] trouble is that the feminine member of the [illegible] scarcely ever knows when to stop. She comes in with a [illegible], she takes a chair [illegible] fortunate editor's desk [illegible] her glittering eyes while she [illegible] volley of ideas and suggestions [illegible] which are [illegible] hair stand on end [illegible] cause a furtive smile at [illegible] bility.

If all newspaper women were as [illegible] to making themselves [illegible] the writer of this [illegible] would have [illegible] She dreads going to a newspaper office. Often she has gotten as far as the door, and feminine [illegible] turned away [illegible] sends her copy whenever possible. If in the morning she receives a message asking her to call at the editorial rooms her heart sinks and the summons hangs like a heavy cloud over her through the day.

She does not expect to be annihilated when she presents herself to hear suggestions or receive assignments. No, but she dreads the walk down a long room lined with reporters who, she is firmly convinced, look upon her with [illegible] and call her an interloper [illegible] the careless, half contemptuous greeting of the chief, as who should say: "Here is another of these scribbling women. I would not have them about me if I could send men on quite the same errands."

But there are few such sensitive women. I think, as a rule, women enjoy knocking about offices. There is something fascinating and mysterious about a business office. The atmosphere is new and unique. They like the bustle and excitement, and many of them like the attention they attract and the looks of admiration they get. "Always go with your copy, never send it," a well known woman writer once advised me; "there is so much in a personal impression."

"Always put on your best clothes when you go," said another. "I find that a smart frock makes a great difference. If you are stylishly and handsomely dressed editors will hesitate about offering you mean pay for your work."

Let us picture a few types of the woman who scribbles. There is unfortunately a type which one hopes will not rapidly increase. It is the woman who loafs about the office at all hours of day and night. "If you could lounge around till midnight and drink gin cocktails with the reporters you would get on admirably on The Daily Blazer," said a man to a woman writer who was trying to get a staff position on a certain paper. "As it is, I don't believe you'll do for that paper."

There is the woman who does that most unsatisfactory of all work—society news—and who talks glibly of the members of the Four Hundred, calling them by their Christian names, and telling all their secrets for the amusement of her friends and associates.

There is the woman who, by virtue of successful work done in the Middle Ages or thereabouts, elects to run the universe generally. She is constantly telling you that the way you are working is all wrong. Your method is too daring, not sedate enough, scarcely respectable. Now if you were to write as she once did—and so on. We all know her.

There is the meek faced, soft voiced little creature, who looks as if she could not say Boo! to a goose, but [illegible] most astounding things [illegible] is continually [illegible] of journalistic dare-deviltry calculated to make your brain reel.

There is the lady who, like the [illegible] boarding house keeper, has seen better days, but, forced to shift for herself, has taken to journalism because it [illegible] occupation. She looks upon work of any sort with disdain, and wants it distinctly understood that she is not an ordinary reporter. It's rather difficult sometimes to tell exactly what she is. She [illegible] assuring you that her wealthy [illegible] are inexpressibly shocked at her descending to the depths of journalism, and [illegible] nounces that if [illegible] what his daughter [illegible] lose no time in [illegible] breaking open [illegible]

There is the [illegible] delights in a vivid [illegible] of the manner in which [illegible] of an autograph [illegible] lect circle about her [illegible] woe in a highly dramatic [illegible] slowly and with emphasis [illegible] the letter she wrote [illegible] a proper sense of [illegible]

Then there is the [illegible] she meets you [illegible] her latest effort [illegible] able to do the [illegible] circumstances [illegible] rance she directly [illegible] length, of all you have [illegible]

All these [illegible] any one engaged in [illegible] after all there is the [illegible] nalist, broad minded [illegible] wide awake, business like [illegible] an. Though she associates [illegible] men she conserves her [illegible] does not ape their [illegible] Though she may write [illegible] slums none of them [illegible] skirts. She is always [illegible] the helping hand [illegible] She never [illegible] talk she [illegible] the better [illegible] the worse [illegible] to remember [illegible] is charity. [illegible]

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR.

[illegible] excited no particular interest excepting that which arose from the fact that Mr. Astor was the author. The second story, however, stood more upon its merits, and those who examined it and tried to forget that one of the richest men in the world had written it, thought they found in it the evidence of considerable ability, a story having great patience in historical research and a good deal of literary [illegible] Mr. Astor was at first tempted to publish it anonymously, because he feared that [illegible] [illegible] William Waldorf Astor wrote it, and he wished to have the second work judged entirely on its merits, but it [illegible] somehow that he was writing a romance of Italian history, and he [illegible] that it would then be an affectation to publish the book anonymously, as the authorship would be certain to be discovered.

Mr. Astor is, with a single exception, the only possessor of enormous wealth in this city who seems to have had any desire to gain a literary repute. If he had been a poor man he would have undoubtedly taken up literature as a calling; at least, that is what he now thinks and what he has frequently told the very few men whom he admits to real intimacy. He possesses an excellent but not very large library, and he daily spends not less than an hour, and sometimes the greater part of the day, in it. In his books and his attempts at authorship he finds his chief recreation and delight outside of the pleasures of domesticity. He is a most domestic man, and there is none other of his wealth in the city who seems more thoroughly content in the family circle than he does. He takes a passing interest in high class drama and genuine pleasure in the Wagner operas. Horses, yachting, athletic sports and the gayeties of the social world have but little interest for him, and he participates in these things merely because he believes that a man of his wealth has some social duties which he cannot with self respect entirely avoid.

But it is in books and literary composition that he finds genuine and never failing satisfaction. He did at one time meditate upon a political career, but he found that a man of inherited wealth who represented an enormous estate was very badly handicapped by that fact when seeking popular suffrage. It became his opinion that a man without a dollar had a better chance in political preferment than one who had inherited a fortune so large that it was celebrated. When he quit politics he gave himself [illegible] so far as his other duties [illegible] to his efforts to make a name for himself as an author.

One of his [illegible] quoted as having said that William Waldorf Astor had rather have written [illegible] the New [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

RUSSIA [illegible] NEW YORK.

He [illegible] Watch Tells of [illegible] in the New World.

[illegible]

It is [illegible] that the [illegible] of the [illegible] Russian [illegible] United States.

[illegible] Russia [illegible] persons here by a special [illegible] anything that [illegible] Saratoga [illegible] Russia. And especially is the [illegible] from the [illegible] New York [illegible] that even Russian [illegible] to be sent from that country to the United States. Every letter [illegible] carefully examined before it [illegible] and the addresses [illegible] of secret surveillance, no matter [illegible] may be the contents of the [illegible]

An amusing incident of this expensive and sagacious espionage happened a short time ago. A young lady of [illegible] parentage came from Kieff in Russia. [illegible] the steamer [illegible] of the czar had [illegible] her. Her movements were most mysterious, for she did not [illegible] hotel. [illegible] baggage [illegible] and independent [illegible] of the [illegible] the officers of his majesty the czar [illegible] at the corner of [illegible] street and Broadway a gentleman [illegible]

[illegible] of a discovery now, [illegible] the stranger who [illegible] the lady so familiarly was their [illegible] wife.

[illegible] was better informed than the [illegible] for he knew she was [illegible] for his friend's sake. He learned what he wanted, and they [illegible] their duty and succeeded [illegible]

And so the war goes on. [illegible] between the exiled [illegible] at home. The [illegible] Russian [illegible] reaches New York. But [illegible] everywhere [illegible] and the rubles of the people are spent on a most extravagant and practically useless detective system [illegible] the cities where dwell his exiled subjects.

ROB F. WALSH.

A Sioux Falls Clergywoman.

[illegible] Sept. 16.—Rev. Eliza Tupper Wilkes has devoted herself chiefly to missionary work in newly settled sections. She first prepared herself to go as a missionary to India under the auspices of the Baptist Foreign Mission society, but a short time before she set forth she changed her theological views and determined to enter the Unitarian ministry.

Mrs. Wilkes is a native of Maine. However, as her family removed to Iowa when she was but a child, she was brought up amid the surroundings of pioneer life. Her parents were particularly active in religious work, and she received valuable training for the work in which she has been so successful in the mission schools which they organized and conducted while Iowa was yet a frontier state.

REV. ELIZA TUPPER WILKES.

[illegible] from the University of [illegible] Mrs. Wilkes [illegible] Mrs. Wilkes has [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] from New South Wales

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Pennsylvania [illegible] three [illegible] eight times in an hour and [illegible]

A [illegible] the average [illegible] from [illegible] a year.

According to the [illegible] the [illegible] Catholic [illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible]

The [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] a [illegible] Nash [illegible]

A woman [illegible] N. J. [illegible] death.

[illegible] professor [illegible] new college [illegible] reserved [illegible]

The [illegible] of New York [illegible] and [illegible] eyes, and is [illegible]

[illegible] most beautiful [illegible] by [illegible] the English artist [illegible] the Society for Savings in Cincinnati.

RICH MEN'S MASCOTS.

Erastus Wiman believes that there is luck in keeping a Newfoundland dog around the house.

Cyrus W. Field has a piece of the first cable laid between America and Europe. To Mr. Field it is invaluable.

Pierre Lorillard is a firm believer in the efficacy of the horseshoe. There are [illegible] or more rusty horseshoes around his establishment.

Henry Villard [illegible] the golden spike with which the last rail that marked the [illegible] of the Northern Pacific railroad was finished.

Addison Cammack, the well known Wall street operator, has a queer mascot. [illegible] his desk is placed a small black bear with gleaming white teeth and beady eyes. Mr. Cammack ascribes his good fortune to the bear.

Jay Gould has a mascot. He has clung to it for seventeen years. It is a pen wiper made of blue velvet. It is always upon Mr. Gould's desk, and he locks it in a special compartment when he leaves the office.

A conspicuous object in the office of Russell Sage is an ancient $1 bill in a glass frame. Mr. Sage proudly informs his friends who gaze at it curiously that it is his lucky dollar, the first dollar he ever made.

Washington E. Connor carries an old copper cent of the coinage of [illegible]. When he plays cribbage or [illegible] he [illegible] the ancient coin out and looks at it. He generally wins after going through this performance.

Andrew Carnegie's mascot is an ancient brass telegraph key such as operators use to send on. He values it [illegible] and he would sooner part with one of his rolling mills than with the emblem of his early labors.

John H. Starin has a mammoth mascot. It is the tug William H. Vanderbilt, one of the largest and handsomest boats of its kind in the world. Mr. Starin [illegible] there is luck in having a boat named after Mr. Vanderbilt.

George Gould carries his mascot in a locket which dangles from his watch chain. It is a miniature painting on [illegible] of his charming wife, nee Miss Edith Kingdon. Young Mr. Gould has a strong belief in its power to ward off danger.

ANCIENT GLOVES.

Rudolph [illegible] who died in [illegible] left as an important legacy a pair of gloves.

The earliest [illegible] gloves on record were found on the hands of [illegible]

The gloves of [illegible] worked with gold and [illegible], were [illegible] at a great [illegible]

The gloves on the hands of Henry VIII at the [illegible] were [illegible] silk, beautifully [illegible] with pearls.

Gloves were [illegible] with [illegible] the [illegible] of a glove.

The [illegible] wore gloves in the [illegible] the [illegible] covering their hands with [illegible]

In the year [illegible] the [illegible] gloves and [illegible] they killed.

Gloves were in [illegible] often [illegible] St. Martin were said to have [illegible] act of marriage.

[illegible] have ever been [illegible] dress of royalty. They [illegible] pearls [illegible] were [illegible]

The [illegible] of a [illegible] found [illegible] remains [illegible]

[illegible]

His Head No Argument.

[illegible]

Not the Proper Season.

"It would [illegible] be fashionable [illegible] you [illegible] the sweet summer [illegible] out of the season."

[illegible] It is always fashionable to [illegible]

[illegible]

And the [illegible] and thanked [illegible]—Boston Courier.

Romantic Environment.

[illegible] It seems almost impossible [illegible] scenes and [illegible]

[illegible] The [illegible] and [illegible] from [illegible]—Street & Smith's Good News.

Smaller Size Wanted.

[illegible] I am [illegible] greeting. You [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] too [illegible] that. Haven't you any smaller boats?—New York Weekly.

She Saw Too Much.

She [illegible] that I was [illegible] found a [illegible] letters [illegible] all sorts of [illegible]

He—I [illegible] were the first I ever loved. [illegible] you were the only one who ever loved me. See?—New York Weekly.

Old Times Are Gone.

Passenger (to colored porter)—I suppose you [illegible] a great [illegible] in riding back and forth [illegible]

Colored Porter [illegible]—Yass, sah. I notice the change [illegible] much of it now. People ain't [illegible] up as liberal nowadays as they used to be.—New York Herald.

An Old Saw Aptly Applied.

Watchmaker [illegible] the last time I cleaned [illegible] the next [illegible] now it's in a [illegible]

[illegible] Yes, sir; "circumstances alter cases," you know.—Jewelers' Weekly.

The Dear Little Things.

Farmer Haychoole (warningly)—There be a hornets' nest in that tree, young ladies!

Miss Metropole (just arrived from New York)—Oh, we won't disturb it; we both love birds.—Puck.

His Best Days.

Minister—You look, my friend, as if you might have seen better days.

Convict—Yes, but you can't always tell by a man's looks. Regular meals will do a heap for a man when he's all run down. I was once a lawyer.—New York Ledger.

Just Out.

"Your overcoat is just as spotted as ever, John."

"I know it, my dear. Did you suppose it had been cleaned?"

"Why, yes. Didn't you tell me you had [illegible]"—Chatter.

All at the Fair Grounds.

She—Where do you suppose Goldsmith got his idea of "The Deserted Village?"

He—Probably he had visited a country town while some performance was in progress.—[illegible]

With Great Pleasure.

[illegible] publish [illegible]

[illegible] our friends [illegible]

Accommodating.

[illegible] to my smok[illegible]

[illegible] That is [illegible] being [illegible]—Chat[illegible]

'Twas Horrible.

[illegible] worse [illegible] his [illegible]

Plainer Still.

[illegible]

—Philadelphia Times.

Two and Two Are Twenty Two.

Mr. Bu[illegible] said the judge [illegible] seems to me that you are [illegible] you [illegible] could [illegible] more [illegible]

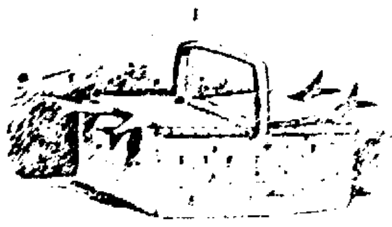
[illegible]

[illegible] piece [illegible] I [illegible]

[illegible] the judge [illegible] Mr. Bu[illegible]

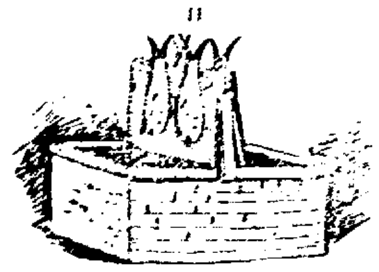
The Angler's Trick.

I



A [illegible]

II



A [illegible]

—[illegible] Weekly.

Instructed.

"Now, look here, [illegible]," said an [illegible] Arkansas [illegible] coaching her children in regard to their table manners when a stranger was to be a guest at dinner, "I don't want any of you to tech that new butter knife we [illegible] in a raffle the other day. That's for company only, mind ye, an' I'm goin' to put it on specially for that stranger guest to use, an' when the rest of ye want butter ye just dab in with yer own knives an' let folks see that you know what good manners is."—Drake's Magazine.

He Left It Outside.

I hear the rustle of her dainty skirt
 And catch a whiff of a [illegible] perfume rare,
As like a queen she sweeps [illegible] her way
 With [illegible] held high in air.

But when she's passed beneath my breath I
  swear,
 And wish she wouldn't swing her nose like
  that;
In passing by my pew her skirts caught
 And swept the floor with my new [illegible] hat.
—New York Herald.

Hope for Graduates.

Business Man (to applicant for position)—Your references as to character are very good, sir, and although you have had no experience I will try you.

Applicant—Thank you. I forgot to tell you that I have a college education.

Business Man—Well, don't worry about that. You'll soon forget it.—Street & Smith's Good News.

A Miss and a Mile.

The hour was late as we stood by the gate, and the last 'bus was coming in sight. If I lingered to talk she knew I must walk a mile when I bade her good night. As the 'bus jingled by I saw in her eye a sweet little twinkle and smile, and she said with a wink, "You are foolish to think 'a miss is as good as a mile.'"—Chatter.

Railroad Blunders.

Brakeman (on railroad train at night)—Poughkeepsie!!

Poughkeepsie Lady—Dear me! Will these railroad men ever learn to pronounce so folks can understand them? What station is this?

Friend—This is our station—P'kepsy.—Street & Smith's Good News.

Good at Arithmetic.

Lady (in employment office)—As there is only my husband and myself in the family I think you ought to be willing to come for less than you ask. There are only two persons to cook for.

Domestic—But, mum, when I'm wid you there 'ud be three.—New York Weekly.

Wrong Conclusion.

Fond Mother—My dear, did you refuse Mr. Foster last night? I heard you say, "No, no. Never!" in quite an alarmed tone.

Daughter—Pshaw! that was nothing. George was just asking me if he made me tired.—New York Herald.

A Decided Coolness.

"I noticed a coolness between Miss Roseleaf and Mr. Treatley last night."

"Is that so? And they're engaged, too."

"Yes; they were eating ice cream when I saw them."—Munsey's Weekly.

He Aims High.

"Tommy, what do you want to do when you are a man?"

"I want to be an electrician."

"Ah, you have a volt-ing ambition, I see!"—Drake's Magazine.

They Wouldn't Take It.

If Columbus were present—
 Discoverer rare—
Perhaps he could find them
 A site for the Fair.
—Washington Post.

This Was Old in Noah's Day.

Farmer—You kin feed them cows some corn in the ear tonight.

New Hand—I tried that yesterday, sir, but they 'peared to like it better in the mouth.—Boston Times.

Pretty Slick Compliment.

"I remember just twenty five years ago," began Rose.

"Yes," said her caller gallantly, "when you were [illegible]"—New York Herald.

The Qualification.

First Tradesman—Is he a [illegible]

Second Tradesman—Well, I [illegible] He doesn't [illegible] make him [illegible]—[illegible] Weekly.

Behind the Scenes.

[illegible]

[illegible] Yankee Blade.

Where Father Comes In.

[illegible]

He Was a Stayer.

[illegible] the morning.—Philadelphia Times.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

We Can and Do

[illegible] Dr. Acker's Blood [illegible] for it has been [illegible] to the people of this country that it is superior to all other preparations for blood diseases. It is a positive cure for syphilitic poisoning, ulcers, eruptions and pimples. It purifies the whole system and thoroughly builds up the constitution. Sold by H. C. Hoberman & Co. and W. B. Foye.

Novelists Admired by Englishmen.

[illegible] Bret Harte [illegible]

She Was Completely Cured.

A daughter of my customer's suffered from suppressed menstruation, and her health was entirely wrecked. At my suggestion she used one bottle of Bradfield's Female Regulator, which cured her.—J. W. Hellums, Water Valley, Miss. Write The Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. H. C. Hoberman & Co.

Fencing Out the [illegible]

[illegible]

Called at the Wrong House.

A hungry and [illegible] invaded the [illegible] Dedham. [illegible] to the [illegible] fact that Mr. [illegible] found the bear [illegible] ready for the meat [illegible]

The Wonderful Healing Properties of Darbys Prophylactic Fluid.

Wherever a preventive, healing, cleansing and deodorizing injection or wash is required use Darbys Prophylactic Fluid. Any inflamed surface, external or internal, treated with the Fluid will be quickly relieved. It has effected cures that had resisted the best medical skill.

Lord Randolph Churchill is a great consumer of cigarettes, smoking almost as many as Henry Labouchere, the editor. Nearly all the men in public life in England, except Mr. Gladstone, use tobacco.

According to the secretary of the National Cranberry association the cranberry crop will be [illegible] per cent. larger this year than in [illegible]. The crop last year amounted to [illegible] bushels.

The use of calomel for derangements of the liver has ruined many a fine constitution. Those who for similar troubles have tried Ayer's Pills testify to their efficacy in thoroughly remedying the malady, without injury to the system.

How He Preferred It.

"Will you have your steak rare or well done, sir?" asked the waiter.

"I'll take it rare," replied the guest. "I have enough dun between meals. I am a bill collector."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Probably.

First Crook—Picked a cove's pocket an' the cops are after yer, eh? Well, you're in for it.

Second Crook—Naw, I ain't yit; but I'm likely ter be!—Lawrence American.

Something Unexpected.

Jack—What is the matter with Gus? He looks all broken up.

Jim—A thought struck him last evening and knocked him down.—Munsey's Weekly.

Can't Sleep Nights

Is the complaint of thousands suffering from asthma, consumption, coughs, etc. Did you ever try Dr. Acker's English Remedy? It is the best preparation known for all lung troubles. Sold on a positive guarantee at 25c. and 50c. Sold by H. C. Hoberman & Co. and W. B. Foye.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. Distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels, are some of the more common symptoms. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet surely and efficiently. It tones the stomach and other organs, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, and by thus overcoming the local symptoms removes the sympathetic effects of the disease, banishes the headache, and refreshes the tired mind.

Distress After Eating

Sick Headache

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble, I think, was aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being more or less shut up in a room with fresh paint. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla—took three bottles. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Heart-burn

Sour Stomach

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

FLOWERS USED FOR FOOD.

VARIOUS KINDS THAT ARE EDIBLE AND ARE EATEN.

Stewed Lilies at a Ladies' Luncheon—Locust Flowers Dipped in Batter and Fried in Oil—The Thistle Family—A Rose Cake—Candied Blossoms.

"Animals feed, man eats, but the man of intellect alone knows how to eat." So says a man versed in wisdom. And truly he was wise, for the "fate of nations depends upon how they're fed." Cooking is a science, and the author who declared that "the discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of mankind than the discovery of a new planet," was evidently a philosopher, for all men are interested in cooking.

Flowers! The very word is the quintessence of poetry, fragrance and beauty. A dinner, novel in the extreme, was given by an eastern girl, a wealthy debutante. The dinner was served in great magnificence, and at it "stewed lilies" was the most favored dish.

It didn't matter at all that the "stewed lilies" resembled inferior greens or cauliflowers in appearance, and as to taste—imagination fails to convey its awful wishy-washiness, if the antipodal terms be allowed, yet every girl at the table declared as she dipped her fork into the stewed novelty that they were "perfectly delicious, you know," and they could eat them "every day." No pepper, no salt, no soupcon of butter defiled this purity of the lily stew; forbid, god of fashion, perish the thought, oh, cuisine of æsthetic food! the lilies were stewed simply intact and eaten simply and with tact. For no muscle of the tortured fashionable gourmande's face betrayed the feeling that she was eating a dish that was similar to washed out sunshine or the ghost of a stale spongecake. They were stewed lilies all the same, and if each partaker turns her head away at the sight of the flower in full bloom for some time to come, why inquire further? Is the mere fact of the effects of a first cigar to banish forever the habit of smoking others?

A DINNER OF LOCUSTS.

Not very long since an article in an eastern paper spoke of a clever woman's subterfuge in cooking in following manner: "The latest novelty in the vegetable line is the introduction of flowers, that is edible flowers. The two which are said to be the most satisfactory belonging—absit omen! to the thistle family, and rejoice in the names calligonum polygonordes and bastia latiflior. The popular form of both English and French seems somehow hard to conquer in the case of these new dishes, but doubtless all will come in time. It is related of a bright Boston woman that once whilst she was living in the country abroad, in a spot where the markets were extremely unreliable, she was surprised one day by the arrival of several guests near the hour of dinner. It chanced, as it usually does in similar cases, that her larder that day was especially bare; so she set to work her wits as her only assistants to overcome the difficulty. The locust trees were in full bloom, so she selected the finest clusters, dipped them in batter and fried them in boiling oil. The dish proved not only an ornamental one, the shape of the ordinary clusters being not unlike that of grapes, but it proved palatable as well, and if not very substantial, went no inconsiderable way in the scanty dinner.

When Rome became the center of riches she had every luxury of the table, from the growing locust in bloom to the ostrich. "St. John's bread" is said also to be a species of wild locust, and there are other methods of cooking in which they have been used. As for the dandelions, they are converted by the skillful cook into the most palatable dishes. They are also gathered with care and made into a healthful tea as well as into stewed vegetables. The dandelion is sometimes termed not a flower, but it certainly is entitled and justly so to floral consideration, and belongs to the floral family.

SOME EDIBLE PLANTS.

The nasturtium makes a most delightful salad, the leaves being selected for the purpose as the most delicious portion. The peppery, peculiar taste tickles the taste of the epicure with its charms, and the nasturtium salad is a favorite dish on the buffet of the fastidious epicure. The seed of this flower makes a most tempting pickle, and invites by its qualities an appetite to the most jaded palate and stomach.

The cactus is a plant that has been used with effect by the Indians. When the Sioux so long defied the government and were left without food or liquid, they converted the cactus into a nourishing vegetable. Besides this, the liquid coming from them served in the place of water.

Roses have always played an important feature in the high art of cooking. Under Charlemagne's reign the devices for cooking into which flowers were inserted were several, while in the Seventeenth century the women of the gentlest birth, greatest wealth and highest position in court took the greatest personal interest in their kitchen and its results. A favorite method of giving fish the taste of flowers at this time was to boil them in rose water. The flavor was so thoroughly impregnating that you would imagine the fish was a rose itself. The mode of dining in this century was one of great magnificence. The rose as an article of food has a history which goes away back. It was well known to the ancient Greeks and Romans.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Clam Shell in the Hen's Throat.

A Waldo county farmer, on going to his hen house the other morning, saw one of his favorite hens lying on her back, legs in the air and mouth wide open, with all the appearance of being dead, but on examination found half a clam shell stuck in her throat. He took the hen into the house, got a pair of pincers, pulled out the shell, and the hen came back to life and laid an unusually big egg that day to show her gratitude.—Belfast Age.

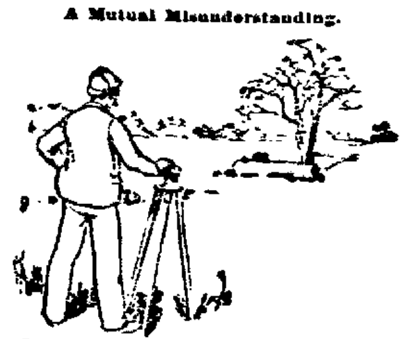
He Once Suffered for It.

It was in the city editor's room. One of the reporters stammered so that he had to write out an order for a paper when he wanted one. A stammerer came in, walked over to this man's desk and began talking to him. Stammerer No. 1 said nothing, but nodded, shook his head, shrugged his shoulders and gesticulated until No. 2 turned away and got his information from some one else. When he left one of the reporters said:

"Jim, what is the matter with you, sitting there like a dummy when a man comes in to ask about something?"

"I-I go-got li-li-lil-licked fe-for tawawking ter-to a ste-ster-ammering me-me-mum-man once."—Philadelphia Press.

A Mutual Misunderstanding.



Surveyor—This is confusing, I must say. I've taken bearings from that bush over by that log three times, and it's in a different place every time.

Sleepywrags (the tramp)—I've moved three times for that blamed fool, an' if he points thet gun at me again I'll go over there and break it over his head.—Munsey's Weekly.

She Wanted It.

She was a stout old woman, with a red face and two wisps of gray hair that were draped back over each ear from the sprouting place like hawsers.

"We don't want any," she said, as she opened the door and saw a thin young man on the stoop.

"But, madam"——

"Never mind."

"I merely want to explain to you, madam"——

"Don't want any. Get along wid ye."

"Just let me tell you"——

"Don't. I have a broom in my other hand, and if you're working Annie Rooney soap or books or subscriptions I'll whack you."

"I understand you take boarders madam?"

"Yes."

"I am introducing a little book entitled 'Appetite Breakers; or, The Landlady's Friend.'"

"Got one with you?" inquired the guardian of the doorway anxiously

"Yes."

"Come in."—New York Tribune.

Because They Were Deaf.

Mrs. Galder—How kind and benevolent Mrs. Goodenough is, always planning something pleasant for the poor and friendless.

Mrs. Chatter—Yes; do you know what that angelic creature did the other evening?

Mrs. Gadder—Can't imagine.

Mrs. Chatter—Took a party from the deaf and dumb asylum down to the Thomas concert. It was Wagner night, and she said the poor creatures did enjoy it so.—America.

An Important Omission.

Ethel had been sitting on the sofa in silence for half an hour intently watching the lady who had come to visit her mother for a day or two. At last the burden of her thoughts was laid down with a sigh as she looked up in the visitor's face and asked.

"Didn't you bring any other dress?"—Somerville Journal.

Cashiers Are Skippers.

Smithkins—I see that Blivens has a new position.

Kinkley—What is it?

"Cashier of a yacht."

"What in time is that?"

"Skipper."—Lawrence American.

No Wonder He Was Good.

Washington was a great man, and he accomplished marvels for his country but then he didn't have as much to worry him as modern statesmen have. His trousers never bagged at the knees.—Somerville Journal

The Pangs of Hunger.

Mrs. Jones—Just think of it! There is a policeman visiting our ugly old cook.

Mr. Jones—Great Scott! How hungry that poor man must be.—Texas Siftings

It Seldom Fails.

"Don't you smell fire?"

"No; I don't think I do."

"I don't either; but most people do if you ask them."—Puck.

The Loss Equally Divided.

Wooden—Did you see the president when he was here?

Sharpe—No, but then he didn't see me either.—Boston Times.

Of Course.

Fangle—The brunette over yonder is a Boston bred girl

Cumso—Oh, I see! Brown bred, too. —Yenowine's News.

Where Patriotism Ended.

Dotkins (after a long day of play)—Oh, mamma, I's dust so awful tired if I's a flag I couldn't wave a mite!—Judge.

Canine Endurance.

A gentleman farmer in Amherst county, Va., had two dogs that disappeared at the same time and in a very mysterious manner. They were seen one day chasing a rabbit. After that no clew could be found that gave the slightest intimation of their whereabouts. Day after day passed, and the dogs were given up as lost; but at the expiration of three weeks a negro came to the farmer and told him that a sound like the whining of dogs could be faintly heard at a point on the roadside where the red clay banks rose to some height on either side, just where a sort of blind ditch had been made across the road.

The farmer and his sons lost no time in providing themselves with picks, spades, etc., and repairing to the spot indicated, where, after listening intently a few moments, the sound described was heard. Then they set to work with a will and ere long came to the poor, wretched creatures entombed alive in a sort of hollow which they had dug in their frantic efforts to release themselves. With such energy had they worked that they would have succeeded had they dug in the opposite direction, toward the road, but they were digging all the time into the bank, further and further from the road, toward the field which stretched away to the foot of the mountain. They had been three weeks without food, water or light. One was never quite strong, and lived only a year afterward, but the other is alive, and is fat and thriving and frisky.—Philadelphia Time

Ferocity of Red Ants.

One evening I found that a countless multitude of red ants had collected about two trees close to my tent and were making a thoroughfare of one of my ropes. I thought it best to discourage this, so I got some kerosene oil, the best antidote I know for insect pests of any kind, and, dipping a feather into it, began to anoint the rope, thinking, in my simplicity, that they would not like to cross the oil, and would be obliged to find another road. There was a perfect storm of indignation. They rushed together from both sides, and threw themselves on the oiled feather in the spirit of Meltus Curtius. They died, of course, but others came on in scores, panting for the same glorious death, and I had to give up my idea of dislodging them by kerosene.—"Eha," the Naturalist, in St. James Gazette.

Greek Architecture and Modern Genius.

We may as well concede that in architecture, sculpture and poetry the Greeks have not been surpassed by nations of modern times. But this concession covers only a small space in the boundless field of human effort. Within the inclosure of those Grecian walls that house our patent system are wonders that seem to belong to a different world and to a higher order of beings than the world and the men for whom Homer sang. We copy some of the beautiful forms of Grecian architecture, but we add to our buildings the results of ages of scientific progess. In heating, lighting, draining, ventilation, the elevator, and a thousand devices that promote comfort and enhance beauty we have made more progress in the present century than was achieved in all preceding ages.—New Orleans Picayune.

To Prohibit Mesmeric Exhibitions.

In different European countries medical and legal societies have petitioned the authorities to prohibit all public exhibitions of "mesmerism" by any person whatsoever, and to forbid the employment of hypnosis by any person not a physician with special knowledge of nervous diseases. The use of hypnosis by physicians should be limited to therapeutic purposes, or for the instruction of medical students, and as for these ends the lower grades of hypnotism are, according to Bernheim, sufficient, no injurious consequences need follow. For his own protection the physician should not use the method except in the presence of a third reputable person as a witness. —Dr. J. O'Connor in Catholic World.

Crushed Again.

The storm doors on the postoffice building open outwards, as all public doors should. Thirty out of every forty people who enter the postoffice, no matter how often they have been there, give a jump on the doors, figuring that they open inwards. Saturday forenoon a lady got out of a carriage and attempted to pass in by the inward bang, but it was no go.

"Those doors open outwards, ma'am," said a boy who was close by.

"Oh, they do, eh?" she queried. "Well, let 'em open!"

And she walked off to a lamp post box, deposited her letter and stiffly entered her carriage and was driven away.—Detroit Free Press.

Utilize the Housetops.

I am much inclined to the theory that roof gymnasiums, solariums, gardens and promenades will become a feature of the Twentieth century architecture.

What a wise use it would be to make of our flat and unpromising city roofs. Imagine one of our ugly and unoccupied roofs converted into a veritable garden of Babylon, where exquisite flowers would breathe their delicious perfumes the year round; where swimming baths, swaying hammocks and soft couches would alternately invite to exercise and repose.—Anne Jenness Miller.

Good Form.

It is good form not to mind if your friends are a bit shabby, but to be satisfied because they are your friends, and, curiously enough, although riches are appreciated, it's good form not to envy anybody their gold, but to make the most out of one's own possessions, and in the matter of costly banquets and rich gifts to take the will for the deed.—Exchange.

A Chinese Altar.

The chief joss in the Mott street worship house of the Chinaman in New York has a new altar and canopy specially imported for him at a cost of $5,000. It is made of wood almost as heavy as metal and intricately carved. The figures are in heavy gold leaf and crystal.—Chicago Times.

IT WAS BY CHANCE.

How a Favorite Soubrette Came to Go On the Stage—From Flower Girl Onward.

"Isn't it interesting to think of the slight incident in one's life on which hinges one's career?" said bright Nellie McHenry the other day. "Now, my being an actress is purely the result of an unforseen incident. One day I was on my way home from school and met Bill Wiggins, at that time the comedian in Ben De Bar's theatre, St. Louis, and who occupied the same house with my parents. Said Wiggins to me:

"'Where are you going, little Nellie?'

"'This is a half holiday, and I'm going to play with some girls,' said I.

"'Were you ever in a theatre?' inquired he.

"'No; but I would like to.'

"'Well, come along,' he replied, and off we started to the theatre.

"It appeared that Mr. Wiggins was on his way to a rehearsal, and when we reached the theatre everything was at sixes and sevens. Feuillet's play of a 'Romance of a Poor Young Man' was in rehearsal, and Mr. Lawrence Barrett was cast for the head. The child who was to have played the flower girl had been detained at home because of the illness of her mother—both of us were St. Louis girls, it appears. Well, Mr. Barrett espied me standing at the entrance. Turning to Mr. De Bar, who was at that time on the stage, he said: 'Whose child is that?'

"'You've got me. I don't know. It struck me as she might possibly do the flower girl. The other child is absent, and I suspect she doesn't know her part, anyway.'

"I heard every word of the conversation, and observed Mr. Barrett nod his head, stroke his chin and walk toward me.

"'My child, can you read?' he commenced, eying me kindly and taking me by the hand.

"'Y—yes, sir.'

"'Well, come here and read this part for me, and don't forget that you are to read as though you were talking to a little friend. Never think for a moment of your surroundings, but put yourself in the place of the little flower girl. Now, my little girl, commence, and be as natural as possible. Remember, you are no one else than the flower girl.'

"So off I started on the manuscript, reading as naturally as possible, and using my best efforts to prevent my legs from trembling beneath me. Finally I mustered up courage enough to go ahead in an assuring way, and finished as proudly as if it were my debut, and I had finished to the fifth curtain call.

"Every one applauded, and Mr. Barrett patted me on the cheek, accompanied by a word or two of encouragement.

"'Can't you study those lines and come here to-night and speak them as you have read them?' he asked.

"Certainly, sir."

"'Well, you may go now. Study your part well, and come back to-night and you can act.'

"I can never forget how I posed over my part. Taking a position before the glass, with my part in one hand, the arm outstretched and the other as free as possible, I gestured and read and expressed. When the time came to leave home for the theatre I laid my manuscript aside for a few moments to snatch a bite of food. In those few moments the lines I had worked so hard on had taken wings and my memory was a blank. With the tears streaming down my cheeks I seized the little book, pored through it and soon had the part pat.

"I arrived at the theatre long before the time for the performance, and slowly went through the lines over and over. As the time drew near for the curtain and during the overture my heart, which had long before began thumping my ribs, continued to pit-a-pat faster than ever. Observing me standing and twitching nervously in the wings, Mr. Barrett walked slowly up and in his quiet and reserved manner said:

"'You need not be afraid to speak too naturally, my child. Put yourself in the place of the part you play, and if you ever adopt the stage, never forget this'—and I never did.

"As I was entirely ignorant of the time to go on, some one whispered in my ear in the middle of the scene: 'Now's your time, Nellie. When you've finished your part, turn about and walk off.' So on I went, and never faltered in a line. All the people in the company praised me warmly, and their encouraging words knocked all school out of me. Every time I saw Mr. De Bar—and I made it a point to see him often—my inquiry for a position in his company would be the first thing. His reply would always be: 'Oh, go home and grow, Nellie; you're too small.' At last the opportunity arrived, and you know the rest."—Boston Globe

Kind of Man Women Like.

Women like a man who can be strong as a lion when trouble comes, and yet, if one is nervous and tired, can button up a shoe and do it with an amount of consideration that is a mental and a physical bracer up.

They like a man who can take hold of the baby, convince it of his power and get it to sleep after they have been worrying with it, and walking with it, until their eyes are tired and they feel as if they had no brains.

They like a man who is interested in their new dresses, who can give an opinion on the fit, and who is properly indignant at any article written against women.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Education of Fifty Years Ago.

The treatment of boys at school is in every way infinitely improved, compared with what it resembled even fifty or sixty years ago. Early hours of rising—a boy of that epoch said that his idea of Paradise was "waking up in the night and finding that it was only 2 o'clock in the morning"—insufficient food, wretched accommodation and great severity were the lot of boys who were brought up even at some of our best educational establishments.—London Telegraph.

THE MARQUIS DE MORES.

THE DARING CAREER OF THE CELEBRATED DUELIST.

His Unsuccessful Experiments in the Bad Lands of the West—A Mark for Assassins—Deeds of a Brave Man—He Was Ably Supported by His Wife.

The duel between the Marquis de Mores and M. Camille Dreyfus, in Europe, recalls the many famous exploits and deeds of De Mores a few years ago in our country. The marquis was certainly a most wonderful man, and deserved better treatment from the community in which he moved than he received.

He was a passenger aboard a Northern Pacific train one day that was shooting along from St. Paul, Minn., toward the setting sun. He was bound for the Bad Lands, where he was about to put into operation his gigantic, though unsuccessful, schemes of sheep raising and beef slaughtering.

For some reason or other the country was down on him. At every station we stopped a report would be received that at the Bad Lands station hundreds of cowboys and other tough citizens were waiting for the marquis, and that he would be riddled with bullets the moment he stepped from the train. The train pulled into the depot at the Bad Lands, and De Mores, with each hand carelessly laid, but ready for quick use, on a pair of handsome silver mounted repeaters, stepped out on the platform. Bad men galore crowded around him, but when they saw the plucky nerve of the young aristocrat they honored and respected him for it, and not a single arm in all that vast crowd was raised to do him the least harm.

A DIME NOVEL CHARACTER.

The story of his life in this country is quite interesting. He first landed at New York in August, 1882. Before long he became attracted by the stories of the new country along the line of the Northern Pacific railroad in Dakota and Montana, and soon afterward he came out in person to investigate for himself. With a sombrero on his head, a red shirt on his back, corduroy trousers tucked into very long legged boots, and with plenty of silver mounted jewelry in his belt, he pursued his investigation far and wide on horseback, and finally decided to found a city. He bought outright six square miles of land on the Little Missouri river, which was then considered to be, by the wise men of the northwest, about the very worst bit of earth on the whole North American continent. Hence the knowing ones shook their heads gravely and predicted ruin.

He built a rude shack of logs and mud which he furnished luxuriantly for his wife, secured large tracts of government land and bought numerous herds of cattle. At first the herders and roaming cowboys of the Bad Lands looked upon him to be an adventurous crank, who would surely leave the country after he had secured a few hunting trophies to carry back to Paris. They hated him because he had a servant and wore clean clothes. He was a "monopolist," they said, who was going to fence in the country. They tried to scare him away, but they found he had been a soldier once and would not scare. The cowboys said he had come to drive them all off their ranches. The hunters declared he was going to buy up their buffalo grounds; and, to own the truth, the young man did really act as if he were going to buy the earth.

Before many days he won the respect of his western neighbors in more ways than one, but still they took him to be a well plumed bird that ought to be plucked and who could be easily swindled. Their ire was raised to the highest pitch when the Marquis gained control of about 50,0000 acres of land in Montana, which took in the three principal trails through which the cattle were driven to the east, south and west.

A STARTLING ADVENTURE.

The cowboys began to shoot the Frenchman's cattle wholesale and menaced his herders when the latter were off duty. Appeals to the sheriff proved useless; so finding himself in a bad fix the Marquis determined to take the matter into his own hands and stop the matter himself. He declared if he found a man killing his animals he would shoot the rascals like he would a steer. In six months he was shot at by an unseen enemy no less than eighteen times. His most bitter foes were a man named Mitchell and an old buffalo hunter called Luffrey.

One day while riding over the prairie, accompanied by one of his most faithful followers, a man named Paddock, a bullet whistled by his head, the smoke curling from a little bunch of sage brush about 200 yards in front. Without a moment's hesitation the marquis dug his spurs into his horse's flanks and dashed head foremost directly toward the ambush. The ringleader of the gang jumped to his feet and leveled a Winchester at the marquis; but the latter like a flash, and while going at full speed, drew his little silver mounted repeater, and the would-be assassin fell in his tracks, to rise no more.

Another of the band was badly wounded, and the rest quickly leaping to their horses, sought safety in flight. The Frenchman was very popular after this little incident, for his marksmanship instilled a great deal of respect into the hands of the bloodthirsty herders, and there was peace in the Bad Lands from that time thenceforth. Nevertheless, he had three trials before justices of the peace for the so-called offense, and was three times acquitted; yet he was again indicted by a Dakota jury for murder, and languished in the Bismarck jail many days before he finally gained his freedom.

The Marquise de Mores is a lovely woman. She is an American, but thoroughly devoted to her brave husband. She is a handsome little brunette, one of the best lady rifle shots in the world, and she rides as well as she shoots.—St Louis Globe-Democrat

A TALE FROM CHICAGO.

The Baffled Burglar—A Story of Crime and Retribution.

"Hark, Cyrus! What was that?"

"Nothing, Emily. Let me go to sleep, will you?"

For a few moments silence reigned in the sleeping chamber.

"Cyrus Winterbottom, there's somebody in the house! I hear a noise in the kitchen!"

Cyrus sat up in bed and listened.

"It's the cat," he grumbled drowsily.

"A cat doesn't wear boots and go around opening doors. Hark!"

The baby stirred, and Mrs. Winterbottom soothed it to rest again

"I don't see what anybody wants to get into our kitchen for," growled Cyrus with a yawn. "There's nothing to—heigh-ho—to steal in that part of the house, is there?"

"Nothing to steal! There's a plateful of tarts, a pan of doughnuts, and a sponge cake."

"Some of your—heigh-ho—your own concoction, Emily?"

"Yes, some of my own making. Then there's all the silverware, and"——

"He'll never get to the silverware, Emily, if he tackles the doughnuts first. You will find his horribly distorted body in the morning"——

"Hush! Hark!"

He listened again. All was quiet. But presently an unmistakable sound as of somebody moving about on the floor below aroused even Cyrus' dulled senses. Steps seemed to be approaching the stairway. Cyrus took his revolver out from under his pillow, climbed softly out of bed, went to the door of the room and got behind it, first having cautioned his wife in a whisper to make no noise and leave matters entirely in his hands.

Softly and stealthily came the steps up the stairway, and in a few moments the dim light of the night lamp on the dressing case fell upon the stalwart form of a man whose face was concealed by a mask.

Mrs. Winterbottom screamed at the sight of him, the baby woke up and howled, and before the burglar could recover from the momentary confusion into which this unexpected reception had thrown him Cyrus confronted him with the revolver.

"You infernal scoundrel!" he hissed. "Don't you move a muscle or I'll put a ball through you!"

The revolver hadn't been loaded for a year or more, and Cyrus knew it, but the burglar didn't.

The pitiful wretch stood perfectly still.

"Take off your mask!" sternly commanded Cyrus.

The burglar complied. With ashen face and mean, hangdog look he stood there and said not a word. Mrs. Winterbottom had recovered her self possession, but the baby continued to howl.

"It would serve you right, you sneaking, contemptible villain," said Cyrus in a deep, tragic voice, "if I should shoot you where you stand. I believe I'll do it anyhow."

"Mercy! mercy!" pleaded the trembling wretch. "It's the first time I ever broke into a house. I'll never do it again. Please let me go."

"It's the first time you were ever caught at it! It'll be the last. Down on your knees!"

"Don't kill him, Cyrus!" begged his wife. "Think of the carpet!"

"Listen," said Cyrus, coming closer to the kneeling burglar. "Hold up your hands!"

While the fellow's hands were up Cyrus rifled his pockets. He took therefrom two loaded revolvers, a bowie knife, a dagger, a slung shot, a bottle of chloroform and a sandbag

"Your first offense, is it?" said Cyrus. "For a novice at the business you carry a pretty good kit of tools. Stand up!"

The burglar obeyed.

"Are you a man of family?"

"Yes, sir. Oh, please"——

"Stop your whining."

A look of hard, stern, relentless purpose settled on Cyrus' face. He pointed the revolver at the abject scoundrel's head again.

"Go and take that baby!" he commanded.

"Wh-what for?"

"Never mind what for! You go and take that baby!"

"Cyrus!" exclaimed Mrs. Winterbottom in dismay, "what do you mean?"

"I know what I am about, Emily. Pick up that squalling infant, you villain!"

The man obeyed.

"Handle it carefully!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Now walk the floor with it!"

For four long hours Cyrus Winterbottom held that empty revolver leveled at the head of the miserable man and compelled him to walk up and down the room with the crying, squirming infant in his arms.

At daybreak the cringing, crawling villain was permitted to sneak away from the premises, a broken hearted man.

His raven hair had turned gray in that one night.

It was a horrible retribution, but who shall say it was not deserved? And thus we learn, my children, that crime sometimes brings its own punishment, and that the way of the transgressor continues to be hard.—Chicago Tribune.

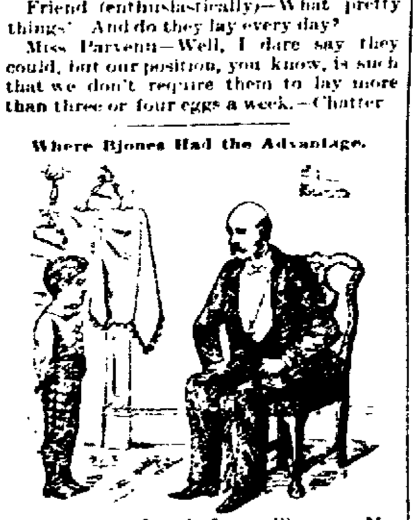
Didn't Require It.

Miss Parvenu (showing a poor relation over the poultry yard attached to the Stucco villa)—And those are black Spanish. Pa got the eggs on purpose from Madrid, so that the breed should be quite sure, and we 'atched them out ourselves.

Friend (enthusiastically)—What pretty things! And do they lay every day?

Miss Parvenu—Well, I dare say they could, but our position, you know, is such that we don't require them to lay more than three or four eggs a week.—Chatter

Where Bjones Had the Advantage.



The Terror—I wish I was like you, Mr Bjones.

Mr. Bjones (his sister's steady company)—Why, Robert?

"Because you needn't be afraid of your mother cutting your hair."—Philadelphia Press.

A Mean Slur.

"I don't like baseball," said Growler. "I have no confidence in it."

"Bunco must be about your size," suggested Smithers, "if you like confidence games."—Chatter.

THE BOY'S RELATIVES.

He Writes an Essay on His Ma, His Pa, His Pa's Mother-in-law and His Aunt.

Ma is my mother. I am her son. Ma's name is Mrs. Shrimp, and Mr. Shrimp is her husband. Pa is my father. My name is John George Washington Shrimp. Therefore pa's name is Shrimp, so is ma's.

My ma has a ma. She is my grandma. She is mother-in-law to pa. My pa says mother-in-laws ought to be vetoed. I like grandma better than pa does. She brings me ten-cent stamps and bolivars. She don't bring any to pa. Maybe that's why he don't like her.

Aunt Jerusha is my aunt. When pa was a little boy she was his sister. I like little sisters. Dicky Mopps has a little sister. Her name is Rose. I take her out riding on my sled. Aunt Jerusha don't like her. She calls her that Mopps girl. I think Aunt Jerusha ought to be ashamed of herself.

Aunt Jerusha lives with us. Sometimes I think ma would rather have her live with somebody else. I asked Aunt Jerusha once why she didn't marry somebody and set up for herself. She said that a man wanted to marry her, but that while poor Susan Jane was in such a state of health she couldn't think of leaving. "Besides," she said, "what would become of your pa?"

Aunt Jerusha has a state of health, too. On washing day she has the headache, and does her head up in brown paper and vinegar; and I have to make toast at the kitchen fire. I make some for myself, too.

Aunt Jerusha says nobody knows what she has done for that boy. That boy's me again. I told pa what she said. Pa said it was just so. Nobody did know. Ma says Aunt Jerusha means well, and that she is pa's dear sister. I don't see why that's any reason she should always scold me when I eat cabbage with a knife.—Chicago Tribune.

He Had Gone to Sea.

Appealing Woman—Oh, sir! I want your prayers for my son.

English Rector—Under what circumstances, ma'm?

Appealing Woman—He has gone to see if Mary Cathcourt will have him.

Rector—Ahem! I doubt if the church service provides for any such contingency.

Appealing Woman—Oh, sir, but couldn't you use the prayer, "For Persons Going to Sea?"—Burlington Free Press.

A Mental Gift.

Mrs. McClammy—I thought it particularly appropriate to send Miss Cora a set of books as a wedding present, for she is so easily embarrassed.

McClammy—What is there appropriate about that?

Mrs. McClammy—Why, it is a case when presents of mind ought to be appreciated.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Same Thing.

Mrs. Gazzam (reading the newspaper) —Here is a correspondent asking the editor a queer question. He wants advice whether to go into literature or into sausage manufacture.

Gazzam—The editor should tell him that it makes no difference. Both spring from the pen.—Yenowine's News.

Perhaps There Were Mosquitoes There.

"How do you like the place?" asked the proprietor of a summer resort of a departing boarder.

"It would be very desirable for some people," was the cautious answer.

"For instance?"

"Oh, well, say an entomologist."—Washington Post.

He Umpired.

Wife—Can't you come home this afternoon, dear, and take me for a drive?

Prominent Lawyer—No, it will be impossible. I have got to referee an important case.

Prominent Lawyer (a few hours later) —One ball! Two balls! Foul, out!—Lawrence American

Something He Hadn't Thought Of.

Jack Lateboy—Doctor, I suffer terribly with insomnia. I don't sleep at night. What do you recommend?

Doctor—Why don't you try going to bed?—Munsey's Weekly.

A Query.

"There is nothing that is certain but death," said the lugubrious philosopher.

"Did you," murmured his companion thoughtfully, "did you ever try to kill a flea that was biting you?"—Washington Post.

Cure for Friendship.

"How is it that Dumley and Mumley, who used to be such close friends, are now enemies?"

"They started to room together."—Lawrence American.

The Right Thing to Do.

"A cold wave is coming," said McCrackle, as he read the weather forecast.

"I must get my linen duster ironed, then," replied McCorkle.—Yenowine's News.

He Was Engaged at Once.

Secret Service Official—This special mission requires a man of the utmost delicacy, tact and diplomacy. What credentials have you?

Applicant—I've jest been umpirin' a baby show.—Puck.

The Marion Daily Star.

Published Every Evening Except Sunday

—BY—

W. G. HARDING.

TERMS:

By Mail...... ......$4 per Year in Advance

Delivered by Carrier......10 Cts. per Week

SIXTEEN PAGES

SATURDAY, - - SEPTEMBER 20.

THE STAR today is rather an unusual issue for a daily paper in a city of Marion's size, and we take some pride in alluding to it because it is all printed at home, amid a rush of work rarely seen in any newspaper office. This rush of work has lessened the attractiveness we had hoped to offer in some local features but hopes can not always be fully realized and the issue today needs no apology. A sixteen page paper—for anything short of a metropolitan press—was an impossibility a few years ago, and is some little task now, but the STAR is abreast with the times and able to do it.

The extra issue is not required because of any especial rush to advertising columns, but Marion's leading business men use our columns reasonably freely and we add eight extra pages to our usual double Saturday number that our readers may receive their full share of reading. There is nothing too good for the six thousand people that read the STAR every evening, and it is proposed to supply them with a good quantity of choice reading right along—local, general and miscellaneous—if it takes a whole paper mill to do it. We have become so habituate in saying good things of others that we may be pardoned, on this occasion, for suggesting that the STAR is not only THE PAPER in Marion, but a reasonably creditable daily when compared to those of other cities of similar size Now is the time to suscribe.

MR. LYTLE, whose patent eliptical spiral spring was shown here and an informal endeavor made to interest our people, is figuring on locating in Kenton. When our board of trade gets in good trim we shall be in shape to look after these people. Of course, most of them think they have the best thing on earth and really want but little less than the earth for their patents, but a good organization can get on the inside of such matters and talk in a business way.

At any rate Marion can't become too thoroughly impressed with the fact that her neighbors are moving in matters of industry and a good deal must be done if we keep leading the procession.

IT is a little odd to note a lively, hustling republican county convention like we had today, but such unusual things will occur occasionally. We rather think Marion county Republicans would be just as keen to pluck official plums as their democratic brethren if the fruit would only grow on their side of the fence. But it doesn't grow that way, and nothing but a cyclone of votes will disturb the general run of affairs. If the political cyclones flourish this year like the literal ones have, there will be a new deal in November.

THE time is coming when the State authorities must change the mode of management of many of the public institutions. The facts become more apparent continually that reform is badly needed, not political or partisan reform but financial reform. The controlling officers have largely taken to looking after making money out of their positions rather than properly caring and providing for the inmates, and that is something the government does not contemplate.

THOSE who are about the city considerably can hardly have failed to note that this would be a good season for the sidewalk improvements that the council has ordered. This is a lot of work that ought really to be pushed along and finished before the Fair. There are always a great many strangers here at that time and we ought to make a good appearance. Clean streets and good walks add much to the good impressions made upon visitors.

THE Mansfield News thinks it eminently proper that Mr. Cleveland should become a resident of Boston, "because he is really a man of letters—and lots of them." It would seem that he should find the admiring mugwump more numerous there, too, as admiration for Cleveland isn't confined to the decaying class of Mugwumps. If he isn't the idol of the genuine rock-ribbed democracy in this section then appearances are highly deceptive.

WE are often told that American prices on farm products are controlled by the European markets, yet potatoes are selling at two shillings in Liverpool and $1.25 in Ohio. There is something wrong in that statement somewhere.

If the reader doesn't find just what he wants today he will have it next [illegible] Much matter of local interest [illegible] be found on pages [illegible]

THE Republicans have nominated Mr Beale for Probate Judge and will doubtless win [illegible] a very lively campaign. He possesses the qualifications for a splendid officer, and his worth and popularity as a gentleman make him a strong nominee.

THE pleasing story, "The Two Soldiers," is completed on the eleventh page of today's issue. That it has been read with much interest there is no doubt. There never is a lack of interest about Capt King's stories. A new serial will be announced in a few days.

WE note that there is a wide difference of republican opinion on the sensational course of Bob Kennedy in congress, but the preponderance of testimony is to the effect that King Bob cut an intestine in a political way—to use that kind of an expression. Certainly he said some very truthful things, but politicians, like the editors, have to carefully decide against publishing many interesting truths. All in all the Republicans do not seem to be getting together, and the situation in national politics is not as cheerful as it might be.

EX-GOVERNOR FOSTER, swearing he will never consent, will consent just the same.—Commercial Gazette.

Of course. That was the unfailing belief of the convention that nominated him, and there is no reason for a change of opinion, though the actual acceptance is not announced. Nobody believes Mr. Foster cares particularly for the task of conducting even a winning campaign, but the circumstances seemed to demand him, and, after all, he can enjoy a lively race.

It is asserted that he is not as popular as he was in the days that he gave E. B. Finley so hot a chase, but the statement is not well founded. The ex-Governor is not only wiser and a better politician, but has a stronger influence than in his early days. The fact that he has Standard Oil interests will not hinder Republican support, and that ought not worry a Democratic party that has so often smelled of oil without apparent suffering of conscience.

THE defeat of the Goose Creek opponents in the circuit court is a matter of no little importance to a large majority of Marion citizens, and it is cause for rejoicing to a large contingent who have suffered damage and annoyance from the floods for years. The obstinacy of the opponents may carry the case to the supreme court and thus further delay the needed improvement, but the circuit courts of today are such that their decisions are generally of a nature to stand, and it may be assumed that the Goose Creek drainage is sure to come.

It is a highly emphasized fact that Marion must have a system of surface drainage. Expert engineers add their testimony to that of the local engineers and say that the Goose Creek plan is not only a feasible one but probably the best and cheapest Marion can get. The plan of distributing the expense, too, is the most equitable, and further obstinacy ought not stand in the way of the needed improvement.

IT isn't likely that there is much in the talked of setting aside of the Congressional gerrymander, not until the legislature is changed and a partisan reapportionment made, but the talk in that direction and the bill introduced in Congress to restore the old districts because of the disfranchisement of a Hamilton county township, has furnished a theme for highly interesting conjecture. The famous canvasses and conventions would all come to naught and similar scenes would have to be hurriedly re-enacted in the districts that furnished the fun in 1888. There would be a gorgeous time, and more politics in a month than busy Ohio has ever known before. Marion county would be in it, too. We would have the old Ninth district hustle again and very likely a good deal of fun at home. The embers of the battle fires of two years ago are still smouldering we lament to record it—and there would be beacon lights of warning to the contending forces in two hours. We really fear—that is we record in a perfunctory way—that the restoration of the old districts would strain some of our [illegible] nerves in Marion county.

[illegible]

[illegible]

There was an exciting [illegible] east Center street at [illegible] W[illegible] were driving [illegible] as they were passing [illegible] after an examination. The vehicle was badly wrecked.

BUSY MEN ABOUT TOWN

H. M. Ault is just now one of the busiest men about town. As secretary of the Agricultural Society, he has reached the season of hard work. With the great exhibition to open in a little over a week Mr. Ault is kept busy with entries which are larger than ever before at this early period.

M. E. Chase and his partner, Jesse Hunter, are not just having any particular rush in real estate business. Sales are a little dull at this season, the bulk of the business having been done in the spring. This hustling firm have plenty work to keep both members busy, however, in the way of office work. Their next great rush in real estate will probably come when Mt Vernon Heights begin to boom.

C. W. Leffler has a good deal on hands just now. In addition to his duties as deputy county treasurer, his work as chairman of the sewer committee is occupying considerable of his time. Mr. Leffler has made a study of sewerage, and as a result Marion will have an excellent system. Charley is also one of the most attentive members to the business of the city council. His spare moments are occupied with his chickens at home, as you know he is a fancier of considerable note.

Mayor Dudley is not one of the busiest men in town, but still has enough to do in the way of listening to the grievances of men and women and staving off the fellows who want to be railroad watchmen. The mayor is a big hearted fellow, and he takes all his tribulations patiently. Police business has been quite dull of late, but a big run of business is expected Fair week, when his honor will be busy assessing fines.

Supt. Powell has been as hard a worker as any of them during the present month. The task of getting the public schools organized for the work of the school year has been a tedious one, but they are now in shape and starting out smoothly, with prospects of a notable success.

A list of busy fellows would be incomplete without mention of Fred Isaleib, the local statesman from the Third ward. The only time Fred's features are in fit repose for a photo is when he is warming a chair in the council chamber. As a fashionable barber he lives off civilization and is a loyal friend to everything that will advance the town. Some great thoughts are born in his shop, where new subjects are discussed in their incipiency.

The new laws have given an impetus to the pension business, and J. M. McGee is kept busy making out applications for pensions. He generally has two or three veterans at his elbow waiting for their turn. Aside from this work Mr. McGee has taken an active interest in securing the I. C. Wyman Co., and that institution is now almost ready to be incorporated.

T. H. B. Beale is a zealous worker in life and accident insurance, but of course has had a little leisure time to look after his canvass for the nomination of probate judge. He has appeared to be the only man whom the Democrats feared. From the start his popularity betokened a good race in the preliminary heat.

A Lecture Course.

The prospect for a first-class lecture course for the winter is good. Negotiations for several of the most noted lectures and concert companies are in progress. That Marion needs something of the kind scarcely anyone will deny. Our young people must and will have amusement. In a first-class lecture course entertainment and instruction will be combined, and much good done. If such people as Joseph Cook, of Boston, Dr. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, Dr. Henson, of Chicago, Dr. Hedley, Lotus Glee Club, of Boston, Schubert Quartette, of Chicago, Leland Powers, of New York, Rev. Conwell, of Philadelphia, are brought here we are certain they will have large audiences and that everyone will be delighted. The popular lecture platform is distinctly an American institution, and in the last ten years has become a great power in developing thought and discriminating culture. Almost every community—from the smallest hamlet to the largest city—has its lecture course. Hence we say may all success attend the efforts to secure a course here, and let everyone give the enterprise the encouragement it deserves.

If the plans now contemplated are carried out dates and lecturers will be announced at an early day.

Free Baptist Church.

At Free Baptist church, east Center street, W. P. Hale pastor, services morning and evening.

A special order of services has been arranged for tomorrow. The choir will be assisted by Misses Lia and Emma [illegible] of Peach Ridge. The pastor's [illegible] the morning will be. The [illegible] witnesses. Text Acts [illegible] witnesses unto me." [illegible] make an appeal in this [illegible] parents of his congregation [illegible] take a firmer stand for the [illegible] a more careful [illegible] youth of our city. [illegible] evening will be [illegible] Priest. This is the [illegible] sermons on Hebrews [illegible] of the evening [illegible] fellowship will be extended to the new members.

—Little Giant school shoe at Tristram & Young's.

FROM CALEDONIA

A Lament For Clip. Local and Personal Notes—Universalists' Association.

Special to the STAR.]

CALEDONIA, Sept. 19.—Having not heard from Caledonia through the columns of your most valuable paper for some time, we are naturally led to inquire "what has become of Clip?" Has he died or been buried under our gravel road? We expect rest now and may his ashes repose in peace. We have been so accustomed to receive the Caledonia items through your paper, that we felt it our duty to keep up the correspondence if Clip is gone.

The incessant rain fall has damaged the corn and potato crop to an alarming extent, especially in the bottom lands; farmers are very much delayed in cutting corn and seeding will be late.

We have more sickness in and around Caledonia at the present time than has been known for years. It consists mostly of malarial and typhoid fever; most of the cases, however, are rather light.

T. J. Pittman and wife have gone to Atchison, Kansas, called there to the bedside of a dying brother.

Cris Ganshorn, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, is visiting his mother in our village. His brother, Ferdy, has returned to the mute school at Columbus, to complete his course this year.

E. H. Day and wife took a trip to the northwest part of the State this week.

The Ludwig brothers contemplate starting for the state of Washington in the near future.

Saben Underwood went to Columbus this week, on business and to take in the fair.

C. H. Rowse was in attendance at Carey, last Wednesday, to help nominate Foster for Congress.

Our churches have been having a series of meetings the past week, and no doubt much good resulted from them. Rev. Whitworth, assisted by the Rev. Winter, of India, conducted the services at the M. E. church.

The Central Ohio Association of Universalists met in Caledonia September 12, and continued in session till Sunday evening, September 14. Revs. D. Canfield of Bellville, H. Canfield, of Toledo, T. F. Carney, of Mt. Gilead, and S. P. Carleton, of Milford Center, were in attendance. But the greatest attraction was the Rev. Mitchell, of Boston, Mass., whose great power of song was the comment of all who were present. The meetings were well attended and much interest manifested, one feature in particular being noteworthy, and that was the attendance and interest taken by the Young Peoples' Christian Union. Let the good work go on.

Our schools are reported progressing finely, under the able management of Prof. Smith. JOCKO.

UNION VETERANS' MEETING.

General Harter Command Mustered Friday Night by Col. A. K. Rarey.

A good number of the veteran union soldiers enjoyed a highly pleasant time at Moulders' Hall, Friday night. The occasion was the mustering of the new Union Veterans' Union, and the organization of the General Harter Command, of Marion. About thirty-five comrades of Marion comprise the roll of the new command.

After an explanatory address by Col Rarey, there was a stirring address of reminiscense by Comrade Abram Baker, of Kenton, that proved of unusual interest. Following this, Col. Rarey mustered the command and installed the officers, who are as follows: Colonel, Cline B. Wolfe; Lieut.-Colonel, R. Whitlock; Major, John Dairy; Officer of the Day, H. Ash; Quartermaster, George May; Chaplain, George Phelps; Officer of the Guard, L. M. Berry. The appointive officers have not been named.

A real enjoyable camp fire followed. There was coffee and sandwiches, and other edibles, and the partaking thereof was mingled with reminisence and story telling, and the pleasures of renewed comradeship. Eighteen comrades were present from Kenton, assisting in the muster, and they added to the pleasure of the occasion.

The Veterans' Union is an organization for the protection of its members, not much different from the Grand Army. The notable difference is that the Union will not admit "hundred day warriors" to membership.

STRUCK WITH A STONE.

An Employe at Norris & Christian's Quarries Gets an Ugly Wound in the Head

Cornelius Roger, an employe of Norris & Christian, met with a peculiar accident at the lime quarries this morning. He was engaged in stripping the dirt from the stone in the quarry, near their lime kiln, north of town. At the Evans quarry, about a quarter of a mile from where Roger was working, the men were blasting and a small stone from one of the blasts at that quarry, struck him on the head, knocking him prostrate to the ground. He was picked up and brought to Dr. Sweney's office where it was discovered that the stone had [illegible] back of the head, severing an artery and making an ugly scalp wound. Drs. Sweney and Rhu dressed his wound and he was taken to his home.

The workmen who were near [illegible] the time of the accident say [illegible] heard the whistle blow [illegible] of the blast but did not [illegible] throw the stones so far, as [illegible] done so before.

Roger is a married man [illegible] about 2½ miles west [illegible] and is a faithful workman [illegible] his injuries are not of a serious [illegible] they will cause him to be layed up for some time.

BEALE'S BALLOTS

Won Him the Nomination for Probate Judge in the Round—Proceedings of the Convention.

The [illegible] was fairly well represented at the Republican Convention, which [illegible] at City Hall this forenoon at [illegible] o'clock. The temporary organization was effected by electing J. H. Sa[illegible] of Pleasant, to the chair, and H. E. H[illegible] of Montgomery, secretary. After the appointment of the usual committees the meeting adjourned until [illegible] o'clock.

The afternoon session, however, was not called to order until 1:15, but got to work and rushed things through. The committee on rules and permanent organization reported in favor of making the temporary organization permanent. Also that delegates from each precinct cast the full vote of the delegation elected.

The committee on resolutions reported, commending the McKinley bill and the course of Speaker Reed in rushing the business of the national house through, also favoring pending legislation to secure a fair and honest ballot and the pension legislation enacted by congress. Foster's nomination was heartily endorsed, and the resolutions were accepted with enthusiasm.

The executive committee reported and the committee on candidates presented the names announced with the exception of T. R. Roberts for commissioner, he having thought differently.

H. E. Hill was nominated by acclamation for Clerk of Cthe ourts and the convention proceeded to ballot for Probate Judge, the names of George E. Lawrance, C. F. Garberson and T. H. B. Beale having been presented.

Only one ballot was found necessary to decide the nomination, Beale receiving 58, Garberson 27 and Lawrence 21. After the announcement of the ballot Garberson moved to make the nomination unanimous, which was seconded by Lawrence, carried, and Mr. Beale called for.

The interest of the convention waned after Beale's nomination, and the following nominations for the remainder of the ticket were made by acclamation:

Prosecuting Attorney, E. B. Fenton; County Commissioner, George Deitsch; Infirmary Director, Wm. Brocklesby; Surveyor, Eugene Reber.

Brocklesby wanted to withdraw, but was held in his seat until the thing was over and then quietly submitted.

JOE GAITES' ARRIVAL

The Young Man Comes Back Under the Escort of Sheriff Kelly.

Sheriff Kelly, who left for Kansas City Thursday evening to bring back Joe Gaites, the young man who created the sensation of the past two weeks by his forgeries and hasty departure, returned with his prisoner Friday night at 10 o'clock, and placed him in jail, where he now remains.

Since his arrival Gaites begins to realize the extremity of his position, and the extraordinary nerve that characterized his actions after his sudden departure two weeks ago today, has apparently deserted him. Being compelled to face the scenes of his deceptions has naturally weakened him, and while his position is deplorable the only alternative appears to be for him to accept the consequences of his crime.

The surprise will be that at the time of his arrest Gaites was without money, having squandered all that he got away with here and what fell into his hands by crookedness at Boston.

It is not known when the preliminary hearing of the young man will take place, but it is expected that he will waive examination, and doubtless hopes that he can secure bondsmen, but with what assurance is not known.

A GOOD INVESTMENT

A Letter from Rev. D. C. Vance, on the Advantages of an Union Central Life Insurance Policy.

MIDDLETOWN, O., July 22, 1890.—Smith & Carson, general agents, Union Central Life, Marion, Ohio.

Gentlemen: It affords me great pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of a draft from your company for $2046.80.

In twenty years experience with the Union Central, I have received many proofs of the worth of the company and have become personally acquainted with its officers, and know them to be christian gentlemen.

I was insured July 27th, 1870, under policy No. 2851, for $2000, annual premium $97.[illegible]

The premium gradually grew less and less, and the dividends larger, until my last dividend amounted to $40.50 and it must be remembered I had used my dividends each year to reduce my premium. I am informed by your secretary, Mr E. P. Marshall, that I shall receive another dividend one year hence, thus receiving nearly $2100 for an outlay of only [illegible] in annual premiums and besides I have had the protection of a $2000 insurance policy every day for twenty years for nothing.

I can truthfully say, I never made a better investment in all my life than when I took endowment policy No 2851.

I have been so well pleased that I have this day made application for another policy for $2000.

I most heartily commend the Union Central, Ohio's only life company, to all who desire life insurance in a [illegible] company.

Most respectfully,

D. C. VANCE.

Do you carry life insurance? If not, why not? [illegible] up the subject and take some form of endowment policy, and by so doing protect your family and at the same time be laying up something for yourself should you live out the endowment period.

Call on or address Smith & Carson, Campbell block, Marion, O. sat,wk4t

Sioux City Corn Palace.—Opens Sept. 25; closes Oct. 11, 18

MOLLIE WILKES

No Donations There.

"Let's go and see how old Skinflint is getting along," suggested one of his neighbors to another.

"What's the matter with him?"

"Got the smallpox."

"Smallpox! Well, I've never had it."

"Don't make any difference."

"But I don't want to get it."

"Oh, well, you'd never get it of Skinflint."

"Why not?"

"He's too stingy to give it."—Whiteside Herald.

A Close Calculation.

Boarder—Forty cents for cherries! What do you mean?

Landlord—Cherries is extra. I see you up the tree.

Boarder—Well, thunders! how could you tell how many I ate, Shylock?

Landlord—I counted the pits.—Once a Week.

How He Won Her.

"Miriam, my dear," said George Charles Dusenberry, "will you marry me?"

The proud and stately beauty shook her head.

"Be my wife," urged the young man, "and you shall ride in a stylish carriage behind a pair of seal brown bays."

"It is a great temptation, George, but I must say no."

"You shall have all the ice cream you can eat and go to the opera every night in the week."

The regal maiden shook her lovely head.

"We will go to the mountains every summer, or to the seaside if you prefer, and you shall have the loveliest bathing suits imaginable."

"No, George; do not ask me. I do not wish to marry."

"I'll give up smoking and [illegible] and never step out of the house at night."

"I am sorry to appear so obstinate, George, but really it is of no use to think of such a thing as marriage now."

"I have unlimited credit at all the stores in the city, and you shall go [illegible] every afternoon of the world!"

"Oh, George, you're irresistible!" exclaimed the girl, throwing herself on his neck, "I am yours!"—William Henry Siviter in Judge.

A Game Widow.

Judge Lynch—How did Mizzes Bitters take our little [illegible]?

Spokesman (who had broken the news to her)—Like a true Arizony woman. Sez I, "Mizzes Bitters, the boys has just hung Hank, an' now we find we got the wrong man, an'"—

Judge Lynch—What'd she say to that?

Spokesman—She kinder laffed like she seed the point to once, an' sez she, "Wall, that is a hoss on Hank!"—New York World.

He Shaded Munchausen.

"Did you notice that man? [illegible] the book he was [illegible] away with such a disgusted air?"

"Yes, and it's an interesting [illegible] 'The Life of Munchausen.'"

"Oh, [illegible] interest to him. He [illegible] fisherman [illegible] Times.

Papa's Wedding Present.

He [illegible] are you cry[illegible]

She [illegible]

He [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Note.

[illegible]

Wanted [illegible] for Her Husband.

[illegible] never split firewood.—[illegible] Cats' Weekly.

Local Time Ca

ERIE.

☞The Erie can not afford to pay for its time card printed, hence it is omitted

BIG FOUR.

(In effect on and after May 15, 189

WEST.		EAST.	
No. 3	10:42 a. m.	No. 10	8
No. 7	6:05 p. m.	No. 2	6
No. 9	12:10 a. m.	No. 18	9
No. 17	4:17 a. m.	No. 8	9
No. 81, local,	7:40 a. m.	No. 80, local,	2
No. 83, *M.Ac	8:30 a. m.	No. 82, *M.Ac	3

*Marion accommodation; runs no farth than this city.

C., H. V. AND T.

NORTH.		SOUTH.	
No. 31	6:30 am	No. 30	
No. 33	11:35 am	No. 32	
No. 35	5:21 pm	No. 34	
No. 37	11:10 pm	No. 36	

All trains run Sunday but 34 and 33. T and 37 run only between Marion and Co

C. AND A.

WEST.		EAST.	
No. 1	9:30 a. m.	No. 8	11
No. 5	12:35 p. m.	No. 2	7
No. 3	11:20 p. m.	No. 12	4
No. 7	4:35 p. m.	No. 6	11

ON EXHIBITION HERE.

He Was in Doubt About Hercule Thought Better of It.

The several signs at the door anno a grand exhibition of snakes, a ta woman, wax figures representin Twelve Disciples and the Last S with rare animals, etc. As we ente [illegible] the lecturer was all ready to He said, "Ladies and gentlemen woman was tabooed by the sava Borneo. Some call it tattooed and tabooed, but it all means the same Next to her is a guerilla from Africa guerilla is noted for sucking the bl [illegible] people when asleep. I don't know w [illegible] the guerilla or the people is and [illegible] is the difference to you.

"This, good people," he continued, [illegible] to the next cage, "is the celeb [illegible] constrictor, from South Am This reptile is able to crush an ox [illegible] folds. On the left of him is the rac so called from his gait, which is tha racking horse. Next beyond is the b which secures its name from Beaver Was. That animal on the right is ca porkus, so named from its love of and that on the left is an opossum last named creature gets its name the Greek word op, the Latin word and the Hebrew word sum."

He then posed before the wax fig and went on:

"This disciple is John, that one Hero that one Mark, that one Cicero, and [illegible] all good ones except Judas 'Scarrot. figure is an exact reproduction of the [illegible] painting by Nero, and virtue [illegible] own reward."

An old gentleman with spectacles in our rear as we went out, and said t lecturer.

"Aren't you mistaken about Hercul

"No, sir."

"Sure you ain't?"

"Look a here, old man!" exclaimed lecturer, as he squared off. "I've bee the show business for twenty odd y and if you think you know the ropes b than I do you can take command."

"Oh, no, no, no! You are doubtless r —quite right—and of course you know business. Only."—

"Only what?"

"Oh, well, never mind. It struck m a little queer, but I guess it's all right- right. It was because I am rather r on such [illegible], probably. Very en [illegible], and I shall call again."—[illegible] York Sun.

In the Soup.

[illegible] Compositor—That new [illegible] "wants."

Foreman—Yes, he's fresh. Mak'er ri an' [illegible] here. Want to get to p [illegible]

And this is what the public read wh the paper was issued:

"The verdict of the coroner's jury [illegible] the deceased came to his death fr [illegible] of a gunshot wound in the v [illegible]—Whiteside Herald.

Plenty of Grounds.

Landlady—Don't you like your cof this morning, Mr. Sixaweek?

Sixaweek—Yes'm, I guess so.

Landlady—Well, have you any groun of complaint?

Sixaweek—No'm, I haven't any groun they're all in the coffee.—Boston Times.

Bjenkins Was a Bjoker, Too.

[illegible] look at the poet's corner in t [illegible] said Bjenkins disdainfully [illegible] was somebody's lingu [illegible]

[illegible] Bjenkins, "I don't. The fa [illegible] a poet scorner myself [illegible]

[illegible] Is Much Too Serious.

[illegible]

[illegible] News.

PART SECOND. THE DAILY STAR. PAGES 9 TO 16.

SIXTEEN PAGES — MARION, OHIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1890. — PRICE 3 CENTS.

AN EXHIBIT UNRIVALLED!

This does not refer to the coming County Fair, which is the greatest Fair in Ohio, but it does refer to the immense display of all varieties of Dry Goods at

JOHN FRASH'S
CASH DRY GOODS HOUSE!
FIRST DOOR WEST OF POSTOFFICE.

Larger and More Varied than Ever Before! An Assortment to Meet the Most Varied Tastes! Prices that Please and Insure the Continued Patronage of Our Customers!

This is Our Prospectus of Fall and Winter Offerings!

GLOVES AND HOSIERY

OUR favorite Glove, and a favorite with our customers, too, is **THE PARAGON**, which sells for $1.25. We guarantee every pair, and they are neat fitting and in the popular shades. They actually appear as well and give as good service as the ordinary $2.00 Glove.

FOR 89 CTS. we have a Glove that gives equal service and same stylish appearance that is gotten with $1.25 Gloves purchased elsewhere, and

FOR 59 CTS. we have a cheap Glove that is unequalled at that price.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS ON HOSIERY!

A statement unnecessary to make to the patrons of our house, but we want those who have not been patrons.

LADIES' FINE HOSE IN GREAT VARIETY!
CHILDREN'S HOSE IN LARGE QUANTITY!

We continue to handle the

FAMOUS GORDON DYED!

A Fast Black Cotton Hose that we guarantee absolutely fast, for both ladies and children. Our 25c, 35c and 50c Woolen Hose are unequalled.

OUR LINEN DEPARTMENT

Is very full. We always lead in Linens. We are selling a special pattern in Bleached Damasks at $1.00, with Napkins to match.

Turkey Red Damasks at from 25c to $1.00.

A Line of HEM-STITCHED TABLE SETS has been added to our stock, something new and attractive. Ask to see them.

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT

OUR store is always at the front in the matter of Dress Goods, invariably leading in the Novelties that are always so pleasing to the ladies. We call your especial attention to our line of

50-CENT SERGES.

They are in Colors and Black, and are especially desirable goods for moderate-priced dresses. These same goods are sold elsewhere, the world over, for 75 cents.

OF OUR ALL-WOOL, ONE-DOLLAR HENRIETTAS

Everybody knows their true value. They were bargains at $1.00, but we have actually Reduced Them to 85 Cents. We have them in all the new shades and they are truly the peerless bargains of the season.

A Handsome Line of Pattern Suits!

Fall Suits in Plaids, combination Suits in Plaids and Plain Cheviots; New combinations in Plain and Fancy Stripes; New French Novelty suits, Camels Hair and Broad cloth suitings.

Black Dress Goods.

We have all the new weaves in the very popular black dress goods, notably the All Wool Henriettas from 50c to $1.25; new serges, camels hair serges, Drap de Almas and silk warp sorroccos, 48 INCH SILK WARP HENRIETTA AT $1.25 that is absolutely unequalled by other makes selling for $1.75. It is one of the attractive bargains of our store.

CLOAKS AND WRAPS

OUR entire second floor is devoted to this department, positively the largest and most varied stock and the most striking prices in Marion. We can hardly specify here. You must see our new-styled **REEFER FRONT SHORT WRAPS.** They are the correct things this season.

OUR $5.00 STOCKINETTE JACKET

Is without an equal in the city. We have better ones at $6, $7 and $8 that are worth your careful inspection.

WE ARE SPECIAL AGENTS

For the Famous Wrap and Cloak House of

A. E. Burkehardt & Co.,

Whose Plush Wraps we handle in large quantities. The favorite plush this season, the nicest there is made, too, London Dye, is made by Sir Titus, Salt, Bart & Co. and is a silk seal.

Plush Jackets

At $10 $12.50, $15, $20 and $25.

A 40 INCH PLUSH COAT

The best sold anywhere for $25. We have them cheaper, from $15 up. A Special Line of

CHILDREN'S SHORT WRAPS,

New Things This Season.

Our Store is Thoroughly Stocked with Domestics!

With Flannels, Blankets, Yarns in endless varieties, Canton Flannels, Muslins, Prints, Ginghams and Sheetings. The prices on these goods are always the cheapest in the city.

These Are Strong Assertions, but They Are True to the Letter!

The purchasing public of Marion can not afford to overlook this invitation to call at our store. We invite investigation, for investigation means to buy.

JOHN FRASH,
FIRST DOOR WEST OF POSTOFFICE.

THE BELLES OF LONG AGO

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE TELLS OF FAIR ONES OF OTHER DAYS.

Miss Emily Marshall, of Boston; Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore; Maria Ludlow, of New York; Octavia Walton, of New Orleans, and Others.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

In a vision of fair women the beautiful belles I remember myself or who **have been** described to me by mother **and grandmother** reach back a century. **First** on the list is the famous Emily **Marshall, of Boston.** Her picture and a **sketch of her life** appeared in a recent **publication, and I** will only add here an **anecdote** related of her by my grandmother.

Miss Marshall was an exquisite **blonde**, with fair hair worn in natural **curls**, and a skin tinted like a peach **blossom**. She was one day walking on **Broadway**, New York, her white dress **trimmed** with blue ribbons, a wide **straw** hat shading her lovely eyes, when **a sailor** hurried up to her and asked her **to please** tell him where to find the Battery. With charming sweetness she gave the information and walked on. To her surprise at the next corner she met the same man, who asked the same question. Thinking she had not spoken plainly, she again pointed out the direction more distinctly and strolled on. At the third corner she once more met **the sailor**, who breathlessly put the thrice repeated query.

This time the young lady said in surprise: "Why, I have twice answered that question. Did you not understand?"

"Oh, yes, miss, I understood," he answered, "but I would run round a block all day if I could see your pretty face at the corner."

He had made the circuit of three sides of the square while she had walked one, merely in order to gaze again on her loveliness.

The beautiful Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, who married Jerome Bonaparte, the brother of the great Napoleon, must have been a radiant young creature at the time of her wedding. She was a veritable "daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair." Her hair was chestnut, her eyes hazel, her complexion cream tinted. Her figure was perfect, and all the graceful outlines were plainly disclosed by the costume of that day. The extreme of the empire dress was then worn, short of waist, with skirt reaching only to the ankle, and so scant that there was just room to step in it.

Her wedding dress was of thinnest India gauze, heavily embroidered. Entirely without starch, it clung to every curve of her exquisite young form, as the underclothing was of the scantiest description, consisting, it was said, of only one long garment of mull. A cousin of my mother's who was present at the ceremony, when asked what the bride wore, said:

"I could have put all the clothes she had on in my waistcoat pocket."

It should be remembered that the waistcoat of that day had more generous pockets than the vest of today. Yet never since classic times has any costume so scant of drapery been worn.

So let us think of the beautiful girl—as lovely a vision on her wedding morn as has greeted mortal eyes since the days of Diana—remembering her thus rather than as the deserted wife, whose long life was shadowed to its last hour by the sorrows that wrecked her early hopes.

Quite of a different type was Maria Ludlow, of New York, a dainty, laughing, captivating coquette who reigned in the early half of the century. Golden haired and blue eyed, she was one of those beings who set all men aflame that see her, drawing masculine creatures to her as inevitably and as blindly as the scintillating flash of the electric light lures all that flies to destruction.

She was once visiting at a country seat on the Hudson in the summer days of more than fifty years ago. Of course every young man within the sphere of her influence was more or less in love with her, but there were two, Tom and Sam, staying at an adjoining place who were especially under her spell. One morning it was proposed by the girls in this family that they should make up a little excursion party, and that some one should go over and invite Maria.

At once Tom and Sam were both on their feet, ready to perform the pleasant duty of escorting her. Each regarded the other with jealous eyes, and as neither would let the other go alone they put a side saddle on a horse and started together, leading the animal.

The girls left behind wondered how the fair Maria would manage to keep the peace between her two lovers and almost feared some angry outbreak, but by and by the trio appeared, coming slowly down the woodland path, the sunlight and shadow flickering over the pretty flushed face of the belle, who was seated on the horse, while on either side of her walked Tom and Sam, and, behold, each man was radiant with happiness!

How had she managed to content them both? Her waiting friends took the first opportunity to question her again.

"Oh," she laughed, "it was very easy. Sam, you know, is a quiet fellow and Tom is a great talker, so I chatted with him, and that made him happy, but I let Sam, who was on the other side of the horse, hold my hand."

Poor, pretty Maria! Her gay career was cut short, not by the orange flowered gates of matrimony, but by the cold portals of the tomb. She died while yet in the flush of her youth and beauty, and many a manly tear fell on her tomb. In the course of time most of her lovers forgot her and were consoled by others, but Sam remained a bachelor through many long years for her sake.

Perhaps the most remarkable belle that our country ever produced was Octavia Walton, of New Orleans. A small woman, with plump figure and expressive dark eyes, she had no especial good looks, and yet probably no girl ever queened it as absolutely as she did. "Miss Walton has come" was informa[illegible] [illegible] ly a [illegible].

[illegible] that [illegible] the belles of fashion [illegible] because when [illegible] with his fascinating [illegible] air of unmistakable [illegible] the place, and so many [illegible] would flock thither [illegible] the success of the establishment would [illegible].

What was the secret of her charm? Flowers strewed her way; attentions of all sorts were lavished upon her. It was said that she received a hundred offers of marriage. What was the subtle magnetism that made her outshine all other women? She was not beautiful nor especially witty. My mother once asked a cousin who was utterly devoted to her what was the magic that made Miss Walton so attractive. He thought a moment with puzzled brow, and then said:

"I don't know, unless it is that she is so good natured."

This was probably the explanation of the mystery. She was a woman of great amiability and exquisite tact. She knew how to make the people about her happy, how to say the right thing to each person, and was remarkably unselfish. On one occasion on board a steamboat, when she had half a dozen admirers in attendance, she left them all to sit for an hour beside the reclining chair of an invalid, to while away a little of his suffering with her bright chat.

After several years of belleship Miss Walton married Dr. Levert, and was for a long time a social leader. Then the war deprived her of her fortune, and her later years were troubled with struggles, but to the very last she retained the charm of manner that made her famous.

Susan Pettigrew, of Charleston, S. C., was another celebrated southern belle before the war. She, too, was not especially beautiful. As she said of herself, she was "not pretty, but had lots of style." Her figure was good, her gray eyes sparkled with intellect and she had admirable taste in dress. But it was as a wit that she especially shone, and her *bon mots* were quoted far and wide. Few of them survive. They were of the events of the day, as sparkling and as evanescent as the bubbles that danced on the waves of the bay in those vanished summers.

In the days when Charleston was the leading city of the south, and the St. Cecilia balls were the events of the season, before the war had come to destroy the *ancienne regime* of southern society, as Miss Sue Pettigrew, and afterward as Mrs. Henry King, this graceful, brilliant woman was a power.

During the war and for some years later Olive Grossbeck, of Cincinnati, and Emily Schomberg, of Philadelphia, were each famous as being the most beautiful woman in her city. Season after season these two radiant women were each the sovereign of her own circle. Miss Grossbeck was tall and majestic, with dark hair and eyes. Miss Schomberg was of medium height, with round figure, blue eyes and brown ringlets—the one reigning as a stately queen, the other winning as a finished woman of the world.

The years went by. Scores of suitors wooed them, and still they remained unwedded, visiting the watering places in the summer and queening it in the cities in the winter. It seemed as if each was reluctant to resign the scepter she had swayed so long, but matrimony at last caught them in its silken lure, and the crown of fair maidenhood was resigned for the bridal wreath.

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

SARA BERNHARDT IN NEW YORK.

She Gives a Queer Order to a Modiste and Displays a Temper Not on the Bills.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

A characteristic story has been related to the writer that is interesting in more ways than one.

It appears that a few years ago a well bred French girl fell in love with and married a French officer. The latter dying soon afterward, the young widow, having no means of support, applied for a position at Worth's, the famous Parisian milliner, and as a supposed expert was assigned to one of the departments in the establishment. Practically she was inexperienced, but she hoped to obtain enough knowledge of the business to enable her to go elsewhere, and as a pupil of the great master of fashion secure a patronage of her own. For a week or two everything passed off well, but one day the superintendent gave her as a task the plaiting of a peculiar piece of goods that required great skill. The young debutante went about it with trepidation, and her hands trembled as she plied the needle. Looking up from her work she caught the sharp eyes of one of the forewomen watching her intently. "Ah! you are no modiste," exclaimed the latter; "you do not know your business. Why have you come here?" "In order to learn it, mademoiselle," was the tearful reply. "I wish to go to America and become a modiste there." "Then you shall, ma chère, and I will teach you myself."

In due [illegible] the young widow [illegible] found [illegible] in New York [illegible] fairly profitable work. A few months after [illegible] Sara Bernhardt [illegible] upon her [illegible] from the Parisian modiste [illegible] unfrawoman [illegible] alterations [illegible] be required [illegible] stay in America [illegible] would [illegible] Mme Bernhardt's [illegible].

Much to her surprise and delight the [illegible] that [illegible] Bernhardt [illegible] that [illegible] she was [illegible] in full costume [illegible] apparently [illegible] to tatters.

Taking no notice of the young woman's arrival the tragedienne went on [illegible]. She stripped her four [illegible] white [illegible] from her hands, [illegible] upon [illegible] pranced around the [illegible] and, in short, [illegible] the little modiste, who [illegible] to be seized and dashed upon the floor.

When this [illegible] play of temper was over Bernhardt turned to the young woman a smile [illegible] extending both hands gave her a warm welcome. Then, looking at her [illegible] pettishly, she said: "Yes, quite [illegible], and I want you to do something for me; I wish you to make me a bonnet, and yet not a bonnet, a mantle, and yet not a mantle, a sleeve, and yet not a sleeve; you understand? That is my order."

Her visitor looked nonplused for a moment, and then with all her French naivete she replied: "Oui, madame. Madame is an artiste; I also am an artiste. I know what you want."

"I wish to wear my bonnet in the garden where I go to find my lover. I do not want him to see my face until I am ready for it; then, by a sudden movement, I wish him to recognize me—you understand?" "Oui, madame, very well." The French woman made her adieu, when Bernhardt rushed impetuously after her and exclaimed, "Ah, mon Dieu, I forgot a wreath of flowers, a long garland—something original!" And with this remarkable order the visitor took her departure.

The "bonnet, yet not a bonnet," the "mantle, and not a mantle," the "sleeve, yet not a sleeve," with a wreath of Marguerites, were brought in a few days for the inspection of the fair Sara, and proved not only acceptable, but, as a woman would say, "enchanting." In her delight Bernhardt threw her arms around the now happy modiste, and exclaimed: "Yes, you are indeed an artiste, and I am your friend for life. You shall go to Paris with me and I shall make your fortune! Here, take my purse, and until we leave this country together use my name to your own advantage."

A few months later Bernhardt kept her word, paid all the expenses of the woman who had thus served her, and on arriving in France gave her such an introduction both among French and Americans as insured her substantial patronage.

G. W. M.

The Fashions of Paris.

Paris magasins are now doing a thriving business, particularly with the American buyers, who are beginning to flit toward their homes, and some notably beautiful costumes are shown. The pannier and hoops are slyly introduced, and flounces and foot ruches and volantes of several styles are seen.

Some lovely dinner and reception dresses are seen, of two of which I furnish pictures. One is of pink surah, richly embroidered in black chenille, with sleeves, corsage drapery and side panel in black Spanish lace. Rich satin ribbons form flots on each side at the hips. Black dressed kid gloves are worn with this.

DINNER AND RECEPTION TOILETS.

Another is of pale blue surah front, opening over a finely plaited fall of crepe de Chine, and with a rich galloon of Persian coloring along the two front breadths. The waist is made with a vest of the crepe and white lace, ornamented with the same kind of galloon. The back of the dress is en train of wine colored faille, and the front sides are also of the same, making altogether a most elegant toilet.

A handsome promenade costume is made of slate gray ladies' cloth, richly embroidered in black silk and gray of a lighter shade than the material. There are great black gros grain bows, with jet and silk pagnets, and the embroidery is also carried out on the [illegible] basque and on the pretty cape, which is worn with it. The sleeves and collar are of velvet.

Another very stylish home dress is of flexible camel's hair in prune color, for

[illegible] AND [illegible] COSTUMES.

[illegible] open in the back, with [illegible] corsage trimmed with [illegible] used on the [illegible] slightly beneath [illegible].

The [illegible] stylish [illegible] the tall bonnets [illegible] them represent as closely as possible the helmet of Mercury, with the wings standing out as if ready to fly away.

BILL NYE ON BANQUETS.

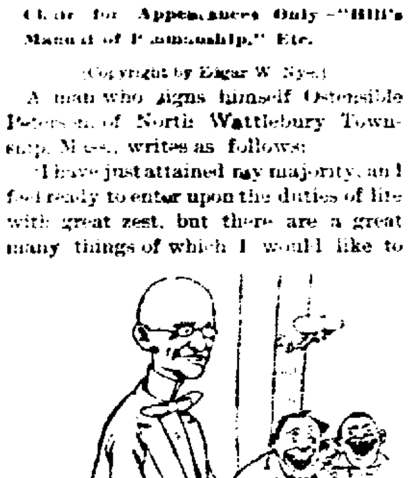
[illegible] OF THE HONORED [illegible] AND THE PRESIDENT.

Ostensible Peterson's Laudable Ambition—Hints on Table Etiquette—The Chair for Appearances Only—"Hill's Manual of Penmanship," Etc.

[Copyright by Edgar W. Nye.]

A man who signs himself Ostensible Peterson, of North Wattlebury Township, Mass., writes as follows:

"I have just attained my majority, and feel ready to enter upon the duties of life with great zest, but there are a great many things of which I would like to know more of. I learn with great rapidity, and now know as much useful knowledge as many men who are twice my age knows.



THE GUEST OF THE EVENING.

"I want to know more about banquets, and how to appear and speak at them. We think of having one here soon. I wish you would give me a few points, for you certainly must be authority on these things. Will you answer through the papers, so as that others which may wish to know more of this matter may also have the opportunity?"

Success in life is not due so much to inherent genius as it is to the ability to go to the right place for what you want to know. You have shown the first qualification necessary to success, Ostensible, and you deserve to win. You may be in rather a nebulous and gummy state mentally, but you know where to go for information anyhow.

Banquets, according to "Hill's Manual of Penmanship, Calisthenics, Etiquette, Common Law and Diseases of Horses," "are given in honor either of some noted occasion or some distinguished foreigner or prominent citizen, generally by an organization or association of men."

The guest of the evening may be readily discovered by his ill concealed anguish. He smiles on all with the same bright and bubbling joy that is felt by a man who canvasses the infernal regions in the interests of a large powder works, carrying his samples with him from point to point. He tries to jot down a few thoughts on the back of a menu, sweetens his consomme and tries to look tickled, but the horror of his own fermenting thought works and the sharp prongs on his unborn speech take away his appetite, and his bright, automatic smile, frozen upon his white features, looks like the mirth on the face of an ice cream Judas Iscariot.

Every banquet has its presiding officer, who may or may not be gifted in that way. Some men are born banqueting, some acquire banqueting, while others have banqueting thrust upon them. It is so with presiding. Some presidents will make even the guest feel comfortable, while others seem to be placed at the head of the table to keep a tally of the grub consumed. A generous and hospitable heart cannot be acquired just as we are about to fork over our souls to the great grand jury at the end of life, and so no man can by the mere acquisition of property or position alter his entire disposition in the afternoon of his existence. You have no doubt visited at houses, Mr. Peterson, where the host seemed to hang on every word you said, but kept moving the cuspidore around with you wherever you went for fear you might lapse into barbarism at any moment and spit behind the lounge. You have visited doubtless, Ostensible, at places where the entire visit was a gentle reproach to you, where the host made it easy for you by example so that you would know what finger bowls and such things were used for.

I have.

Possibly there is an air about me which tempts people of great refinement to watch me nervously while I eat, and keep their more toothsome children out of my reach. I am a plain man, born in obscurity—in the dark of the moon—but when my friends visit me I do not watch the furniture with apprehension when they use it, or start up wildly when an overweight chair cracks.

However, I will make one exception. We have at home, rather against my wishes, what is called a reception chair. You have seen them, no doubt, Ostensible. It is really a trick chair. It looks well in the bay window of a furniture store, and for any other but sitting purposes is quite a success. I sat in it once without permission, however, and it took me three weeks to get back within sight of the [illegible] It is a slight, nervous, [illegible] Queen Anne [illegible] [illegible] I [illegible] great [illegible] to go home [illegible] [illegible].

But we were speaking of [illegible] I was a [illegible] [illegible] success [illegible] quality [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] sat at table and imagine that [illegible] feeling the same old J. I. Case threshing [illegible] that [illegible] eat [illegible] like a [illegible] did I [illegible] the platter along or nothing. I used to eat [illegible] cake and [illegible] cream [illegible] at first as the [illegible] the evening [illegible] I wait [illegible] around, and then eat very little [illegible] less stew. I [illegible] should be served. If so I eat [illegible] of them on my bread, washing them down with a glass of old Rhenish buttermilk.

On taking your seat at table you will find at the side of your plate a bouquet, or buttonhole, as the French call it, which is not to be eaten, but inserted in the lapel of the coat. If there should be no hole in your coat suitable for this purpose do not with your claspknife jab a hole in the garment while filling the air about you with profanity.

You will also find a napkin at your side, or rolled in a fanta tic wad on your plate. It will have concealed in it a blonde roll, which you will no doubt in an unguarded moment flip on the floor, and it will get stepped on by the regular banquet humorist of the occasion.

You will be assigned to a seat at first, and will place your hand on the back of the chair, thereby filing on the seat, as you might say. Upon a given signal from the chair, and the words "Gentlemen will be seated," you will seek your legs under the table, and while getting acquainted with your neighbor you may unfold your napkin, put a few Brazil nuts in your pocket and ask the guest of the evening if that is his first visit to "our little town."

Should the finger bowl be placed at your side at the beginning of the meal along with the wine glasses, you may easily distinguish it from the wine glasses by its height. It is not so tall, and is more thick set, or thickly set, if you please. It is also liable to contain a sprig of geranium, which is not to be eaten under any circumstances. You will now bite off a corner of your roll, and while ostensibly reading the menu you can run over your piece in your mind or comb your whiskers with your pocket comb.

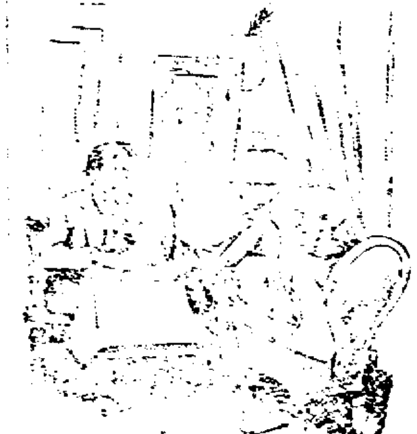
If a dish is brought to you which you have not been brought up on, and you are mystified about it, do not say to the waiter, "I don't want that; it's too rich for my blood," but let it remain by your side, and possibly some one else will ask what it is, so that you can not only find out, but also quietly take home the recipe to your wife.

It is considered vulgar to eat everything within reach, and then try to dig the ornamental designs off the plate with your spoon in a rash effort to get the rest of the food, or wipe up your dish with a roll, like an engine wiper working on a neglected locomotive. You should eat all the time as if you did not choose any, or had no occasion, as we say at our house when we have company, and throughout the meal preserve an air of ennui and appear as blase as possible. Do not begin to eat like a harvest horse while the blessing is being rendered, but sit quietly and do not fidget with the cake or crack your knuckles and murmur at the delay.

Do not seek to obtain the last drop of gravy on your plate by up ending it into your spoon or mouth, and if you wear a heavy mustache it might be well occasionally to run your fork through it in search of custard or other game which may have secreted itself there. The bright bon mots of a man with a custard in his mustache fall upon the mind like a pall.

In eating raw oysters do not seek to hurry matters by means of a violent inhalation at the moment of taking them from the fork; and if you should drop one on the floor do not gather it up with your hand and slap it down on your plate with an oath, or put it on the head of a bald clergyman whom you know but slightly. Tell the waiter in a low tone of voice that if he will get it from the floor he may have it for his own. Then you may go on with your persiflage or whatever may be on your plate at the time.

After the entire menu has been carefully disposed of the chairman will take another sip, and arising to his full height, thereby scattering the crumbs that were in his lap over those who sit near him, he will proceed to pound on the table with the handle of a knife, and refer feelingly to the guest of the evening. Cheers will greet his remarks, and confusion will cover the guest. If you are ever a guest you will know what sorrow is [illegible] to sit up at 12 o'clock at night facing an expectant multitude of dear, devoted friends, and listen to the compliments [illegible] addressed to you



"I DO NOT WATCH THE FURNITURE."

and choked [illegible], and knowing all the time that [illegible] very much over [illegible] Ostensible, will turn to [illegible] the nine back[illegible] who [illegible] [illegible] crop of the best [illegible] the groaning [illegible].

I earnestly hope, Mr. Peterson, that you may never be placed in that position [illegible] ly an I [illegible] [illegible] Mr. P[illegible].

[illegible] pr[illegible] tain [illegible] general [illegible] Every [illegible] Neither [illegible] good after dinner speech. [illegible] nothing [illegible] ever, [illegible] Mr. [illegible] to say [illegible] out, a [illegible] gift. [illegible] than [illegible] life.

You will [illegible] make an after dinner speech. [illegible] You might ask [illegible] still be an error. But when [illegible] as you [illegible] egotism [illegible] removed from your [illegible] and the [illegible] swallowed [illegible] of a lifetime [illegible] of your intellectual hay mow, you will be made to [illegible] that [illegible] in carrying out [illegible] that you could make after dinner [illegible] reality [illegible] snow shed on the [illegible] eye peeled for Charlie [illegible].

Blessed is the man who makes his mistakes early in life, removes them and puts vaseline on the sore places. But woe to the man who perpetuates and cultivates his errors, who stands off and admires them and points to them with pride—the man in the [illegible] who possibly got a popular [illegible] in his youth by [illegible] the masses and then [illegible] to the platform, perhaps, or the [illegible] or the pulpit, and perpetuated his folly by making a life long Pan-American ass of himself.

You will do well, Ostensible, to observe the customs of others at these gatherings. Eat little, drink less and say still less. Go out [illegible] quietly, leaving your napkin when you go. Remember what you hear, keep your feet warm, your head cool, and do not ask unnecessary questions. At the ticket office in Stamford, N. Y., is the following notice:

[illegible] "It is New York time." Now shut up!!!

We should learn from this to avoid asking for information which we may easily obtain otherwise, instead of trying to make a good record as conversationalists at the expense of our friends. Ask me some more questions whenever you have them.

Bill Nye

Doing a Russian Business.

Czar of all the Russias—Have you put the dynamite gong that rings thirty minutes beforehand under the table?

Attendant—Yes, revered bastinadoer.

Czar—Have you fastened the alarm telling of the approach of strangers thirty miles away on each door?

Attendant—Yes, blessed knouter.

Czar—Have you placed the poison annihilator in the soup?

Attendant—Yes, [illegible] administrative [illegible].

Czar—Have you [illegible] secret plots in the [illegible] present and attached it to my napkin?

Attendant—Yes, wonderful [illegible].

Czar—Have you put the [illegible] point detectives on my knives, forks and spoons?

Attendant—Yes, soul of Siberia.

Czar—Have you closed the bullet proof steel shutters?

Attendant—Yes, [illegible] table [illegible] word.

Czar—Have you examined the last batch of Centuries with the quadruple binocular treason detective, and [illegible] all but the covers before distributing them?

Attendant—Yes, adoring worshiper of Kennan.

Czar—Then taste invisibly [illegible] dish before you; if you live I will partake of a few mouthfuls in the midst of prayers and trembling.—Judge.

A Reasonable Request.

Prominent Humorist—Er, would it be too much of a favor for you to let me go into your ice house for a few hours this afternoon?

Ice Dealer—Well, that's a strange request, sir. What is the matter—is the heat too much for you?

Prominent Humorist—No, but I've just received an order from Puck for a lot of Christmas jokes, and I want to get some inspiration.—Lawrence American.

Perhaps Willie Knows Now.

"Pa," said Willie Fannther the other evening, "I heard Dr. [illegible] say today that old Congressman [illegible] was a war horse. What is a war horse, pa?"

"My child," replied [illegible] is a creature that smells the [illegible] —the farther the better—and snorts and plunges at every office in sight."—Chicago Times.

Rest and Recreation.

Porter—You travel regularly now, I see, sah.

Mr. Gotham (on the New York and Philadelphia express)—Yes. The doctor said I needed rest and recreation, so I spend one day in Philadelphia and the next in New York.—Puck.

Of Course They Will.

"So Jack is married, eh? Do you think he'll get along well with his wife?" "Oh, quite sure he will. They sat in the same choir for two years without quarreling."—Boston Times.

It Blew.

First Whisker—What a wind.

Second Whisker—Yes, it goes quite through me.—Puck.

HER NAME WAS MUD.

A Romance of a Prince and a Philadelphia Girl.

It was [illegible] Jupiter was [illegible] [illegible] across [illegible] space.

"[illegible] are to me [illegible] a fixed star [illegible] wonder [illegible] place in my heart."

It was Prince Orlando C[illegible] who was speaking.

And [illegible].

[illegible] Orlando C[illegible] was a noble [illegible]. He [illegible] him [illegible] he [illegible] him. His [illegible] "My son [illegible] Marry. Marry [illegible] American [illegible]" and the prince was an orphan.

Prince C[illegible] was a dutiful son, where [illegible]. He came [illegible] Philadelphia [illegible] the field [illegible] upon Angelina M[illegible]. Angelina was [illegible] of an [illegible].

[illegible] Mc[illegible] were [illegible] porch of the [illegible]. The mosquito [illegible]. Angelina didn't [illegible] was used to them. Prince [illegible] Bills never disturbed him.

And [illegible] first [illegible].

"And [illegible] prince's voice—"you are my star, the light of my eyes, the [illegible] object of my [illegible]. Come, fly with me this very night. We'll take the fleetest [illegible] for Camden, and your wealthy [illegible] I'll have a princess for a daughter. [illegible] my titles and my name"—

"And your name is mud!" It was the voice of [illegible] M[illegible].

Prince C[illegible] was [illegible].

And still the stars kept shooting.—Philadelphia Press.

She "Had Them Down Fine."

"I think you may send in one quart of huckleberries," said the landlady to the huckster as she looked about for bargains in wild [illegible] plants.

"Have you many boarders this summer, madam?" he asked [illegible].

"Nine."

"Half a quart of berries [illegible] rather light for nine?" he ventured.

"Not with me," she snapped. "Four of my boarders don't eat huckleberries for breakfast, and five don't eat bananas, so I alternate and fetch half either way."—New York Tribune.

What It Suggested.

Mr. Nice (to stranger, whose language has annoyed him)—Look here, sir, I want you to use better language in the presence of these ladies. Your talk is abominable!

Stranger—Is that so? Well, I'll talk just as I want! My language is all right, and I always call a spade a spade.

Mr. Nice—Indeed! I should imagine that you would call it a bloody shovel!—Lawrence American.

Fond of Jewelry.

"The idea, George, of your having all that jewelry, and never letting me know it."

"What jewelry?"

"Why, what you were talking about the other night in your sleep. You said, 'I've got a handful of diamonds, and I'll bet they're clubs.' Diamonds, and you know they're my favorites."—Philadelphia Times.

A Fruitful Tree.

Guest (who has tried them)—Why on earth don't you cut down that old apple tree? It's so near the road the boys steal most of 'em, and they're hard, sour things anyway.

Doctor Popular (with a quiet smile)—They pay for themselves at $2 a visit.—Judge.

An Advantageous Position.

Mr. Knight—[illegible] where would you like to [illegible]?

Mrs. Knight—From a given point.

Mr. Knight—Where's that?

Mrs. Knight—I don't know; but I notice that all parades are so long in passing that place.—Puck.

Did You Ever Try It?

McFingle—You seem all pegged out, old man. What have you been doing?

McFangle—I'm trying to lose a yellow dog that's become attached to the children. Confound him! Here he comes now!—Lawrence American.

T[illegible]ing [illegible] on the [illegible]ght—

Lemuel (whispers)—That [illegible] Molly. He [illegible] been married, [illegible] in a [illegible].—Puck.

Absent Minded.

[illegible] please take the [illegible] I [illegible] have it [illegible] I am at work. [illegible]

[illegible] you are sitting [illegible].

A Definition.

[illegible] ry, Pa?

[illegible] an impract[illegible] nothing that is [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] but they always [illegible] on the highest branches.—Puck.

TWO SOLDIERS.

By CAPT. CHARLES KING.

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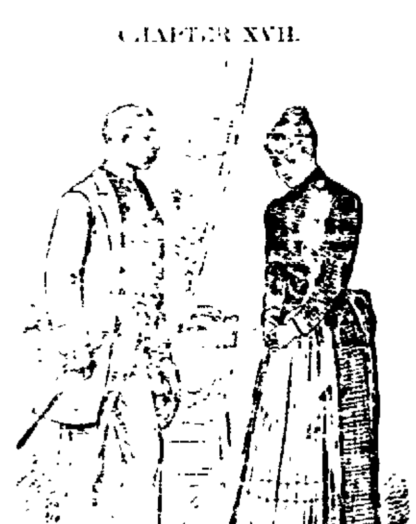
CHAPTER XVII.



"Do you know you have not said good-by, Mabel?"

Somehow, about 10 o'clock that night the judge advocate of the court dropped in at the "bachelor quarters," where both Lane and Mason had been made welcome, and asked to see these gentlemen. He was conversing with them over the affair at the San Simon when Capt. Lowndes was ushered into the room.

"Am I intruding?" asked the latter. "I merely wished to speak to Lane a moment."

"By no means, Lowndes. Come right in. We'll be through in one minute. Then, as I understand you, Lane, you could distinctly see K troop as it forded the stream, and could see the Apaches who fired upon them?"

"Yes—distinctly. I was praying for their coming, as our ammunition was running low. The Indians seemed so encouraged by the ease with which they drove them back that the whole band swarmed out from cover and crowded on us at once. It was in the next fifteen minutes that my men were killed—and that poor woman."

"And there were only six Indians who opened fire on Noel?"

"Only six, sir."

The judge advocate was silent a moment. "There is, of course, a chance that our absentees may get here to-morrow morning in time. If they do you will be the first witness called; if they do not we adjourn to await their arrival. It promises to be a long case. A telegram has just reached me, saying that additional and grave charges are being sent by mail from division headquarters."

Capt. Lowndes listened to this brief conversation with an expression of deep perplexity on his kindly face, and as soon as the judge advocate had gone and Mason had left the room he turned to Lane:

"You know they are staying with us. That poor girl has come all this weary journey to be with him, and there was absolutely no place where she could lay her head unless we opened our doors and took him in too."

Lane bowed assent: "I had heard, Lowndes. It was like you and that dear wife of yours."

"Lane," spoke the older man, impetuously, after a moment of embarrassed silence, "I want you to do something for my wife, and for me. Come home with me for a few minutes. You won't see him; but—it is that heartbroken girl. She begs that you will see her—to-night. Here is a little note."

Lane's sad face had grown deathly pale. He looked wonderingly in his companion's eyes a moment, then slowly took the note and left the room, leaving Lowndes to pace the floor in much disquiet.

In five minutes the former reappeared in the doorway. "Come," he said, and himself led the way out into the starlit night. Not a word was spoken by either [illegible] as they slowly walked down the [illegible]. Arriving at his quarters Capt. [illegible] ushered his friend into the lit- [illegible] Mrs. Lowndes came [illegible] ending [illegible] her hands. "It [illegible] she said. "I [illegible] subdued [illegible] little [illegible] to the sumptu- [illegible] home in which [illegible] met her! Lane stood by the [illegible] a moment striving to [illegible] beating of his heart [illegible] that shook his frame. [illegible] had he seen her since that [illegible] night in the library—in that man Noel's arms. Not once had he permitted the thought of seeing her to find a lodgment. But all was different now: she was well nigh crushed, heart broken; she had been deceived and tricked; she was here practically friendless. "I well know that at your hands I deserve no such mercy," she had written, "but a hopeless woman begs that you will come to her for a few moments—for a very few words."

And now he heard her footfall on the stairs. She entered slowly and then stopped short almost at the threshold. Heavens! how she had aged and changed! How deep were the lines about the kind gray eyes! how sad and worn was the sternly lovely face! Her eyes filled with tears on the very instant, and she hovered there irresolute, not knowing what to do, how to address him. It was Lane [illegible] to the rescue. For a moment [illegible] there appealed as his eyes fell upon the woman whom he had so [illegible] faithfully loved. Where was all the playful light that so thrilled and [illegible] him as it flickered about the corners of her pretty mouth? Whither had fled the bright coloring, the radiance, the gladness that lived in that exquisite face? Was this heavy eyed, pallid, nerveless being, standing with hanging head before him, the peerless queen he had so loyally and devotedly served—whose faintest wish was to him a royal mandate—to kiss whose soft white hand was a joy unutterable? All this flashed through his mind in the instant of her irresolute pause. Then the great pity of a strong and manful heart, the tenderness that lives ever in the bravest, sent him forward to her side. All thought of self and suffering, of treachery and concealment and deception, vanished at once at the sight of her bitter woe. His own brave eyes filled up with tears he would gladly have hidden, but that she saw and was comforted. He took her limp, nerveless hand and led her to a chair, saying only her name—"Mrs. Noel."

For several minutes she could not speak, but wept unrestrainedly, her poor fellow, walking the floor the while, longing to comfort her, yet powerless. What could he say? What could he do? At last she seemed to regain her self-control.

"Capt. Lane," she said, "it is useless for me to tell you how much I have learned since coming here, of which I was ignorant before. Every effort has been made to spare me; people have been so considerate and kind that the truth, as I am beginning to see, has been kept from me. Mr. Falconer, Capt. Noel's—our lawyer, has at last admitted that almost everything depends upon your evidence. Forgive me, if you can, that I believed for a while that you inspired the charges against him. I know now that you refused to press the matter, and that—that I am not to blame any one. In his deep misfortune my duty is with my husband, and he—consented that I should see you. Capt. Lane," she said, rising as she spoke, "do not try to spare my feelings now. I am prepared for anything—ready to share his downfall. If you are asked as to the contents of the note you sent him before the fight, must you tell what they were? Do you recall them?"

"I must, Mrs. Noel. I remember almost the exact words," he replied, gently, sorrowfully.

"But that is all, is it not? You know nothing more about the delay in reaching you?" And her eyes, piteous in entreaty, in shame, in suffering, sought one instant his sad face, then fell before the sorrow and sympathy in his.

For a moment there was no answer, and at last she looked up, alarmed.

"Mrs. Noel," he said, "I could not help it. I was eagerly awaiting their coming. I saw them approach the ford and the pass. I saw that there were only six Apaches to resist them, and the next thing I saw was the retreat."

"Oh, Capt. Lane!" she cried, "must you testify as to this?" And her trembling hands were clasped in misery. "Is there no way—no way?"

"Even if there were," he answered, slowly and mournfully, "Mr. Mason's testimony and that of the men would be still more conclusive."

Throwing herself upon the sofa, the poor girl gave way to a fit of uncontrollable weeping; and Lane stood helplessly, miserably by. Once he strove to speak, but she could not listen. He brought her a glass of water presently and begged her to drink it; there was still something he had to suggest. She took the goblet from his hand and looked up eagerly through her tears. He was thinking only of her—for her—now. The man who had robbed him of happiness, of love, of wife and home and hope, and who had done the utmost that he dared to rob him of honor and his soldier reputation—the man now wretchedly listening overhead to the murmur of voices below—he forgot entirely except as the man she loved.

"Mrs. Noel, your friends—his friends—are most influential. Can they not be telegraphed to that his resignation will be tendered? Can they not stop the trial in that way?"

"It is hopeless. It has been tried, and refused. If he is found guilty there is nothing left—nothing left," she moaned, "but to take him back to the east with me, and, with the little we have now, to buy some quiet home in the country, where our wretched past need not be known—where we can be forgotten—where my poor husband need not have to hang his head in shame. Oh, God! oh, God! what a ruined life!"

"Is there nothing I can do for you, Mrs. Noel? Listen; that court cannot begin the—the case to-morrow. Four members are still to come. It may be two days yet—perhaps three. Perhaps Mr. Withers and his friends do not appreciate the danger and have not brought pressure to bear on the president; but—forgive me for the pain this must give you—there are other, new charges coming from division headquarters, that I fear will harm him still more. I grieve to have to tell you this. Try and make Mr. Withers understand. Try and get the resignation through. If you will see Mr. Falconer and—and the captain now I can get the telegraph operator."

"What charges—what new accusations do you mean?" she asked, her eyes dilating with dread. "Are we not [illegible] enough already? Oh, forgive me, Capt. Lane! I ought not to speak [illegible] you—you have been so good, so [illegible]. You, the last man on earth from whom I should seek mercy," she [illegible] impetuously; "you are yet the one to whom I first appeal. Oh, if after this night I never see you again, believe that I suffer, that I realize the wrong I have done. I was never worthy the faintest atom of your regard; but there's one thing—one thing you must hear. I wrote you fully, frankly, imploringly, before—before you came—and saw [illegible]. Indeed I had waited days for [illegible] refusing to see him until after [illegible] and then I was weak and ill. You never read the letter. You sent them all back unopened. I cannot look in your face. It may have been hard for a while, but the time will soon come when you will thank God—thank God—I proved faithless."

And then, leaving him to make his own way from the house, she rushed sobbing to her room. When next he saw her Reginald, her brother, with Lowndes and his tearful wife, was lifting her into the ambulance that was to take them to the railway, and the doctor rode away beside them. But this was ten days after.

True to Lane's prediction, the court met and adjourned on the following day. Col. Stannard and Maj. Turner telegraphed that they were delayed en route to the railway, and nothing was heard from the other missing members. Two days more found the court in readiness, but the trial did not begin. There arrived on the express from the east, the night before all seemed ready for the opening session, Lieut. Bowen, of the cavalry recruiting service, with two guards who escorted the ex-clerk Taintor.

Telegrams for Capt. Noel had been coming in quick succession, but he himself had not been seen. It was Lowndes who took the replies to the office. The first meeting of the court was to have occurred on Monday. Tuesday evening the judge advocate sent to the accused officer a copy of the additional specifications to the charge of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and notified him that the witnesses had just arrived by train.

At 4 o'clock Wednesday morning Mrs. Lowndes was aroused by a tapping at her door, and recognized the voice of Mrs. Noel calling her name. Hastily she arose and went to her, finding her trembling and terrified. Gordon, she said, had been in such misery that he would not undress and try to sleep, but had been restlessly pacing the floor until after midnight. Then he had gone down to make some memoranda, he said, at the desk in which he and Mr. Falconer had their papers, and, as she could not sleep, she soon followed; but he was not there. Occasionally he had gone out late at night and walked about the parade after every one but the guard had gone to bed, and she thought he must have done so this time, and so waited, and waited, and peered out on the parade and could see nothing of him. At last she could bear it no longer.

Lowndes had heard the sobbing voice and one or two words. He was up and dressed in no time, and speedily found the officer of the day. "Do you think he could have made away with himself—suicide?"

"Suicide! no!" answered Lieut. Tracy. "He's too big a coward even for that."

No sentry had seen or heard anything of him. The whole post was searched at daybreak, and without success. A neighboring settlement, infested by miners, stock men, gamblers and fugitives from justice, was visited, but nothing was learned that would tend to dispel the mystery. One or two hard citizens—saloon proprietors—poked their tongues in their cheeks and intimated that "if properly approached" they could give valuable information; but no one believed them. That night, deserted and [illegible] nigh distracted, Mabel Noel lay moaning in her little room, suffering heaven only knows what tortures; far from the yearning mother arms, far from home and kindred, far even from the recreant husband for whose poor sake she had abandoned all to follow him, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness or in health—only to be left to the pity and care of strangers.

But she was in an army home and among loving, loyal, simple hearts. The women, one and all, thronged to the little cottage, imploring that they might "help in some way." The men, when they were not damning the runaway, were full of suggestion as to the course to be pursued. Mabel would accept only one explanation of his disappearance; crazed by misfortunes, he had taken his own life: he had said he would. But the regiment could not believe it, and in forty-eight hours had traced him on the saloon keeper's horse over to the Southern Pacific and thence down to El Paso. More than one man gave a sigh of relief that the whole thing could be so easily settled without the scandal of all that evidence being published to the world. The court met and adjourned pending the receipt of orders from the convening authority. The telegraph speedily directed the return to their stations of the several members. Lieut. Bowen went back to the east, leaving Taintor in the guard house, and in a week Reginald Vincent came to take his sister home and to whisper that Gordon was safe in the City of Mexico—Mr. Withers was sending him money there: and so from her bed of illness, suffering and humiliation the poor girl was almost carried to her train, and all Fort Gregg could have wept at sight of her wan and hopeless face.

She shrank from seeing or meeting any of her old associates, yet was eager to reach her mother's roof, fondly believing that there she would find letters from her husband. It hurt her inexpressibly that he should have fled without one word to her of his intentions; but she could forgive it because of the suffering and misery that bore him down and unsettled his mind. It stung her that Mr. Withers, [illegible], should be the first to learn of his place of refuge; but perhaps he thought she had gone east at once, and so had written there. She attributed his desertion to the strain to which he had been subjected; but she had been spared the sight of those last "specifications." Her first inquiry, after one long blessed clasping in her mother's arms, after the burst of tears that could not be restrained, was for letters from him; and she was amazed, incredulous, when told there were none. Mr. Withers was sent for at once; that eminent citizen would gladly have dodged the ordeal, but could not. He could only say that two telegrams and two drafts had reached him from Noel, and that he had [illegible] at sight and would [illegible] nothing.

[illegible] going to [illegible] that he had sent no word [illegible] retirement [illegible] night; but Mr. Withers assured her he was [illegible] everything is being done [illegible] end the trouble [illegible] Mr. Withers [illegible] "We will see to [illegible] at Washington that his resignation [illegible] for they will never get [illegible] a court, and might as well make up their minds to it. The army cannot drop or dismiss him for a year, with all their red tape methods and their prate about the 'honor of the service.' I've seen enough of the army in the last three months to convince me it's no place for a gentleman. No, my dear, you stay here—or go up to the mountains. We'll have him there to join you in a month."

But the authorities proved obdurate. Even the millionaire failed to move the war secretary. Unless Capt. Noel came back and stood trial he would be "dropped for desertion" (and if he came back and stood trial would probably be kicked out as a coward and liar," thought to himself the official who sat a silent listener. This Noel would not do. Withers sent him to Vera Cruz on a pseudo business visit, and Mabel, silent, sad faced, but weeping no more, went to a little resort in the West Virginia mountains.

Meantime another court had been convened, another deserter tried, convicted and sentenced, and before being taken to prison he made full statement to Capt. Lane and two officers called in as witnesses. This was Taintor. He had known Capt. Noel ever since his entry into service. Taintor was an expert penman, a gambler and at times a hard drinker. He had enlisted in the troop of which Noel was second lieutenant while they were in Tennessee, and had deserted, after forging the post quartermaster's name to two checks and getting the money.

The regiment went to the plains; he was never apprehended, and long years afterwards he drifted from a position in the quartermaster's depot at Jeffersonville to a re-enlistment and a billet as clerk in the recruiting rendezvous at the Queen City. Knowing that Noel would recognize him he deserted there, as has been told, taking all the money he could secure by forged checks for small amounts, which he trusted would not excite suspicion. But he had fallen in love with a young woman and she was dependent on him. He came back to the neighborhood after he thought the hue and cry were over, was shadowed and arrested by the police, and had given himself up for lost when Capt. Noel was brought to his cell to identify him. He could hardly believe his senses when the captain said it was all a mistake. Then he was released and went to work again across the river, and one night Noel came—told him he knew him perfectly and would keep his secret provided he would "make himself useful." It soon turned out that what was wanted was the imitation of Capt. Lane's signature on one or two papers whose contents he did not see, and the type writing of some letters, one of which, without signature of any kind, and referring to some young lady, her secret meetings with Capt. Noel, and saying, "You are being betrayed," was sent to Capt. Lane at Fort Graham. Very soon after this Capt. Lane came back. Taintor again fled until he knew his old commander had gone away, and then, venturing home, was rearrested, as has been told.

Lane knew the anonymous letter well enough, but now for the first time saw its object. It was to make him accuse Mabel Vincent of deceit and faithlessness and so bring about a rupture of the engagement, which at that time Noel saw no other means of removing as the one obstacle that stood in the way of his hopes.

But what were the other papers?

August came, and with it the rumors of the appearance of the dreaded vomito at Vera Cruz; but in the remote and peaceful nook where mother and daughter—two silent and sorrowing women—were living in retirement no tidings came. Vainly Mabel watched the mails for letters—if only one—from him. She had written under cover to Mr. Withers, but even that evoked no reply.

One sunshiny afternoon they were startled by the sudden arrival of Regy. He sought to avoid question and to draw his mother to one side, but Mabel was upon him.

"You have news!" she said, her white face set, her hands firmly seizing his arm. "What is it? Have they dismissed him?"

"They can never dismiss—never harm him more, Mabel," was the solemn answer.

* * * * * *

Some months afterward Mrs. Vincent received a packet of papers that belonged to the late Capt. Noel. Mabel had been sent to Florida for the winter, and was spending her early widowhood with kind and loving friends. The consul at Vera Cruz had written to Mr. Withers full particulars of his cousin's death—one of the first victims of the vomito—and had sent these papers with the formal certificates of the Mexican officials. Mr. Woodrow, one of the executors of Mr. Vincent's estate, showed singular desire to examine these papers, but the widow thought they should be opened only by her daughter. It was not until then that, with much hesitancy, the gentleman explained that Mr. Vincent had given him to understand that he had intrusted some papers to Capt. Noel which that officer had promised to send at once to his old friend Capt. Lane. Mrs. Vincent could learn no more from him, but she lost no time in searching the packet.

Within twenty-four hours Mabel was summoned home by telegraph, and there for the first time learned that to her father's partner, for the use of [illegible] in their sore straits of nearly two [illegible] before, Capt. Lane had given the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, and that among Capt. Noel's papers was what [illegible] to be a receipt in full for the [illegible] the sum from Mr. Vincent, which [illegible] was signed apparently by Fred [illegible] and dated July 2, 188-. But [illegible] Mr. Woodrow, must be a mistake. Mr Vincent had assured him late in [illegible] that he had not repaid it, but [illegible] had his instructions to repay it at once and all Clark's books, papers and receipts had been examined, and showed that no such payment had been made.

"It simply means that the veneer of under which we are [illegible] his fortune, but that noble fellow," said Mrs. Vincent; and that night she wrote, and poured forth her heart to him, while Mabel locked herself in her room.

[illegible] Woodrow made [illegible] the rendezvous, and [illegible] Capt. Lane had gone to Europe [illegible] of an [illegible] a year [illegible] knowledge [illegible] to know [illegible] executors [illegible] must be paid [illegible] the old homestead [illegible] she would be glad to go and live in retirement anywhere.

Not only did she, but so did Mr. Woodrow, receive at last a letter from distant Athens. The widow sobbed and laughed and pressed her letter to her heart, while Woodrow read his with moistened eyes, a suspicious resort to his capacious handkerchief, and an impatient consignment of all such confounded quixotic, unbusiness like cavalrymen to the Deuce, by Jupiter; and then he went off to show it to his fellow-executors.

The long summer wore away. Autumn again found mother and daughter and Regy at the dear old home, but light and laughter had not been known within the massive walls since the father's death. The tragedy in Mabel's life coming so quickly after that event seemed to have left room for naught but mourning. "She has so aged, so changed," wrote Mrs. Vincent, on one of the few occasions when she wrote of her at all to him, and she wrote every month. "I could even say that it has improved her. The old gayety and joyousness are gone, and with them the willfulness. She thinks more—lives more—for others now."

Winter came again—the second winter of Mabel's widowhood—and she was urged to visit the Noels at their distant home; but she seemed reluctant until her mother bade her go. She was still wearing her widow's weeds, and her lovely face was never sweeter in her girlhood days than now in that frame of crape. Of the brief months of her married life they never spoke, but the Noels loved her because of her devotion to him when not a friend was left. In early March the news from home began to give her uneasiness; "mamma did not seem well," was the explanation, and it was decided that they would go on as far as Washington with her, and spend a day or two there, when Reginald would meet and escort her home.

And so, one bright morning in that most uncertain of months, Mabel Noel with her sister-in-law and that lady's husband stood at the elevator landing, waiting to be taken down to the hallway of their hotel. Presently the lighted cage came sliding from aloft. Mrs. Lanier entered, followed by the others. Two gentlemen seated on one side removed their hats, and the next instant, before she could take her seat, the lady saw one of them rise, bow and extend his hand to Mabel, saying, with no little embarrassment and much access of color, something to the effect that this was a great surprise—a statement which her fair sister-in-law evidently could find no words to contradict, even had she desired to do so. Neither of the two seemed to think of any others who were present. Indeed, there was hardly time to ask or answer questions before they had to step out and give place to people desiring to ascend, and then the gentleman nearly tumbled over a chair in the awkwardness of his adieu. Mrs. Noel's face was averted as they left the hall, but all the more was Mrs. Lanier desirous of questioning:

"Who was your friend, Mabel?"

And Mabel had to turn or be ungracious. Her face was glowing as she answered, simply,

"Capt. Lane."

An hour later Mrs. Lanier said to her husband:

"That was the man to whom she was said to be engaged before Gordon; and did you see her face?"

Once again they met—this time at the entrance to the dining room: and there Capt. Lane bowed gravely to "my sister, Mrs. Lanier—Mr. Lanier," when he was presented. The lady seemed distant and chilling. The man held out his hand and said, "I'm glad to know you, captain. I wish you could dine with us." But Lane had declined and was going out.

The third day came and no Reginald. Expecting him every moment, Mabel declined to go with her friends on a shopping tour, and was seated in her room thinking when there came a tap at the door; a card for Mrs. Noel, and the gentleman begged to see her in the parlor. Her color heightened as she read the name. Her heart beat flutteringly as she descended the stairs. He was standing close by the door, but he took her hand and led her to the window at their right.

"You have news—from mamma!" she cried. "[illegible]"

"Mr. Woodrow thinks it best that you should come, Mrs. Noel, and he sent me for [illegible] last night. Will you [illegible] my care? and can you be ready for the next train—[illegible]"

Ready! [illegible] Was there no [illegible] to tell of [illegible] He could [illegible] been [illegible] hoped [illegible] rest [illegible] for her [illegible] ready [illegible] it was [illegible] well [illegible] captain [illegible]

[illegible]

Then [illegible] Lane [illegible] Was [illegible] could [illegible] her own [illegible] voted [illegible] they [illegible] but [illegible]

At last [illegible] the last [illegible] close of a [illegible] were broken only by the sobbing of her kneeling children and of the little knot of friends who [illegible] early [illegible] were with her at the [illegible] other [illegible] and [illegible] world [illegible]

One soft spring evening a few weeks later Mabel stood by the window in the library [illegible] o'clock [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] it was late when Frederick Lane appeared. Mr. Woodrow had unavoidably detained him, he explained, and now nothing remained but to say good-by to her. His leave was up. The old troop was waiting for him.

"Will you try to do as I asked you and write to me once in a while?" he said.

"I will. It was mother's wish." But her head sank lower as she spoke.

"I know," he replied. "For almost a year past she had written every day to me, and I shall miss it more than I can say. And now—it is good-by. God bless you, Mabel!"

And still she stood, inert, passive, her eyes downcast, her [illegible] rapidly rising and falling under its [illegible] garb. He took her hand and held it lingeringly one minute, then turned slowly away.

At the portiere he stopped for one last look. She was still standing there, drooping. The fair head seemed bowing lower and lower, the white hands were clasping nervously.

"Do you know you have not said good-by, Mabel?"

She is bending like the lily now, turning away to hide the rush of tears. Only faintly does he catch the whispered words:

"Oh! I cannot!"

THE END.

A Nervous Apparatus.

With the cooperation of Dr. S. Wier Mitchell, Prof. Fullerton, Prof. Dolley and others, researches are in progress in the University of Pennsylvania on the rate of which the nervous impulse travels in motor and sensory nerves and in the spinal cord, the time of reactions, and of more purely mental processes, memory, and the amount forgotten in a given time, the time of bodily and mental processes in diseases of the nervous system and in other directions. The apparatus now used in the laboratory of experimental psychology for measuring the time of physiological and psychological processes is considered the most complete in the world.—New Orleans Picayune.

Perfectly Safe.

Little Tomkins de Lytewyt—Do you know, deah Miss Sangfroi, that I am in howible dwead of this disease they call pawesis. So many bwight fellows die of it, don cher know.

Miss Sangfroi—Make your mind easy, sir, on that score. Paresis is a softening of the brain, and—well, you are perfectly safe.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Wail from a Victim.

"My charge for pulling a tooth, madam, is $3."

"But, doctor, isn't that rather dear? Other dentists only ask $1."

"Ah, but you must remember, ma'am, they hurry over their work, while sometimes I spend an hour or so pulling a tooth. I must charge for my time, you know."—Chatter.

Beaten by His Task.

Visitor—Poor fellow, is he violent?

Attendant—Once in a while. You see he started early in the season to keep the scores and percentages of the different baseball associations and brotherhoods, and it was too much for his brain.—Puck.

Do Not Be Too Hard on Them.

Cumso—The poor drug clerks shouldn't be blamed if some one is killed occasionly by the mistakes made in filling prescriptions.

Banks—Why not?

Cumso—Because they must save a great many lives each year by making similar mistakes.—Chatter.

Effective Eloquence.

Binks—Candidate Gettthere's eloquence is very great, I am told, and is having a marked effect in the district.

Jones—Yes, indeed. Why the old man promised every man in my town the postoffice, and the whole town's wild with enthusiasm.—Chicago Times.

It Might Have Seen Service Before.

Ethel—There's one thing that doesn't suit me about this engagement.

Maud—What is it?

Ethel—Jack didn't have to go to town for his engagement ring. He simply went up to his room for it.—Puck.

Horrible Indeed.

"What a horrible punishment!" exclaimed Cumso, as he laid down the newspaper. "What is it, dear?" asked his wife. "An American gentleman in St. Petersburg has made a Russian eat his words."—Boston Times.

It Was Good Cement.

"Is that cement any good?" asked a prospective purchaser of a traveler.

"Any good?" was the reply, "why, I should think so. You could mend the break of day with that cement."—Chatter.

That Would Be Heavenly.

He (class of '90)—Did you heah that astonishing discoverwy they've made that hair grows after death?

She—Oh, I'm so glad. Maybe you'll have a mustache in heaven!—Life.

MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.

He Was Chief Surgeon, Physician and Nurse Without Knowing It.

"We had a case of smallpox in our lower camp once," said the colonel, "which gave us a good deal of trouble. You see there were only six of us, and we did not want to lose any more men than possible. We determined to send the case to the upper camp, five miles away, but the problem which worried us most was who should go along as nurse.

"'Bob,' the cook, was a hard drinker, and as soon as he heard of the case he proceeded to drown his cares in whisky. He was terribly frightened at first, but the more he drank the more resigned he became to circumstances.

"When Bob was drinking he could beat any man in Colorado at boasting and before long he began to declare that smallpox had no terrors for him. In fact he had nursed nineteen patients at one time when every one else had deserted them. He had brought them safely through, too. In the end he gravely asserted that he couldn't catch the smallpox anyway, for he had already had it.

"Five of the boys looked at me significantly, and I nodded my head. We bundled the sick man up carefully and put him in a wagon. Two hours later we had established a hospital at the upper camp, with the cook as chief surgeon, physician and nurse. The cook, by the way, was sleeping as peacefully as a child when we left the hospital.

"The next morning we heard wild shouts and saw Bob tearing for the lower camp, half dressed. We immediately established a shotgun quarantine.

"'Hold up, Bob,' one of the boys shouted, 'this camp is quarantined. You can't come past the whistling post.'

"'But, say,' pleaded the frightened cook, 'that man has the smallpox.'

"'Well, you volunteered to nurse him.'

"'I?' he screamed incredulously.

"'Remember those nineteen patients you nursed.'

"'What nineteen patients?'

"'And then, you know, you had it yourself.'

"'I never saw a case before,' he howled.

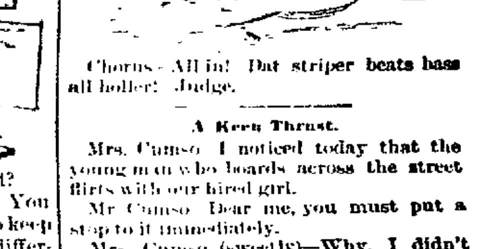
"'Can't help it. You've started on it now and must keep it up.'

"We chased him back from the post, and left some whisky and provisions for him on the ground. We told him to come down every evening at sundown for a new supply, and we never let him come near the camp.

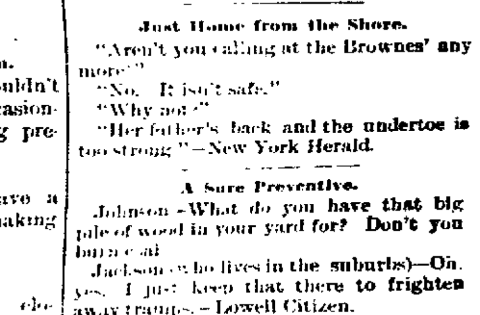
"He used regularly to come down and beg to be allowed to come into camp, but the shotgun policy was strictly maintained. Then he would take up his whisky and provisions and shout out to us that he would have every one of us hanged for deliberate murder."

"Did he catch the smallpox? No, nor did that experience cure him of lying and bragging. He afterward boasted to people that he had nursed us all, only he swelled our number to nine, for five weeks without closing his eyes, that he rode thirty miles twice a week for medicine and looked after all the cattle besides."—New York Tribune.

All Hands to the Rescue.



Mr. Betts—Golly! Pete Johnsing's done knocked de watermelon overboard wif him!



Chorus—All in! Dat striper beats bass all holler!—Judge.

A Keen Thrust.

Mrs. Cumso—I noticed today that the young man who boards across the street flirts with our hired girl.

Mr. Cumso—Dear me, you must put a stop to it immediately.

Mrs. Cumso (sweetly)—Why, I didn't think you capable of so much jealousy.—New York Herald.

Just Home from the Shore.

"Aren't you calling at the Brownes' any more?"

"No. It isn't safe."

"Why not?"

"Her father's back and the undertoe is too strong."—New York Herald.

A Sure Preventive.

Johnson—What do you have that big pile of wood in your yard for? Don't you burn coal?

Jackson (who lives in the suburbs)—Oh, yes. I just keep that there to frighten away tramps.—Lowell Citizen.

An Indication.

"There must have been evil news in that letter."

"Why do you think so?"

"He swore so terribly. It takes evil communications to corrupt good manners."—New York Herald.

But Boys Are Brave.

Johnny Greyneck—Oh, mamma, May's a coward!

Mamma—Why, Johnny, what makes you say so?

Johnny—Because she is, she's afraid of dirt.—Boston Times.

How It Could Be Arranged.

"I want to git arf at Yonkers."

"This train don't stop there."

"Then I'll till yez what we'll do: I'll git disorderly just beyant Shpyten Duyvil, and yez can kick me arf at Yonkers."—Harper's Bazar.

At Rare Intervals.

First Literary Man (anxious about the other's health)—Do you enjoy a good appetite?

Second Literary Man—I do, when I have the means of satisfying it.—Lowell Citizen.

It's the Way with Tramps.

"Now that you've eaten," the good lady cried,
"Take up the saw and make your promise good."
She showed him where the buck and woodpile were.
But the tramp said nothing and didn't saw wood.

—Philadelphia Times.

The Marion Daily Star.

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Are showing the largest and most complete line of Fall and Winter SUITINGS and OVERCOATINGS ever shown in Marion. Call and see and be convinced.

THE SOCIETY SEASON.

Some Observations and Anticipations, by One of Marion's Charming Ladies.

There is a trite saying that "coming events cast their shadows before them." If that be true, the promise by "shadows" of society events for the ensuing season would appear very trifling. However, by diligent Search, a most interesting event will soon start the society ball in motion. Who is the next to follow this commendable example? The example in itself is all right, but Marion does not want any more Butchers to carry away their estimable young ladies, for it is always a grief to lose from our midst any of those who have grown up with us and with whom our memories of the place are associated.

The social season was in very fact ushered in by the brilliant party given by the Tennis Club. In the dancing line, that was a delightful beginning, and surely all devotees of the light fantastic hope that many more will follow.

Some time since there was published a list of the attractions (?) at Music Hall for the winter. Alas! As usual, with the exception of Gilmore's Band, the customary frothy entertainments are placed before a people who desire plays of a much higher order, but until we have a respectable opera house nothing thoroughly good can or will be given here.

As theatre parties are an impossibility, with the existing circumstances, all sociability must be awakened in the homes, and there are rare possibilities in that way. Marion has an unusual number of beautiful homes, so arranged as to be perfectly desirable for parties; and a very essential feature is not lacking in them—generous hosts and kind and gracious hostesses. Now let it be suggested that these good people begin to consider their social duties at once, and lay their plans early, so that it may not be this year, as in years previous, that the Week of Prayer and Lent are upon us before anything social has been done.

Misanthropes deem society and its duties an actual mockery. Grant that there is much that is false and hollow about it, yet without that intercourse what would men and women be? Imagine a condition of society where each house with its occupants is sufficient unto itself, and any intercourse outside of actual business needs entirely cut off. Would not such a course produce utterly selfish, disagreeable people to meet even in the slightest business way? Hardly any one would not shrink from such a life, much as one would withdraw from a life of dissipation.

Let Marion people emulate the happy, blessed medium state, and strive to be genial and open-hearted in their homes and out. Let the firesides be warmed by the bright, smiling faces of the merry people in their innocent pleasures. ⁂

UNHAPPY MARRIED LIFE.

The Trouble of a Newly Married Couple Caused by an Irate Father.

[LaRue News.]

For more than four years, Ransom Manley and Miss Clara Lucas, daughter of Mr. O. C. Lucas, of the eastern part of town, have enjoyed the society of each other, and as they became older their affections ripened into love. An engagement soon followed, and Christmas was the day set for the tying of the hymenial knot.

But as there was no cause, as they thought, for a delay of three months in the proceedings, they drove to Kenton last Thursday afternoon, procured the license and secured the services of Rev. Richards to cause their hearts to beat as one. Everything went along smoothly until last Saturday evening, when Mr. Lucas came home and learned of his daughter's marriage for the first time. He immediately swore vengeance against Ransom and started out to devise some way by which he could induce Clara to again enter the paternal roof. He succeeded, and as she entered her home Tuesday noon she was forbidden to leave it again or to allow her husband about there. This caused the young couple no little grief, and Lucas, not being contented with separating them, went to Hardin county, swore out a warrant and caused the arrest of Manley on the charge of perjury, claiming that his daughter was under eighteen years of age.

While Mr. Manley is not blessed with an over-abundance of this world's treasures, he is an honest, hardworking young man who has been in the employ of Charles Rowles, the blacksmith, for some months, and who would, without doubt, make his wife as good if not a better living than has been provided for her by her own father.

Cheap Excursion West and Northwest.

On Sept. 6th, 23d and Oct. [illegible], the popular Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City R'y will sell excursion tickets at one fare for the round trip to the West and Northwest. For rates and information, address

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BENCH AND BAR

THE ABLE JUDGES AND NOTED PRACTICONERS OF EARLY DAYS

A Historical Review of The Marion Courts, with Reference to the Methods and Notable Incidents Before the Reorganization Recollections Personal and Otherwise by S. H. Bartram.

EDITOR STAR:—Since our conversation I am called upon for a considerable length of time to give my thoughts and attention in a different direction, but have thought that a hurried review of The Bench and Bar of Marion County might be deemed of sufficient interest to the general reader to prove acceptable to your use. This, however, must be clearly understood, as with the repudiation of your implied insinuation as to age.

Of the old Supreme Court, I have distinct personal recollection of only Chief Justice Peter Hitchcock. I have some good reasons to recall his individuality, for I was never more nearly destroyed by one steady, piercing glance of the eye than by the look he gave me when I stood before him to receive the oath of admission to the bar. I was just 21—very green and boyish but decidedly dudish also. I had long hair, with full face, and very long beard and stylish clothes.

But what seemed to particularly demand the attention of "Old Peter," as he was lovingly and generally called, was, I also wore gloves, and the hand which was raised to attest my oath of office was gloved. Judge H. looked at me all over, especially and particularly at my gloved hand, for the longest minute I ever saw. I expected to hear the peremptory command, "Take off that glove, sir," but he finally gave me the oath without remark—to my immense relief. Judge H. may be called the father of the Ohio bar, and his superior as lawyer or judge has not been known. He was felt then and is acknowledged now. Such men always live, they do not die. Quick to see,—penetrating, to understand, and solid and convincing, to reason—he is still remembered as one of the foremost men and lawyers of any age. His homely and homemade but substantial clothing and appearance was only another indication of the solidity of all his tastes as well as acquirements. I have always since regretted that the judge did not, instead of that look of contemptuous pity, give me the command: then I could have explained that which was the fact, that the gloves, at least, were from compulsion and not choice, and that so far I was not, in fact, as appearance would indicate. The thing worried me for many years, but I never had opportunity to set myself right in his estimation in that particular.

This Supreme Court was originally composed of three judges, afterwards increased, two being a quorum and holding annually a session in each county. In winters all the supreme judges convened in bank at Columbus, and it is from this court in bank that we have our printed reports up to the time of the court's reorganization, since which its decisions are also reported, simply as the decisions of the Supreme Court.

Our first Common Please Judge was Ebenezer Lane, the next David Higgins, and the last Judge O. Bowen, who continued in office until the reorganization of our courts under the new constitution.

The districts were large and the terms of court short. A great deal of the business was trifling, both civil and criminal, at that term can be used. The first indictment was for selling liquor without license, plead guilty and fined $1. License to sell liquor in those days went with the license to keep a tavern. Liquor was considered a necessary thing for travelers, but none but taverns were granted the right to sell. There were no doggeries, no saloons, no sample rooms, but it would have been considered "no tavern" if a stranger could not have obtained his "morning tip" or had furnished him his "night-cap."

The first trial for a jury was a case of slander; verdict for the plaintiff and damages assessed at seventy-five dollars. The court was held by four judges, the president judge and three associates. Any three of the judges made a quorum. The presiding judge was, of course, a lawyer and appointed by the Legislature. So, also, were the associates, but they were not [illegible]

[illegible] the great negro raid, in which my father, as a justice of the peace, came near being a victim to the wild passion of an excited mob. I was but a small boy, entangled with the crowd, and scarcely comprehended the danger when I saw the naked bayonet upon an armory musket threateningly and with fierce invectives presented to my father's breast by a then prominent member of our bar. The danger was somehow, perhaps only, averted by the escape out of the back door of the negro. The armory had been burst open by the mob, and the arms were scattered into the unsafe hands and subject to the impulsive and uncontrollable fury of a maniacal crowd of wild and unreasoning demons. This case and some others of a history and nature such as can be handled without fear of wound to surviving relatives and friends, I may in some future communication enter into with more of detail.

Marion has been, perhaps, exceptionally fortunate in her judges; and, indeed, for many years had in her practice a bright constellation of legal luminaries, both under the old and new practice. Perhaps, after Judge Hitchcock, of the judges of the Supreme Court our most admired judge attending at Marion in the District Court was John A. Corwin, who was not only a great lawyer and judge but a great and noble-souled man, admired for his lore and loved for his inherent greatness.

In the reorganization of our judicial system our Supreme Court became a court of five judges, and no longer held sessions in each county, but one of its judges, with the Common Pleas judges of the district, formed a District Court once a year in each county. There was also created a Probate Court for each county. These were both mistakes, but a still greater was—the judges of these courts were to be elected by the people.

The objections to each of these can be easily summarized. In the District Court the same judges who had already decided a case assisted in re-deciding it. This great folly, after a farcical experience of many years, we have corrected. The Common Pleas judge without associates should be reinvested with all its old jurisdiction and powers, and remain always in session, thus being a lawyer's court in each county. This would be in the interest of both economy and justice. And the immensity of the error in making a judgeship an office for political brawling and ambition, need not be commented on.

No safer judge nor sounder lawyer has ever held the position than Judge Bowen. No clearer headed man anywhere ever held court than Judge Metcalf. No more profound jurist has graced the bench than Judge Pillars. No more diligent in thorough research than Judge Lawrence. And on our District Court bench no more brilliant meteor was ever seen in legal sky than Judge Corwin.

Of course, I can not specially describe the peculiar merits of our many judges, but all have honorably filled their office, and are to be commended each according to their respective merits.

We have had, for longer or shorter periods, besides those already named, Judges Plants, Hall, Jackson and Beer, of Crawford; Judge Conklin, of Sidney; Judges Porter and Cole, of Marysville; Judge Price, of Bellefontaine; Judge Mott, of Upper Sandusky; Judges Whitely, McKinstry Dodge, and perhaps others. We have now, also, Judge Smalley, with Judge Norris of our own county.

Illustrative of a life of close application of these judges named there are only now living about half, and nearly all died in their very prime.

Of our practitioners, I can scarcely call to mind all, but do remember besides Judge Bowen, J. H. Godman, Rowe, Durfee, Robbins, Spellman, Wheat, Watson, Williams, Bowker, Hume, Hull, Davids, Fisher, Scofield, Runyan, Sloan, Knapp, my father, H. C. Godman, etc. These include, without intentional omission, the active and leading members of the bar outside of the present. Of course, some are omitted, [illegible] for one reason or another not having for any great length of time really remained in practice. Of course they were not all great lawyers; some of them were not, indeed, lawyers at all; but from the [illegible] of their admission managed, from those who wanted cheap lawyers, to gain [illegible] living. It is a truth that when it was necessary that an applicant for admission should know something of the law and [illegible] pleading, the most perfect system [illegible] ever devised, it was not so easy [illegible] to gain admission to the bar as it [illegible] But still it was in [illegible] an occasional [illegible] found, [illegible] grand and [illegible] was to be [illegible]

[illegible] Many of those [illegible]

[illegible]

Respectfully, S. H. BARTRAM.

ICE CREAM POISONING.

Juliet Corson Writes on a Subject of Interest to All.

NEW YORK, Sept. [illegible]—Not a week passes from May to November that [illegible] papers do not tell of ice cream poisoning, and frequently [illegible] changed into occasions of [illegible] more or less prolonged. I was about to say, according to the carelessness of the persons providing the refreshments. Because there is one chance in fifty that the cause of the trouble may not be traced to human agency I will restrain the indignation that my readers will admit is very natural when they have reflected upon my statements. Let me say here, and with emphasis, that these same statements are the plain, unvarnished truth, not in the least degree colored for the purpose of making an interesting or striking piece of reading. Usually it is not necessary to make any such preface to my propositions; either they are self evident or my readers are willing, from past experience, to take upon trust whatever I may say. But the present subject is very serious, and should be cautiously treated, attentively read and well remembered.

Not only the manufacturers of ice cream and cream cakes or puffs, but caterers and confectioners who supply them to consumers, are concerned. What I have to say is important to every one who handles butter, cheese, cream in any combination, or any article of food into the composition of which milk enters, and he or she will do only his or her duty by paying the closest attention to this entire article. It is not to read in bits and be forgotten. Every sentence is sound and valuable, since neglect of the conditions defined always causes illness and sometimes death.

Chemical analysis instituted in consequence of the alarming illness of a number of persons who had eaten of some special food has developed the fact that a virulent poison is formed in milk at certain stages after it has been drawn from the cow. The same poison, which is called tyrotoxicon, is found in milk, cream and cheese, in oysters stewed with milk, and in cream puffs or Boston cream cakes. It has been found in perfectly sweet milk which has not been properly cooled, in the mixture of fresh, sweet milk and that which is a day old, and in cream under similar conditions. When vessels that have contained milk have not been properly cleaned, and other fresh milk or cream is put into them, some poisonous germs are communicated more or less dangerous to health. The only safeguard is the washing in boiling water of all vessels used in milking, straining, cooling and keeping milk and cream, and in its transportation.

In vessels of all kinds containing milk which are kept in damp, ill ventilated places the poisonous elements will develop with frightful rapidity, a single hour being sufficient time to charge the innocent milk with the so called ptomaines, or poisons of putrefaction. These poisons are not like the hereditary injurious conditions of "blue milk," which does not seem to be absolutely poisonous, and the active germs of tuberculosis, against which boiling is a safeguard. They can develop in boiled milk if it is placed in a badly washed utensil. The whole question settles itself into the nutshell of cleanliness and temperature. Put the milk in good block tin vessels and keep it in a cool, dry atmosphere. This touches the important question of keeping all articles of food free from moisture and warmth, since moisture combined with warmth is the most prolific generator of all kinds of fermentation and mold. To become convinced of this fact make a sacrifice of a potato the next time some are boiled. Let it stand in the temperature of a warm kitchen where it is damp; in a few hours it will be covered with a slight indication of slime; allow this to remain undisturbed over night, and a fine, soft growth of mold will appear, which can be seen to develop under a good microscope. As the potato will be obviously unfit to eat, the lesson will be useful beyond comparison with words. But remember the conditions, heat and moisture; a dry heat would have a different effect.

The fermentation which results in mold is quite different to the condition favorable to the formation either of ptomaines or tyrotoxicon, as the special milk and cheese poisons are denned, both of which seem to result from the careless treatment of milk receptacles. So serious has this matter become that the state health boards are discussing the legalized inspection of all milk and cheese factories and depots. It has been proposed to avoid the kind of vessels which [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] beyond. JULIET CORSON.

Little Giant School Shoe at Tristram & Young's

SPECIAL FALL AND WINTER ANNOUNCEMENT

—OF THE—

Blue Front Clothing House.

OUR stock of Fall Clothing is now complete. That it is the largest goes without saying, and a careful comparison of prices will convince you that the Blue Front is the place to purchase your Fall Supply. Our complete stock of

SUITS AND FALL OVERCOATS!

IS open for your inspection—clean, new and fresh goods of all qualities, from the finest materials made in the perfection of the tailors' art to the medium and low grades. Mothers, you who are looking for the place where you can clothe your boys to the best advantage, we call your attention to our

BOYS' AND CHLDREN'S DEPARTMENT!

GREAT care has been taken in selecting goods for this department, and we are certain that we can please you better than any establishment in Marion county. We have all the Latest Novelties that can be found in the market, and are fully prepared to please all—from the little 3-year-old to the youth in full dress. In fact, never was such a fine stock of goods throughout placed under one roof as can now be seen at the

BLUE FRONT CLOTHING HOUSE

Opposite Hotel Marion. Marion, O.

FRAME & BEICHER,

Undertakers and Furniture Dealers!

We Offer During the Next 60 Days

OAK BEDROOM SUITS!

Which must and will be sold cheap. Each suit consists of 10 pieces.
Call and see them and get prices

UNDERTAKING

Our Undertaking Department is complete. All calls attended to promptly, day or night. Bodies Embalmed and prepared carefully by the latest approved methods, at reasonable prices. For conducting funerals we need no recommendations.

FISHER BLOCK, WEST CENTER STREET, MARION, OHIO.

A Neat Kick

"Isn't ice very high just now, Mrs. Colhocker?" inquired the young gentleman boarder anxiously of the landlady at breakfast.

"I should say it was," she gushed. "My ice bills are so frightful I don't know which way to turn to meet them."

"I was going to say," responded the young gentleman boarder hesitatingly, "that these boiled eggs are so cold they would keep meat."—New York Tribune.

Jupiter and Venus.

Jupiter is the evening star, and exceeds in brilliant light every other star in the heavens excepting Venus, while he has the advantage of his rival in remaining [illegible]

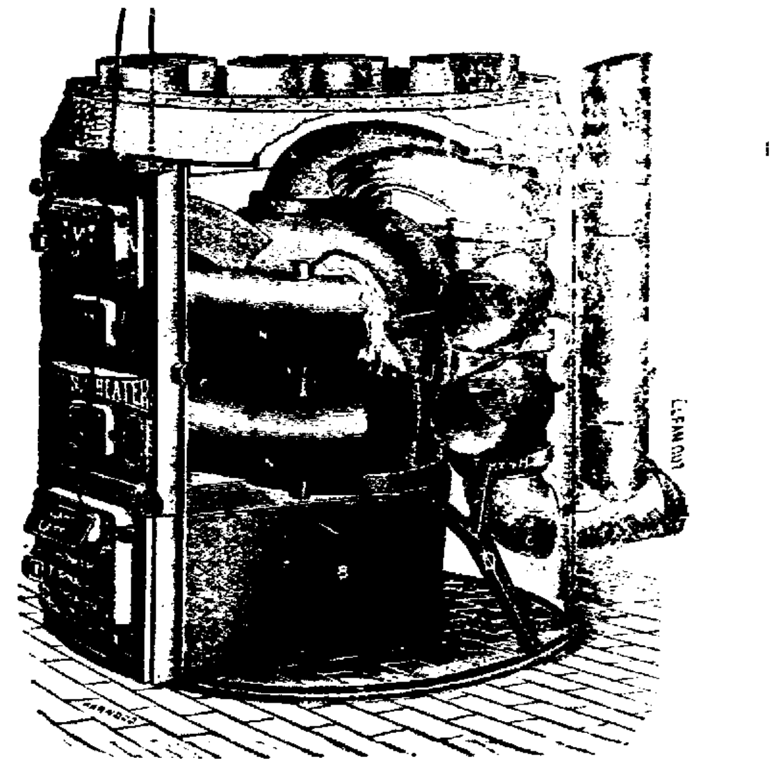
[illegible]

A Vegetable [illegible]

[illegible] St. Louis Republic.

[illegible] recently climbed to the [illegible] of the parish church of [illegible], Germany, which is 1?? feet [illegible] and stayed there some minutes, [illegible] round and [illegible] performing a few gymnastic feats.

HOWARD (:-:) FURNACE!



This Furnace will give more heat with less fuel than all so-called furnaces. Why? Because the radiation excels them all. See cut above: two circular flues passing fire around and outside of fire-pot. So far only consumed 4½ tons of coal. Call and examine them. Also see our Mantles and other goods.

Romoser & Wren.

COAL Buy your Coal of Prendergasts and save money. Best Quality.

THE COMING FAIR!

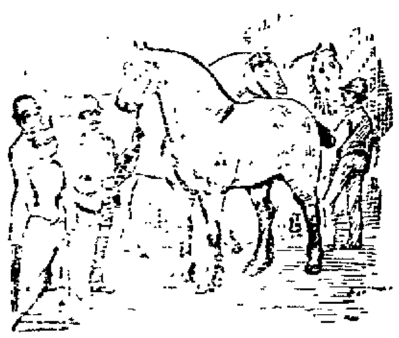
THE SHOWING MARION COUNTY WILL MAKE AT ITS ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

Great Preparations Being Made for the Greatest of all Great County Fairs—Every Department to be Full—Improved Grounds and Enlarged Buildings—A General Forecast of the Event of the Year.

It has become a trite remark to herald in advance of each succeeding county fair the opinion that the coming would be the greatest of any or all previously held, but it is a matter of truth that the present preparations for the coming fortieth exhibition to be opened under the auspices of the Marion County Agricultural society, Sept. 30, foretoken the grandest and most successful in point of interest of any heretofore occurring; and that is saying a great deal, which can be verified by widespread opinion.

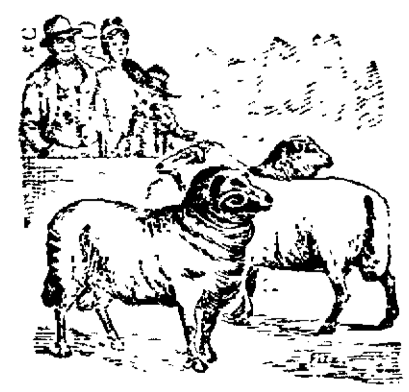
Considerable and expensive improvements are being made on the grounds, in the way of buildings and otherwise, which will give better accommodations to exhibitors and the visiting public. The county will give largely of the productiveness of its soil, its superb stock, its famed machinery and its arts: all making a grand exhibition, unsurpassed by any county in the state or any state of the United States. All that will be needed is fair weather and a crowd, and the former assures the latter. But we shall briefly consider the various departments, as they will appear, beginning with

THE LIVE STOCK DEPARTMENT.

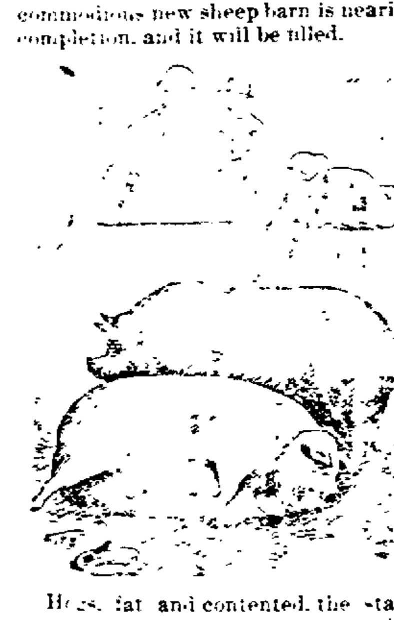


Horses, in these we shall see the pride of Marion county's breeders, and the county has placed itself, in the past few years, in the front rank with the best of them. This department will be represented by a fine aggregation of "the noblest of all animals," and its admirers will find all classes full and complete.

As to cattle, who will not admit but that the county can make a showing equal to the finest exhibition? The best grades of all breeds will be represented, making the department more attractive than ever, and who will deny an admiration for the animal upon which we are so dependent? Go and see the cattle.



And the sheep—the lambs and the rams and the docile ewe, all protected by a tariff, too—will attract their share of attention by a full showing as to variety and breed, with more than its usual excellent representation. A commodious new sheep barn is nearing completion, and it will be filled.



Hogs, fat and contented, the staple representatives of the stock market, will be there in their various breeds, and will be sure to interest breeders and attract the attention of the curious by their excellence. There is no doubt of the hog department—and the hog—being full.

THE POULTRY DEPARTMENT.

In this department the interest of Marion county's fanciers will be manifest in its completeness. The county can compete with any other in the matter of varieties, and we will see here a full show in itself, that will be for general admiration.

MACHINERY.

Here we have the representations of home industry and the pride of the local heart centered in the mechanical products, in addition to which there will be foreign manufactures, making the department full and complete, giving a grand industrial exhibition alone worth a visit to the fair.

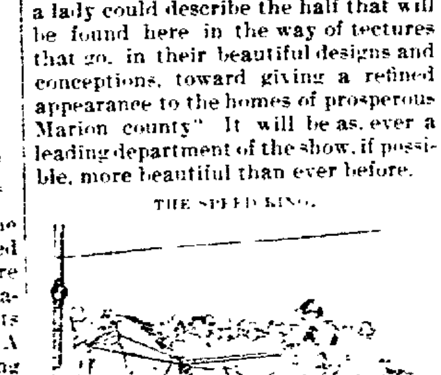
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

In fruits a light display must be expected this year, but the best of what the county has will be shown. And in vegetables the fertility of the soil will be attested by a large display, while the proverbial pumpkin will be there.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Art Hall has improved facilities for accommodating the ladies. This department will be the cynosure of the exhibition to female eyes. Who but a lady could describe the half that will be found here in the way of tectures that go, in their beautiful designs and conceptions, toward giving a refined appearance to the homes of prosperous Marion county? It will be as ever a leading department of the show, if possible, more beautiful than ever before.

THE SPEED KING.



In the races we have the general attraction of the whole exhibition. The Marion county Fair races have the reputation of always being of exceptional interest, but this year preparations are being made that will insure extraordinary good races. The track is being improved, and put in first-class condition, and with big money the best of the flyers are being entered.

The entries in all departments for the coming show are already large and are coming in rapidly. It is a pleasure to commend the Marion county Fair to the general public, and the promises of the next exhibition are so gratifying that unusual success is assured.

LODGE ROOM GOSSIP.

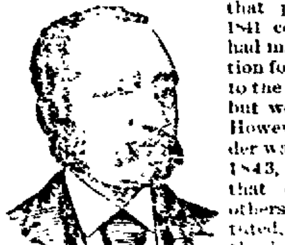
NEWS AND NOTES OF THE VARIOUS SECRET SOCIETIES.

The Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, a Society of Colored People, and John J. Smith, One of Its Most Prominent Officers.

The Grand United Order of Odd Fellows includes almost all of the more intelligent and thrifty colored people in the vicinity of Boston, says The Globe, of that city. It has exerted upon its members a vast amount of influence for good. It is looked upon not only as the largest, but as the only representative order of colored men, not only in New England, but in the United States.

The first lodge in America was the Philomathean, 646, and was opened by Peter Ogden in 1842. It is called the mother of all the other United States lodges.

The G. U. O. O. F. in America works under a dispensation from the G. U. O. O. F. in England. This is because of the fact that previous to 1841 colored men had made application for admission to the I. O. O. F., but were refused. However, the order was started in 1843, and from that one lodge others were instituted, until today the lodges in this country are in the three thousands, and are found in every state of the Union, with the exception of the three northern New England states. Lodges have also been opened in Canada and the West Indies, and steps are about to be taken for the introduction of the order among the people of mixed blood in South America, Mexico and Central America.



JOHN J. SMITH.

The order is divided into four district houses—the Subordinate lodge, Past Grand Master's council, Household of Ruth, and the Patriarchs. The last is the military branch, the Household of Ruth is the female department.

The order as a whole is governed by a committee of management in England. Their charters, pass words and other works are received from that body.

The grand master of the order in this country is William M. T. Forester, of Richmond, Va.

Four years after the introduction of Odd Fellowship among colored men in this country Bay State lodge, 811, was opened.

Almost from its beginning this lodge was foremost in advancing the rights of the race. At that time colored organizations were not permitted to use Faneuil Hall. In 1848, when Josiah Quincy was mayor, the lodge, through his influence and that of many other citizens, celebrated its first anniversary in that hall. The hall was crowded. Mayor Quincy was present with his wife, and made an address, the oration being delivered by John J. Smith. Also at this anniversary were the delegates to the first biennial session of the G. U. O. O. F. in America.

Bay State lodge was also allowed to parade in the procession celebrating the introduction of water into Boston in 1849, being thereby the first colored organization to take part in a public demonstration of that kind in Boston.

According to the papers of that time considerable excitement was created about this participation.

With the exception of John J. Smith all of its founders are dead. John J. Smith is the oldest colored Odd Fellow in New England, not by age, but by membership in the order.

Mr. Smith was born in Richmond, Va., and went to Boston when he was 19 years old. Hardly had his feet touched the streets of Boston when he was found agitating, in company with Benjamin Roberts, for the cause of his people in Boston. He has served in the Republican ward and city committee and in the common council; has been to the legislature and served on several important committees, among which is the committee on federal relations, has been a delegate to the Republican state convention over twenty times, and was delegate to the national Republican convention that nominated Gen Garfield for president.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Supreme Regent Watts on the Prosperity of the Order—Notes.

Supreme Regent Watts, of Portsmouth, Pa., in his annual address to the latest meeting of the supreme council, said:

"The year just closed has been one of marked progress. Everywhere the order has grown with a healthy and steady growth, and its influence for good has been largely increased. The increase in membership during the year 1889 was the largest in our history. On the 31st day of December, 1888, we numbered 85,961. During the year 13,525 were initiated, giving us a membership, deaths and suspensions deducted, of 97,657 Dec. 31, 1889, or a net gain of 10,696 members. Since Jan. 1, 1890, the accessions have numbered 6,451, giving the total of over 100,000. The financial exhibit is even more gratifying. The total amount of death benefits paid to May 1, 1889, was $11,672,700, amount paid since that date to May 1, 1890 $2,800,878.20, giving a total of $14,472,578 so paid since the institution of the order in June 1877."

In point of membership New York leads the list of states with 17,731 members, and Massachusetts is next with 11,213. The number of deaths in the order during the year was 748.

The supreme secretary reports having received from the grand jurisdiction of Massachusetts [illegible] the month of March 1,351 [illegible] April 1,312, and during May [illegible] total as follows: March, 2,064, April, 2,150, May, 1,678.

I. O. O. F.

An Interesting and Important Question Answered—Notes.

The Grand Secretary [illegible] asserting the [illegible] Odd Fellowship a benefit to [illegible] that from an economical and pecuniary standpoint a direct relief [illegible] directly to the general body of taxpayers of the United States to the extent of about $2,000,000 annually, and indirectly to the extent of double that amount.

The total membership in the Rebekah Degree lodges is [illegible]. During the year 1889 the total deductions from it, withdrawals, deaths, etc., were 7,025. The gross increase for the same year was 24,402.

A new encampment, composed entirely of Germans, will shortly be organized at Syracuse, N. Y.

The first lodge of the order in Illinois was instituted in 1836.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

A Splendid Temple in Memory of the Order's Founder—Items.

The supreme lodge of the world of the Knights of Pythias at Milwaukee decided to erect a memorial temple in honor of the late Justus H. Rathbone, the founder of the order, and at the time of his death the past grand supreme chancellor of the world of the order. The project was brought about by Mr Richard Goodheart, the supreme representative from Washington jurisdiction, who introduced a resolution providing for the erection of such a temple. It was favorably received, and Mr. Goodheart was placed on the committee having the matter in charge. The temple will be located in Washington, and its dedication will require the attendance of all the supreme officers. A magnificent memorial will be erected at a cost of not less than $100,000, and as soon as the plans are perfected the work will be rapidly pushed to completion.

Iowa has 268 subordinate lodges Knights of Pythias, with an estimated membership of about 14,000. During the past year, or since W. A. Greer has been grand chancellor, thirty-three new lodges have been organized and seven old or defunct lodges reorganized.

Toledo has nine lodges of the order and all of them are gaining ground rapidly. Six of these lodges have combined and purchased a lot 40 by 120, on which they propose building a Pythian temple four stories high, at a cost of $40,000.

The grand lodge notes of California at its last session appropriated $100 to purchase a P. G. C. jewel for G. M. of E. A. H. Gage, who has filled that position for the past five years; also for P. G. C. Stanton L. Carter, compiler of the excellent digest used by that jurisdiction.

Reports read at the recent session of the grand lodge of Indiana showed receipts of $20,345, and a balance left after disbursements of $9,505. There are now in Indiana 217 lodges, 28 having been added since Dec. 31, 1889. The total membership on that date was 17,897. During the year $27,782 was paid out for sick benefits, $6,931 for funeral benefits and $3,381 for other relief.

MASONIC.

One of the Oldest Masonic Aprons in America—Notes.

One of the oldest Masonic aprons in America is owned in Philadelphia. It is of lambskin, about twenty-one inches long and nineteen inches wide. The apron and bib has been scolloped all around by hand. In the center of the apron is an artistically portrayed arch, with steps, lights, etc., surrounded by the emblems of the order, with a wreath of flowers intertwined. On each side of the arch, or pedestals, are figures in full Masonic dress, and the pedestals bear appropriate inscriptions. On the bib of the apron is the compass and square. It bears the initials of the original owner under the flap, as follows: I. A., 1777.

The Freemason, of Sydney, New South Wales, says: "'Ladies' nights' are becoming very popular in Masonic circles in England. Lodges give a social, to which ladies are admitted and heartily enjoy the novelty. The idea is a colonial one, as for many years lodges under the grand lodge of New South Wales have held these socials with great success."

There is confusion among the craft in New Zealand. The assumption of forming a grand lodge by a majority of lodges has caused serious discord. Knowing that unanimity is essential, the majority should have waited until all the lodges consented to the change.

Information from Tasmania carries the inference that a grand lodge has been formed by assent of all the lodges in the province.

There are 153,277 affiliated Royal Arch Masons in the United States. New York reports 15,646, the largest capitular jurisdiction in the country.

Connecticut has 111 lodges, with an average membership of 239.

The Grand Mark lodge of England has over £1,600 to the credit of its three benevolent funds. It educates thirty-two children in a home specially provided.

A. O. U. W.

Which Is the Largest Lodge in the World?—Notes.

The Anchor and Shield says: The Gavel, of Portland, Ore., grows enthusiastic over the claim that Seaside, No. 12, of Astoria, Ore., is the banner lodge of the world. It may be all right to claim it as the banner lodge of Oregon, but there is Detroit, No. 6, of Detroit, Mich., with a membership of 1,600, that is the recognized banner lodge of the order.

The total disbursements of the beneficiary fund during the twenty one years of the order's existence, up to the close of the last fiscal year, amounted to $25,[illegible]. By this amount was paid 14,[illegible] death losses.

Some states refuse to admit members by card who have passed the age of 50.

Missouri has more lodges of the A. O. U. W. than any other jurisdiction.

The amount of cash belonging to the general fund in the hands of the grand receiver of Pennsylvania, July 1, 1890, was $77.01.

Baby Dakota paid out $6,432.61 during the four months of the year 1889 for which she was responsible as a grand jurisdiction. During that short time the babe brought considerable solace to bereaved families.

In the July report of The Grand Recorder, N. J. Horton, of New York, out of thirty eight deaths, eight were noted as caused by plain consumption. Their ages at death were two at 29, 38, 39, two at 47 and two at 48. Three had been members of the order only two years, one three years and two for four years. The other two had been in about fourteen years each. But two of the consumptives belonged to New York city, while the city's entire loss was thirteen out of the twenty eight reported.

From July 14 to Aug. 4 without a death is a pretty good record for a body of 18,500 men.

Knights and Ladies.

At the recent annual session of the supreme lodge of the northwestern order of Knights and Ladies at Chicago 148 delegates were present from eleven states. The reports of the supreme secretary, supreme treasurer and supreme medical examiner showed the order to be in good physical and financial condition.

Artisans' Order of Protection.

The total initiations for the term ending June 30 were nearly double the number initiated during the corresponding period of last year.

Royal Ark.

The order now has three fine lodges in Cleveland, O.—one of seventy six members, one of fifty and the last one with thirty four.

A STORY OF A BIG MAN.

He Had Bear Claws and a Fur Coat, but He Wasn't "In It."

At Fargo we got news of an accident on the line beyond, and the train had to wait there for two hours. Everybody got out to stroll around, and there were a good many people at the depot to look the passengers over. Among these we had our attention attracted to a big man who had on a buffalo overcoat, a wolfskin cap and from the collar of the coat dangled seven or eight claws which had once assisted grizzly bears to scratch their way through life. He had long hair, a wild eye, buckskin leggins, and was evidently a mighty Nimrod, if not a western terror. He was walking up and down the platform to show himself off when an undersized, insignificant looking passenger on our train, who had been dubbed "Godfrey's Cordial" ever since we left Chicago, approaches him and asked:

"Mistah man, ith that overcoat for thale?"

"No, sir!" was the thunderous response, as the wearer of it turned on the questioner.

"Oh! excuthe me. I thee yur have thome claws there. Did they belong to a cat?"

"Cat! cat! Did you ever see a cat with such claws?"

"No, thir, and that's the reason I asked you. Ith that cap made of lambskin?"

"Lambskin! What are you driving at?"

"My dear, sir, I nevah drive. It's against my principles. I am thimply theeking cholid facts. Why don't you have your hair cut and put on thome woolen pantaloons? I should think you would catch cold."

"Look here!" growled the big man as he came to a halt, "I want you to go away."

"Do I make you tired?"

"You do."

"I am tho thorry!"

"Now you clear out or I'll get mad."

"Real mad?"

"You hear me?"

"I should so like to buy one of those claws. I'll give you two shillings for"—

"If you don't clear out I'll slice an ear off."

"Would you really slice my ear off?" innocently asked Cordial.

"I would and I will!"

"Which ear?"

"Both of 'em, you infernal fool!"

"Thay," said Cordial, after looking him over, "I don't like the way you talk. I think you ought to apologize."

"Apologize! Why, you grasshopper, I've a good mind to hold you by the hair!"

"Don'th you try it!"

"But I will!"

And he did, but he had scarcely reached out when Cordial was all chain lightning, and fish bones, and pounded glass. He jumped in with his left on the big man's nose, took him on the mouth with his right as he fell, and the buffalo overcoat had no sooner hit the platform than the little man was swarming all over it, with both fists working like piston rods.

In one minute the big man was licked, and then he was led off one way while we took Cordial the other. I don't know what old bear's claws had to say, but as we got the little fellow into the coach he retied the bow at his collar, dusted his shoes with his handkerchief, and explained:

"Wath I to blame? When I thaw those claws wasn't it natural that I should wonder where the cat woth? And I never thaw a wolf nor a buffalo in my life—in my whole life!"—New York Sun.

Sorry When He Came to It.

First Urchin (wiping his mouth)—Say, Billy, dey's one ting about er watermelon wot I don't like. I don't see why dey can't grow some what wouldn't be that way either.

Billy—What is it that yer doesn't like about 'em, Dickey?

First Urchin—It's too bad that the white rind ain't red.—Munsey's Weekly.

Getting Even.

Bimley—What do you think that rascal Jonesley did?

Standoff—Can't imagine.

Bimley—He forged my name for $500.

Standoff—You don't say! Didn't you do anything about it?

Bimley—Yes; I got even with the scoundrel. I forged his name for a thousand.—Judge.

The Scarcity of Fruit.

The man who owns a peach this year
Has reason to be proud
Of means of wealth that raises him
Above the common crowd
And so the prize that Fortune gives
To him who best may reach her
This winter's like to be between
The pleasant and the peach—er
—Philadelphia Times.

The Stove Went Out.

Mistress (during a heated term)—Get dinner today on the gasoline stove, Bridget.

Bridget—Plaze, mum, I did thry, but th' stove wint out.

Mistress—Try again, then.

Bridget—Yis, mum, but it's not come back yit. It wint out through th' roof.—New York Weekly.

Time for All Things.

Miss Upton—Ma, Miss F[illegible] and Mr. Saphead are to be married [illegible] I [illegible] some rice along to throw after them.

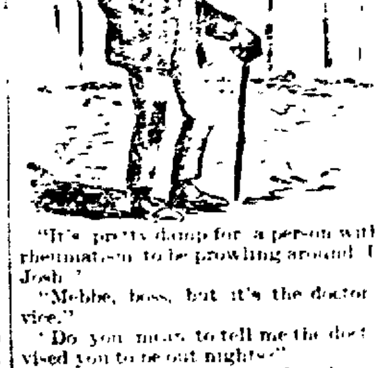
Practical Mother—No, my dear. Wait until they have run through with what little money they have and then give it to them.—New York Weekly.

The Old Name Would Not Do.

Gazley—Isn't Colon the name of that town on the Isthmus of Panama?

Banting—That used to be its name, but it has been changed to Period since the Panama canal came to a full stop.—Munsey's Weekly.

He Looks Up.



"It's pretty damp for a person with the rheumatism to be prowling around, Uncle Josh."

"Mebbe, boss, but it's the doctor's advice."

"Do you mean to tell me the doctor advised you to be out nights?"

"Not 'zactly dat away—but he said I must have chicken brof."—Life.

Marion County Fair!

TO BE HELD AT

MARION, OHIO,

—ON—

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday,

Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2 and 3, '90.

$8000 in PREMIUMS

The Premium List has been revised and enlarged, and includes nearly all articles entered for exhibition. Competition in all classes cordially invited.

BEAUTIFUL AND SHADED GROUNDS!

$10000 Expended in New Buildings and Halls

Grounds well supplied with water and all conveniences for the comfort of both exhibitors and visitors. Ample accommodations are provided for stock of all kinds.

EXCITING RACES—TROTTING, RUNNING, PACING!

Each day of the Fair, on one of the best half mile tracks in the State. Liberal purses are offered in all the classes.

INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION!

Exemplifying the remarkable products of the Farm and Dairy, the skilled handiwork of the Household, and the wonderful progress of the Mechanical Arts and Sciences.

Horses, Cattle and Sheep!

Marion County is noted as being one of the best in the State for producing the best stock of Horses, Cattle and Sheep, and this year will excel all former years in the exhibit of Stock of all kinds.

THE POULTRY EXHIBIT

Will include choice specimens of all the noted strains, and for excellence and variety this department will be unsurpassed.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE DISPLAYS

Illustrating the bounties of Nature with specimens remarkable for size and beauty.

The Ladies' Department!

Will attract unusual interest and contain hundreds of useful household products.

GRAND FLORAL DISPLAY

Complete in extent and variety, and surpassing that of all previous exhibitions.

EXCURSION RATES ON ALL RAILROADS!

L. REBER, President.
H. M. AULT, Secretary.

SEND FOR A PREMIUM LIST!

ADMISSION, 25c TO ALL PARTS OF THE GROUNDS

COME ONE. COME ALL!

WILLIAMS & LEFFLER,

—THE LEADING—

Merchant Tailors,

ARE NOW SHOWING ALL THE

Novelties and Staples of the Season

—IN—

Fall and Winter Goods!

A Perfect Fit and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

GURLEY & MONROE

Are still at the old stand, north of jail. We keep on hand a general stock of

FEED AND FLOUR!

BAILED

HAY AND STRAW.

We Compete in Price with Any House Handling the Same Quality of Goods!

GURLEY & MONROE.

Main Street Livery Stable.

WIELAND & VANATTA, Successors to Watkins Bros.,

Are prepared to furnish the finest turnouts in the city.

New Horses AND New Rigs

Have been added to the stock. Gentle Horses for Ladies

A SPECIALTY!

Also, Hacks for Funerals.

NORTH MAIN STREET. TELEPHONE NUMBER 10.

OYSTERS!

The leading Oyster House in Marion is

THE ENGLISH KITCHEN.

The best brands on hand, fresh, at all times. Sold by can or served to order.

B. HALL, Proprietor.

A BOOK AGENT'S REVENGE.

THE WAY HE GOT EVEN WITH A HOT HEADED OLD FARMER.

He Was Kicked Out of the House, but Returned Loaded with Dynamite—The Farmer's Daughter "Rather Liked Him." Don't Kick Agents.

I know I am only a book agent, one of those well oiled talking machines, commonly supposed to be composed of a curious compound of "gab," "cheek," "gall" and several other pleasant ingredients. I can't and won't, when it comes down to actual business, stand being kicked. I know I am homely and red headed and Irish, and I don't care who tells me so; but the man who kicks me touches me in a tender spot and I will have revenge.

One year ago I was canvassing in Pleasant Prairie. Ever been there? Beautiful place, level as a lake, rich soil, rich people, beautiful girls, but extraordinary big footed fathers. One day, about an hour before noon, I came to a large, fine farm house. I walked up and gave the door bell a vigorous pull. The door was opened by a young girl as fresh and pretty to look at as a new blown rose. I bowed with the easy gracefulness of an accomplished book agent, an art only attained by long and constant practice, and greeted her with my most bewitching smile. She kindly invited me into the parlor, while her two eyes beamed upon me like rays of light shining through the windows of heaven.

AN INTERRUPTED TETE A TETE.

She seated herself upon the sofa, and I, thinking "faint heart never won fair lady," pulled out my prospectus and took a seat by her side. For one short, happy hour I talked with that fair young maiden, when, just as we were beginning to get somewhat loving and confidential, the door opened, and a six footed, raw boned, big footed young farmer entered. He stared at us in blank amazement for a moment and then ejaculated: "Gall, what in thunder are you doing with that young— Great Scott! It's a book agent!" he ended abruptly, catching sight of my prospectus.

"Sir," I said, rising and politely bowing, "I have the honor of introducing to you a work"——

"And I," he broke in, starting for me, "have the pleasure of kicking you out of my house. You little red headed"——

I did not wait to hear more, but catching sight of the size of his boots, I grabbed my hat and started. Just as I reached the door his foot caught me like a young cyclone, and, helping me over six steps, landed me in the midst of a thorn rose bush.

When I crawled out of that bush I was as mad a piece of humanity to the square inch as ever existed; but I smothered the raging volcano within, arose and bowed politely.

"Madam," I said, turning to the girl, who was standing on the doorstep laughing at me, "I beg your pardon for my hasty exit. Necessity compelled me to leave your sweet presence a trifle more suddenly than either politeness or inclination inclined me to; but in the near future I shall do myself the honor to call again."

"As for you, sir," I said, addressing the farmer, "we two shall meet again."

"Let me catch your red head shining in my yard again and I will kick you all over the farm," was the sweet good-by of the horny handed son of toil.

THE AGENT'S REVENGE.

That night I laid awake all night meditating a dire and awful revenge, and by morning I had my plans all made.

I had a piece of thick sheetiron made so that it fitted snug and cozy like to that part of my anatomy which got kicked, then I secured six ounces of dynamite and fastened it carefully in a oil lined silk bag about six inches square. This I sewed on the inside of the seat of my second best pants, and my machine of vengeance was complete.

As I walked up to the door I saw the farmer drop his fork and take a bee line from the hay field to the house. The same girl answered the ring of the door bell. She seemed very much surprised to see me again, but with a rosy blush on her cheeks and a winsome smile on her lips she again invited me into the parlor.

She seated herself on the sofa and with a blush invited me to do the same. I did not dare to sit down, but I bent forward—so as to give the farmer a good opportunity for a square kick—seized her hand and had just begun to murmur passionately: "I must look upon your supremely beautiful face again, though the sun should fail and the heavens should fall"——

When—well the heavens did not fall, but the farmer's foot did square and fair upon that dynamite bag. Great Scott! who would have thought six ounces of dynamite could create such a rumpus!

When I picked myself up out of a straw pile ten rods away, into which I had been fortunately thrown, and [illegible] not much hurt, I saw the farmer crawling out of a mud puddle [illegible] yard some fifteen rods away, and the girl hanging on the wire fence [illegible] back yard.

"I bet that farmer don't kick another book agent," I muttered as I cleared out. —Burlington Hawkeye.

Rest Is the Cure for Headache.

There are a good many [illegible] headache. In these days the [illegible] headache is a very distinct variety. [illegible] generally in the front of the [illegible] the forehead, over the eyes. [illegible] be in other parts—at the top of the [illegible] at one or both sides, at the back [illegible] over. It is painful, depressing [illegible] Physic by itself is no use. [illegible] a single drug known to medical science which will of itself at once permanently cure a nervous headache. On the other hand, drugs are not always [illegible] A complete change of air [illegible] stances will usually take it away [illegible] in ten or twelve hours. [illegible] rest, of a duration proportioned to the severity and long continuance of the symptoms, will make the cure permanent.—American Analyst.

DESTRUCTION OF THE FORESTS.

Grave Consequences Which May Result from Their Denudation.

[illegible] the forests [illegible] of the Mississippi [illegible] to the drying influences of the [illegible] wind, or to the forest fires, [illegible] will kill every young growth [illegible] and destroy [illegible] has been [illegible] suit of [illegible] the sources of the [illegible] Mississippi, which will [illegible] company from [illegible]

These are grave [illegible] question is: Shall [illegible] new [illegible] some [illegible] renewal?

There would seem to be a good opportunity to bring to bear the world's experience in forestry. [illegible] forestation will bring [illegible] the lumbermen, but it will [illegible] rain water power interests along the river. This is inevitable. In France whole communities were ruined by the destruction of forests, and the government has found it necessary to enter upon the work of restocking [illegible] [illegible] acres with trees, and over $[illegible] has been spent remedying the serious evils resultant from reckless denudation of land.

That government is spending nearly $1,000,000 a year to continue the good work. It should not be forgotten, in this connection, that the destruction of the forests will also remove a sheltering influence, and change our climate to one of sharp and sudden variation of temperature, causing [illegible] of sudden thaws and sudden freezings, injurious to all plants and vegetation.

Every reserve of timber in this country ought to be sacredly guarded by the government, and timber cutting be put under stringent regulations, looking to the continued protection of the streams. Unless this is done the Mississippi river will surely change its character.

It will become a shallow, sluggish stream, unable to carry off impurities, and useless for navigation and for water power. It will not take very long to effect this change, either, if the forests are destroyed in the northern part of the state. A present gain in lumber will mean very great injury to all other material interests.—Minneapolis Journal.

A Story of Two Writers.

Mr. Albert Rosevkian Boyd Porter recently told how, when a boy, he [illegible] his mind over the end of "Great Expectations." His little tow head had puzzled itself, and wondered and speculated over the closing chapter of the book, until to know for a certainty just what did happen on the other side of that last page seemed to him the most desirable thing in life. So when Dickens came over and started on his reading tour the youngster made up his mind to find out. He repressed all his yearnings for candy, and when the great story teller reached his town he was ready to go. He managed to mix himself up with the crowd of persons who wanted to shake hands with the novelist, and as he stood before him and reached out his little brown fist he gasped:

"Mr. Dickens, I want to ask yo' suthin!"

"Well, my lad, what is it?"

"Did Pip marry Estella?"

Putting one hand tenderly on the little fellow's head, while a pleased look came over his face, Dickens replied with all the confidence of a story teller who knows precisely the whole future life of every one of his brain children:

"He did, my boy, he did."—New York Evening Sun.

Ships of the Future.

The American naval attache, Mr. C. A. [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] at Cole [illegible] [illegible] a direct [illegible] What are [illegible]

A Wonderful [illegible] for Rooms.

Dr. [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Known to [illegible]

[illegible] or other parts of [illegible]—New York Sun.

South America's Early Progress.

The civilization of Peru [illegible] about [illegible] that of Mexico about [illegible] of Cumana. [illegible] to Manco, the first [illegible] of the Incas, who established [illegible] on a firm basis. He [illegible] the country by a number of [illegible] often 500 miles in extent, [illegible] with the capital. [illegible] roads were placed houses [illegible] and entertainment for the [illegible] Agriculture received [illegible] and, on account of the [illegible] prevalent in that region, [illegible] were watered by canals led in [illegible] The people cultivated maize, potatoes, and cotton, and [illegible] commerce.

The [illegible] character of the ancient [illegible] an interesting study. They were much more developed in this respect than their southern neighbors, and [illegible] worship of the sun seems to [illegible] the religion of the people, their [illegible] to have held the higher belief of a personal God, creator of the sun and other heavenly bodies.

Human sacrifices were almost unknown in Peru, and cannibalism is never found. Picture writing was used to a great extent, and a record of time was kept by a system of knotted strings. They had quite developed in poetry, and we [illegible] some thirty or forty of their songs, which were mainly upon their affections.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Phosphorescent Toadstools.

Varieties of fungi, or toadstools, as they are popularly called, which give out light in a dark place have been reported from Australia and other parts of the world. The appearance of this interesting growth, as seen in Brazil, is described by an English naturalist.

One dark night, about the beginning of December, while passing along the streets, I observed some boys amusing themselves with some luminous object, which I at first supposed to be a kind of large firefly, but, on making inquiry, I found it to be a beautiful phosphorescent fungus, and was told that it grew abundantly in the neighborhood, on the decaying leaves of a dwarf palm. Next day I obtained a great many specimens, and found them to vary from one inch to two inches and a half across.

The whole plant gives out at night a bright, phosphorescent light, of a pale greenish hue, similar to that emitted by the larger fireflies, or by the curious soft bodied marine animals. The light given out by a few of these fungi, in a dark room, was sufficient to read by.—Youth's Companion.

Where He'd Go.

The popular captain of Company G, Twelfth Vermont regiment, was strolling in the woods just out of camp one day during the war, when he came upon a member of his company sitting on the stump of a tree and looking as though he had fought his last fight. "What's the matter, Bill?" said the captain. "Oh, nothing," was the reply; "I am all right." "You look as though you had a fit of homesickness." "No, sir," said Bill, with some resentment, "nothing of the sort." "Well, what are you thinking about?" asked his questioner. "I was thinking," said the Vermonter, "that I wished I was in my father's barn!" "In your father's barn! What on earth would you do if you were in your father's barn?" The poor fellow uttered a long drawn sigh and said: "I'd go into the house mighty quick."—Salem Witch.

Danger in Glasses.

By wearing too strong near sighted glasses continuously the nearsightedness may be very greatly increased and a diseased condition of the interior of the eye caused, which may lead to very great loss of sight and even total blindness. Then, in other cases, wearing an eyeglass may do very much harm, because we frequently notice people with their eye glasses tipped at various angles. In these cases that glass is acting as a prism, and is not doing the work it should, but is causing a strain upon the accommodation, which may be the starting point of a long series of nervous disorders. Again, the wearing of either eyeglasses or spectacles without rims may in some cases cause very annoying and injurious symptoms from the colors due to the prismatic action of the edge of the glass.—Medical Classics.

A Boy Will Show His Bent.

Schoolmasters of experience could, no doubt, tell of numerous cases of boys who were [illegible] distinguished at school for nothing at all, except possibly general [illegible] and who yet developed in later life into successful warriors, lawyers, clergymen, or authors. [illegible] however, seems to be that, [illegible] to turn into a great man, [illegible] signs of his future in his early [illegible] It is not necessary for these [illegible] a youth endowed with the exceptional physical [illegible] destined to carry him to [illegible] when he attains man's estate [illegible] at school simply for [illegible]—London Telegraph.

Characteristics of the Profession.

A[illegible] always on good terms with [illegible] They may be [illegible] not only beneath [illegible] but they [illegible] not be con[illegible] on the stage, but [illegible] is only be[illegible] The [illegible] actors [illegible] them [illegible] is endowed [illegible] genius. New [illegible]

[illegible] and Boilers.

[illegible] Christian at Work.

THE CORSICAN VENDETTA.

The Custom That Has Often Extinguished Entire Families.

Should a Corsican, in revenge for injury done to himself or his relations, or even to his dog or his horse, kill another with knife or coup de fusil, public sympathy sustains him, the hills shelter him, his relations feed him, and justice, in the shape of gendarmes, winks with both eyes unless the murderer be very unpopular. True, he is termed a "bandit," and has to take refuge in the macqui, as the natural bush is called that clothes the mountain sides. Well informed Corsicans tell one that there are at this moment in the island over one thousand in hiding.

But please understand the bandit is no brigand. Should you, defenseless, happen to fall in with him, he will not take your purse, but, on the contrary, offer you food, if he has it, and shelter in his cave, and most probably refuse any payment for his hospitality. It is only his foe's family against which he wages war, and of course in self defense with the gendarmes. These latter he will shoot with as much unconcern as a woodcock.

And yet, though the Corsican will not rob you, it is not because he does not love money. For a very few francs, both Corsican gentlemen and English residents aver, you can find a man who will do your killing for you and rid you of your enemy with knife or bullet. And while this utter contempt for human life prevails there can be no hope of the extinction of the vendetta.

An English gentleman, Capt. G., who has now lived for some ten or fifteen years in Corsica, on his own property, told me the following story: "It seems that one of the employes of the former proprietor, fancying he had some grudge against the new owner, made himself objectionable by breaking down fences, driving goats and sheep into the gardens and annoying Capt. G. in other ways. Capt. G. happened to mention the fact of the man's enmity, and deplored it as unreasonable both to a Corsican gentleman, a neighboring proprietor, and also to a shepherd with whom he was on friendly terms.

"Let me know if it continues," said the gentleman, "and I will have the man taken over to yonder rocks and you won't hear of him again."

"I will arrange for a little coup de fusil whenever you like to give me 'the office,'" said the berger.

This was fifteen years ago, but even now it is said there is in Ajaccio alone at least one murder a week, though these outrages are so hushed up by the authorities that it is difficult to get any reliable statistics. I never, for instance, saw the account of any murder in the little local French paper Le Raillement, the only one, I think, in Ajaccio, but this proves nothing, for there was undoubtedly one atrocious crime committed in the village of Bocognano, about twenty miles off, while we were at Ajaccio, for particulars of which I vainly studied the columns of Le Raillement.—New York Times.

How Max O'Rell Woke the Servants.

When he first came to London Max O'Rell took a little house in a retired quarter of the city. About 2 o'clock one morning the whole neighborhood was aroused by cries in the street: somebody was shouting at the top of his voice: "Murder! Fire! Thieves!" and this hubbub was protracted until everybody in the locality was at his window in a state of violent alarm. It was Max O'Rell, who, returning home at this unholy hour and finding himself locked out, took this way of arousing his servants. Finally, standing in the middle of the street, the cynosure of all eyes, O'Rell lifted his hat, and, bowing politely this way and that, said: "Thanks, good neighbors, for your friendly solicitude; having awakened the concierge, I will now enter my home."

Who but a Frenchman could have done that thing in just that way?—Eugene Field's London Letter.

Chance a Great Factor in Life.

Experience shows that chance, or what we call chance, is the most active agent in choosing a profession, though this should not prevent the young man from faithfully considering what he is going to do. In very many cases he will find that he has mistaken his calling; but he has not for this reason necessarily wasted his time in seeking what proved not to be available to him. He has been adding to his knowledge and his experience enables him to act more wisely in the future. He has developed his powers to a greater extent, and thus discovered what he is fit for. One thing almost always leads to another if the candidate has stability and "push."—Cor. Buffalo Express.

Englishman Deeply Shocked.

The Englishman will condone every dereliction except an infringement of custom and tradition. Talking to [illegible] in the smoking room of the Hotel Metropole one evening not long ago a party of gentlemen discussed the peculiarities of appetite. One of the party said he had seen, a few days previous, a [illegible] eating mustard on his roast [illegible] General surprise was expressed by the others in the party; one Englishman was deeply shocked, and I shall never forget the pathos in his tones as he asked: "I beg your pardon, but [illegible] the fellow live?"—Eugene Field's Letter in Chicago News.

Great Britain's Inventions.

In Great Britain the number of applications in 1888 was 19,05[illegible] [illegible] ber of patents granted was 9,7[illegible] 8,260 applications and 2,0[illegible] 1884. In Great Britain in 1888 there was an increase as compared with the immediately preceding year of [illegible] three fold in applications [illegible] three fold in grants—an [illegible] is attributed to modification of the patent laws.—Industries.

Fred's Condition.

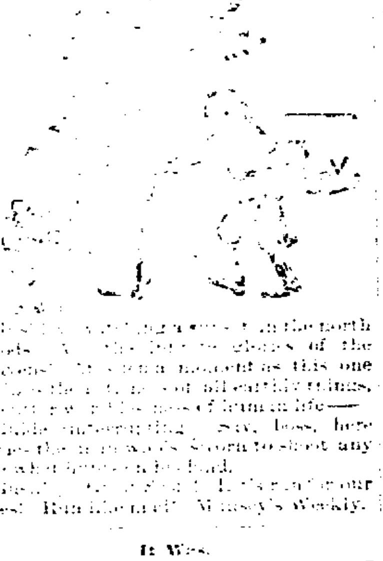
Little Fred came down to breakfast with the grippe in full force. "[illegible] of my eyes is leaking," he said, "an' one of my noses don't go."—Chatter.

[illegible] to Hang It.

[illegible] to your [illegible]

—Chi[illegible]

[illegible] Story.



[illegible] in the north woods. [illegible] the [illegible] glories of the [illegible] a moment as this one [illegible] of all earthly things, [illegible] in life——

Guide (interrupting)—Say, boss, here [illegible] sworn to shoot any one [illegible]

[illegible] our lives! Run like mad!—Munsey's Weekly.

It Was.

Owner of Horse (brushing the flies off the impatient animal)—What are you telling me, [illegible] Are you really a descendant of the [illegible] kings?

[illegible]

"And now you're shoeing horses in an Englishman's blacksmith shop! It looks like the irony of fate."

"Yis, sor, [illegible] I make me livin', sor, by ironin' fate."—Chicago Tribune.

Gave Him a Tip.

Cheerful [illegible] my dear Miss Flirt, May I, you know, ask you what it is you find so [illegible]

Miss Flirt—It is just something Mr. Grey [illegible] might interest you.

Cholly [illegible] I'm delighted, you know. What is it?

Miss Flirt—It says that a Dr. Thompson has [illegible] successful experiment in brain grafting.—Chicago Times.

The Author's Revenge.

Author—At last I am avenged. The Hi[illegible] Magazine has bought one of my articles, and they have paid for it.

Wife (mystified)—They have accepted and paid for a number of your manuscripts, but none of them has appeared yet.

Author (triumphantly)—The last one was written with ink that will fade out in ten years.—New York Weekly.

Only Negative Proof of Meaning.

"Oh, Mr. Tintype," giggled Miss Used[illegible] you care tell me to try to look [illegible]

"Oh, no, [illegible]" promptly responded Mr. T[illegible] your case I shouldn't think of [illegible]

And [illegible] would give her best [illegible] which way he meant it.—[illegible] Tribune.

Awful, Indeed!

Mrs. Kooler—I'm so sorry that your husband was caught and sent to prison for his embezzlement of the bank's funds!

Mrs. Absconder—Yes, and the worst of it was that he went [illegible] right into the same [illegible] with all the cheap, petty [illegible] who stole [illegible]—Lowell Citizen.

Short but Sweet.

Jinks—Why, Binks, what's become of your [illegible]

Binks—Sat in the train next to a man who asked me ten times in one hour if I had the time.

Jinks—Well?

Binks—Gave him the watch.—Jewelers' Circular.

Nothing to Worry About.

Second Neighbor—Oh, Mrs. Muggins, y'r husband is tryin' to hang himself in th' barn.

Mrs. M[illegible]—He never succeeded in [illegible] he tried to do so far. Guess he'll be come [illegible] right when the dinner bell rings.—Street & Smith's Good News.

Careful of His Trousers.

Miss Gushley—You have dropped your [illegible] on the floor, Mr. Van Dude[illegible]

[illegible] preparing to get on his knees [illegible] Miss [illegible] I love you will you [illegible]

The Quibbles Were Legal.

[illegible] I rise to ob[illegible] [illegible] der present [illegible]

[illegible] Black, yo' [illegible] all we'som.—Harper's Bazar.

The Tailor's Vain Hope.

[illegible] in [illegible]

Unselfish.

[illegible] a man [illegible] New York [illegible]

Wanted Experience.

[illegible] tell me. Do [illegible] to be right than to [illegible] I should like [illegible]

When the Honeymoon Waned.

[illegible] that you [illegible] that I [illegible]

The Convict's Bill.

[illegible] What shall I have [illegible] Burlington Free Press.

THEY HADN'T THE SAND

A Story of Two Colored Waiters, and the Way They Failed to Fight.

T[illegible] of the waiters at our hotel [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] at once saved with blood [illegible] we noticed their belligerent demeanor [illegible] and then we caught [illegible]

"Yo'[illegible]"

"An' [illegible] nigger!"

"I[illegible] yo' low trash!"

"H[illegible] to be stood up [illegible] wid yo' [illegible] minute!"

We were not, therefore, greatly surprised when we were waited on by a third party who was a mutual friend, who asked us to arrange a meeting between the two in any shape [illegible] It wasn't [illegible] a set to, with gloves, and as we were [illegible] fishing, [illegible] sailing and shooting purposes we [illegible] the new departure with glad relief.

"Yo' white folks in knows all 'bout it, an' yo' go right ahead an' fix it up," said the mutual friend.

We borrowed [illegible] gloves, bought a [illegible] for a [illegible] stakes, and the scene selected was on the sand behind the scrub. The tip was given and when the hour came about seventy-five spectators had assembled. The rivals were on hand in good time, but it was noticeable that both were trying hard to look pale, and there was a movement of the chin which betrayed much mental anxiety. They were known only as "Jim" and "Tom," and while we were putting the gloves on Jim he arose and called across the sand:

"Does yo' 'pologize to me, sah?"

"I dun 'pologize if yo' 'pologize, too," was the reply.

"Den I dun'"—

But we stopped him and braced him up, and two or three minutes later they faced each other in the center of the ring. Each man's teeth were chattering, each one's eyes were [illegible] white, and there was a wobbling of the knees.

"Look out, now, yo' nigger! Ize gwine to bust yo' head off!"

"Look out yo'self! If I hits yo' in de lung yo' won't git over it in two weeks!"

"Why don't yo' hit?"

"Why don't yo' hit?"

"Yo's skeert o' me!"

"So's yo' skeert!"

They were walking around each other, pushing at arm's length, and it would have stopped there but for the timekeeper, who shouted to them to go in.

"If I hit yo' in de eye look out!"

"If I hit dat nose you'll be dead!"

"I'ze comin' for yo' purty quick!"

"I'll be right around dere!"

The referee shouted again, and moved to sudden resolution Jim flung off the gloves and grabbed Tom by the ankles and lifted him off his feet and dumped him on the sand. Tom's gloves fell off as he rolled over, and he had scarcely struck when Jim made a break through the ring, running like a rabbit. Tom scrambled up with a "Hu!" and broke through the other side, and while one legged it for the hotel the other sought safety behind the sand dunes, and the great match for blood ended in water. As I had acted as Jim's bottle holder I felt called upon to reproach him that evening at the kitchen door, and he came out in the moonlight and explained:

"Deed, sah, but I didn't dun mean to do it. I meant to stan' right up dar an' fight dat nigger one millyon rounds 'cordin' to Miss Queensberry rules, but when I got de gloves on my sand went right away, sah—went right off down de coast a-flyin', an' afore I knowed it I was back heah in de hotel a-wipin' spoons an' a-sayin' dat if I eber caught dat nigger out in de dark I'd smash him, sah—I'd smash him till his own mudder wouldn't dun remember his sad remains!"—New York Sun.

In a Quandary.

Mistah White—Doctah, my little chile done catch de hoopin' cough.

Doctah Black (after serious thought)—You mus take tree hairs from a mule's back an' put 'em on dat chile. Dey will cure de chile, but it'll kill de mule.

"But see heah, doctah, I's a poor man. I is, an' I can't afford ter lose dat 'ere mule. Won't takin' de hairs from some odder place cure de chile widout killin' de mule?"

"Only one. You can take 'em from de mule's hind legs."

"But dat ud kill me."—Street & Smith's Good News.

Our Reputation.

The Baron—But eef you really love me like you say I see not of reason for that we would not marry.

American Summer Girl—Yes, I know, but— it's those other two men that I am already engaged to.

The Baron—But they are Americans, is it not?

A. S. G.—Oh, yes.

The Baron—Ah, ze good luck zen! Zey are accustomed to it.—Life.

A Noble Fight.

Smith—I was sorry to hear, Brown, that you had failed in business.

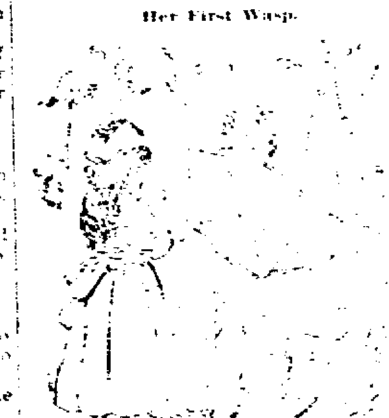
Brown—Yes, I struggled hard, but I lost everything save my honor, thank God, and the property I was wise enough to settle on my wife when I found myself getting into trouble.—Fireside Companion.

Two Tastes That Meet as One.

She (puckering up her pretty lips)—I really think I must have a taste for whistling.

He (as he samples the tempting [illegible])—And I really think that I [illegible] a taste of it.—Burlington Free Press.

Her First Wasp.



P[illegible] it was [illegible] when it sat down.—[illegible]

After the Storm.

"W[illegible]" remarked [illegible] to rest. "Yes, it has," observed [illegible] "we have had a thundering big time."—Fireside Companion.

[illegible] Hard to Learn.

"I [illegible] that machine," said a [illegible] the dry [illegible] as [illegible] pretty [illegible] just [illegible] comparing [illegible]

"N[illegible] wheeler, [illegible] the [illegible] to do. Anything [illegible] if he [illegible]

[illegible] the gawky [illegible] "I guess I think I could stay [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] knickerbockers [illegible] the interested [illegible]

[illegible] keep from fallin' off the [illegible]

[illegible] start it [illegible] Take it out and [illegible]

[illegible] down from the [illegible] knickerbockers and [illegible] of the bicycle [illegible] out to the middle [illegible]

[illegible] as good a one as I've got at home," he said, as he mounted it and [illegible] rattling pace, [illegible] on it. I can [illegible] It's only four miles to the [illegible] I'll be waiting [illegible] Good-by!"

And the [illegible] young tourist in knickerbockers trudged after him on foot.—Chicago Herald.

Beaten on a Technicality.

A woman sat on a bench in Madison square the other afternoon holding a small dog in her lap. A policeman passed that way and said:

"[illegible] are not allowed in here."

"[illegible]" she asked.

"Since that sign was put up, and that's [illegible]"

"What does that sign read?"

"Dogs not allowed at large in this park."

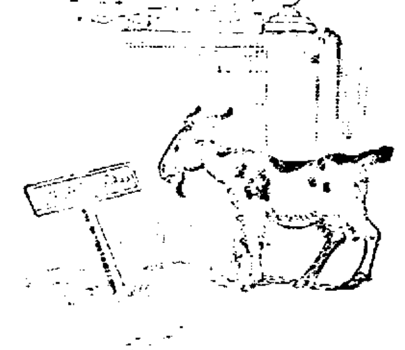
"Well, my dog is not at large."

"But he has no chain." He has no chain."

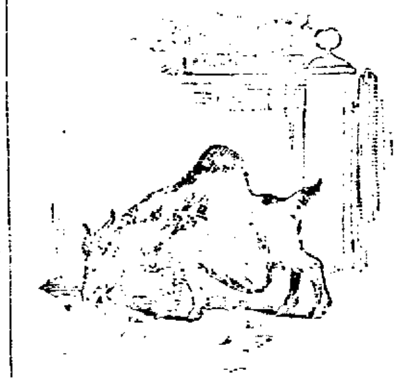
"[illegible]" she twisted her [illegible] and looped it over his neck.

The [illegible] on the officer's face was [illegible] as he resumed his walk.—New York Sun.

Strategy.



Willie—Well, ain't that aggravatin'!



Guess I'll say I didn't see no sign.—Life.

The Latest.

Fresh Reporter—Anything new with you?

Sober Citizen—Well, yes.

Fresh Reporter (producing notebook)—What [illegible]

Sober Citizen—My baby has another tooth.—Lowell Citizen.

A Distressing Case.

Old Lady—Where is your husband, Mrs. DeLong?

Mrs. DeLong—He couldn't come. He has [illegible] all over him.

Old Lady—[illegible] me! And he's over six feet [illegible]—Street & Smith's Good News.

Calling Him Off.

Indignant Bicyclist—Madam, your dog snaps at me every time I pass. Here he comes now. [illegible]

Old Lady—[illegible] you foolish dog! Come [illegible] bones. Them's legs.—New York Weekly.

Do They Pant?

"[illegible] ought not to suffer from the heat," remarked McJunkin.

"No," replied [illegible] "they can swim about [illegible]"

"And yet [illegible] about white duck pants."—Yonkers [illegible] News.

Unexpected Indulgence.

Tommy (surprised)—Why, papa, I [illegible] spoonful of sugar was always [illegible]

[illegible] restaurant, my son. [illegible] all the sugar you want.—Chicago [illegible]

Johnny and His Ma.

Mother—What is little Johnny crying [illegible] Give him what he wants. [illegible] I want it quiet.

Nurse—[illegible] yelling for [illegible]—Street & Smith's Good News.

The Reason.

Wife—A[illegible] Why on earth [illegible] pattern?

[illegible] the pattern is [illegible] but I [illegible] It was my brother, and [illegible] deaf, you know.—Yankee Blade.

Well, He Was Right.

[illegible] Passenger—Do you know what [illegible]

[illegible] Passenger (consulting watch)—[illegible] his paper.—Jewelers' Circular.

A Slander on the Sex.

S[illegible] powder—the kind you generally [illegible] your coat sleeve after a visit to your best girl.—Texas Siftings.

ENGLISH PAPER MAKERS.

WORK AND WAGES OF WRITERS AND COMPOSITORS IN LONDON.

Big Sums Paid Members of Editorial Staffs—Hard and Fast Lines Within Which Reporters Toil—The "Printer's" Duties and Wide Authority.

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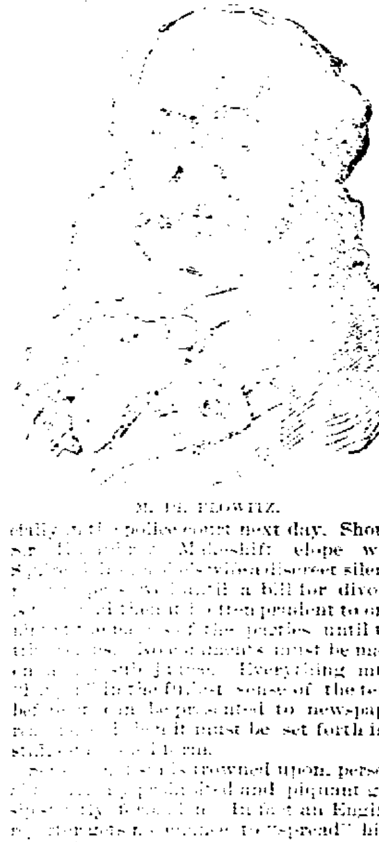
[illegible] as it is understood and [illegible] in America is tabooed in England. [illegible] Reporters work in [illegible]. They cannot interview [illegible] anything in the [illegible] after a long [illegible] first arrested for [illegible] the mere fact may be stated [illegible] of the assault must not be [illegible] are set forth offi-



M. DE BLOWITZ.

cially in the police court next day. Should Sir [illegible] elope with [illegible] discreet silence [illegible] a bill for divorce is [illegible] pendent to only [illegible] of the parties until the [illegible] must be made [illegible]. Everything must [illegible] in the fullest sense of the term before it can be presented to newspaper [illegible] it must be set forth in a [illegible] form.

[illegible] is frowned upon, personal [illegible] and piquant gossip [illegible]. In fact an English reporter gets no chance to "spread" himself. He may report a speech in the best style known to the stenographic art; he may write up the [illegible] stereotyped phrases, or give the [illegible] prizes at a flower show with the [illegible] of the catalogue, but to presume to exercise his fancy in recording the stirring scenes of life would entail upon him the severest kind of censure, if not instant dismissal, with the editorial verdict that he was a disgrace to the profession.

One result of this policy of repression is that the reporter becomes a mere machine. He [illegible] a daily routine mechanically, [illegible] and transcribes his shorthand notes like an automaton, and addles his brain with parrot like phrases that have done duty for time immemorial, and will probably continue to enhance the dullness of British journalism until the crack of doom. He is [illegible] pure and simple, whose ears have to be acuter than his eyes, and whose [illegible] is graded according to his ability to write shorthand and his celerity of transcription. Whatever descriptive matter is needed by a British newspaper is generally done by a "special commissioner," whose work is heavy compared with that of the average American newsgatherer, but who would feel insulted were he classed with the ordinary reporters of his journal.

The highest ambition of an English reporter is to be employed on the parliamentary staff of a London daily. Great pains are taken with parliamentary reporting, each journal maintaining a separate force of from five to eighteen men. Some of the newspapers only give the leading speeches, but The Times prints a very full report, devoting three or four pages a day to the proceedings of both houses. The Hansard, which is recognized as the official record of the debates, is made up largely from The Times' report, members having the privilege of clipping from its pages and extending and correcting their remarks before publication in the official volumes. The Times has the largest reporting staff in parliament. The men begin with "turns" of half an hour or twenty minutes; late at night the "turns" are cut down to five or ten minutes, and the reporters drive to Printing House square to transcribe their notes. Their quarters are very comfortable. An extensive reference library is at their command, and so that they may not be disturbed in their work of transcription servants are constantly at their elbows to supply every want.

In the matter of accommodation, both for editors and reporters, the English journals are very liberal. Each writer has a separate room, with an electric bell within reach to summon an attendant, and five or six rooms are usually set apart for the re-

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

porters, [illegible] very arduous as [illegible] by men [illegible] vary from six [illegible] and [illegible] speech [illegible] typewriter nor [illegible] called in to [illegible] from the re[illegible] of commons [illegible] Daily News, began as a reporter [illegible] annual [illegible] Reporters' [illegible] delivered to the composing [illegible] of revision; this is especially [illegible] at night when parliament sits late that there are numerous corrections to be made by [illegible] speakers, who are keenly sensitive to errors of statement, shows that the English reporter, however deficient he may be in other respects, can be relied upon for the greatest accuracy in reporting the utterances of public men. Even when condensed work is required full shorthand notes are taken. Thick [illegible] are [illegible] the side of important sentences, with the result that nothing material is omitted even if a speech has to be cut down a half or two-thirds.

Almost every prominent newspaper in England is generous in its dealings with its staff. Editors receive annual vacations of from one month to three, reporters have holidays of from two weeks to four, and the compositors, pressmen and stereotypers are granted at least a week in the year with full pay. Then there is a system of pensions for old servants in every department. Englishmen do not change their situations much. It is no uncommon thing to find reporters who have been connected with the same journal for thirty or forty years. When they reach the retiring age in some offices they receive two-thirds or half their salary for life. Compositors frequently step in for pensions after long service.

The "printer," as the foreman of a London daily is called, is a very important personage, and corresponds in some respects to our night editor. The "make up" is completely in his hands. He keeps careful track of the copy, and his word goes a long way with the subeditor as to what shall or shall not run near press time. His men are the pick of the craft. Each one acquires considerable editorial ability, he is not a slavish follower of "copy," but reads for the sense, and is on the alert for blunders of omission or commission. His proofs are remarkably clean, and the printer keeps him up to the highest notch of perfection. Some of the printers are a little too autocratic and exacting. One on The Standard some years ago forbade the use of slugs to protect the matter after dumping. This rule developed exceptional steadiness of nerve in the chapel, since the slightest shakiness was disastrous in the small hours when the "takes" ran about five lines each.

The identity of writers is carefully concealed by English journals. Even the names of the editors are not known outside the profession. It is always The Times, The Telegraph, The Standard that addresses the public, and in no other country is the editorial "we" so powerful. Many of the minor correspondents are as ignorant of the personality of the managers of the papers as the readers. They deal with The Standard, The Daily News, or The Times. The pay for newspaper work varies with the class of journal served. In London $5,000 a year is easily earned by a leader writer, and there are several who run as high as $10,000. Editors-in-chief receive from $15,000 to $25,000. The Telegraph pays its Paris correspondent $12,500 and expenses. He is a very able writer, and sends daily two

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

columns of the most readable matter printed in England; indeed, his letters are perfect pen pictures of life in the gay metropolis, and are comparable in point of attractiveness to the work of the best journalists in America.

Men of note like Edwin Arnold, De Blowitz and George Augustus Sala are said to earn fabulous sums. Arnold is at present writing to The Telegraph from Japan, and Sala has written a daily editorial for the same paper for twenty years, besides contributing largely to periodical literature. The Times has the largest staff of article writers of any journal in the world. A number who have made their mark in different branches of law and science have retainers of from $1,000 to $5,000 a year, and receive $50 for each article they are called upon to contribute. War correspondents and special commissioners—men who do the descriptive work—receive from $2,500 to $10,000 per annum. Archibald Forbes had the latter sum, with carte blanche as to expenses, when he was with The Daily News. After his brilliant work during the war between Russia and Turkey the proprietors presented him with a check for $10,000 in addition to his salary. From $25 to $50 per column is the remuneration of foreign correspondents not on the salary list of the leading newspapers. The rates paid by the principal journals of the provinces are about one third less all round.

London reporters receive from $20 to $50 per week; in the provinces juniors get from $6 to $10, second and third hands from $15 to $25, and chiefs of staff from $25 to $40. The London press receives manifold reports of the transactions of the minor courts, accidents, fires, etc., and pays three and four cents per line for what is published. The Times employs several young barristers to make reports of the proceedings of the higher courts. When cases of unusual public interest are on shorthand reporters are engaged to furnish verbatim accounts.

Compositors work on "piece," and earn in London from $12 to $25 a week, according to ability and luck in "takes." Like other English workmen, they do not overexert themselves. A "slogger," or one who is continually on the rush for copy, [illegible] is frowned upon by the chapel. They get their beer or gin at regular intervals during the night, the chapel paying a man to wait upon them in this respect. Time hands get from $15 to $20 a week. In certain provincial towns time wages is paid, usually $7.50 per week of fifty-two hours. Proofreaders receive from $15 to $25 a week.

JOHN W. P[illegible]

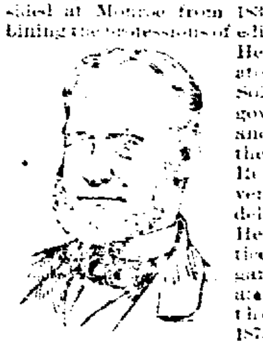
The Depopulation of France.

The [illegible] birth rate in France, which means a [illegible] try [illegible] M. [illegible] have less excuse for abandoning their infants.

HE WAS A NOTED JURIST.

The Unhappy Life and Painful Death of Judge Isaac P. Christiancy.

Death came as a welcome relief the other day to a lonely old man, bowed down by years and sorrows and tortured with incurable disease. His name was Isaac Peckham Christiancy, and not so very many years have elapsed since he was a legal and political power in the state of Michigan and prominent as well in the councils of the nation. Born seventy-eight years ago at Johnstown (now Bleeckers), N. Y., he fought his way upward step by step and secured an education through unaided personal exertions. After qualifying as an attorney he removed to Michigan and resided at Monroe from 1837 to 1857, combining the professions of editor and lawyer. He was state senator in 1850, Free Soil candidate for governor in 1852 and delegate to the first national Republican convention at Philadelphia in 1856. He became a justice of the Michigan supreme court and continued on the bench until 1875, when he went to Washington as a United States senator.



JUDGE CHRISTIANCY.

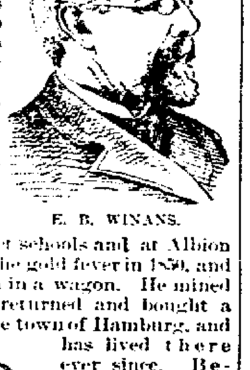
It was at the national capital that Mr. Christiancy—then a widower—met with the misfortune of his life. There he formed the acquaintance of Lillie Lugenbeel, a pretty employe of the treasury department. He was persuaded to marry the young woman, and soon after resigned his seat in congress to accept the place of United States minister to Peru. While in South America Mrs. Christiancy's conduct was such that on the return home of the couple the judge secured a divorce. The erring wife died four years ago, a mental and physical wreck.

The scandal so wrought upon Mr. Christiancy's sensitive mind that he abandoned political life for ever and began a hermit's existence in a lonely house at Lansing that ended only with his death. He spent his last days in writing an elaborate criticism of the Bible from the standpoint of an agnostic. Some weeks ago he consulted a physician regarding a painful swelling at the base of the jaw. It was diagnosed as malignant cancer, and the patient received warning that his days were numbered. "I am ready," said the judge; "I was not consulted as to how I should be brought into the world, and apparently I am not to be consulted as to how I shall go out."

The old man suffered agonies up to the moment of death's merciful release, but his mind remained clear, and he kept at work almost unto the end. His permanent reputation will rest largely upon his legal decisions and their accompanying opinions, for he is conceded to have been one of the soundest judges of his time.

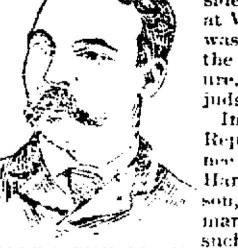
Two Nominees for Governor.

Hon. E. B. Winans, whom the Democrats have nominated for governor of Michigan, is a farmer. His Democratic opponent, Mr. Turner, is also a farmer; so is the Prohibition candidate; likewise the Union-Labor party man. But of all these Mr. Winans is the most thoroughly a Granger. He may be seen any day with his overalls rolled to the top of his old boots busy at some agricultural work. He has served two terms in congress. He was born in New York state 64 years ago, moved to Michigan in 1834 and was educated in the district schools and at Albion college. He had the gold fever in 1850, and went to California in a wagon. He mined for eight years, returned and bought a farm near the little town of Hamburg, and has lived there ever since. Besides his four years at Washington he was two terms in the state legislature, and has been judge of probate.



E. B. WINANS.

In Delaware the Republican nominee for governor is Harry A. Richardson, the youngest man upon whom such an honor has ever been conferred by either party of the little commonwealth. He is a native of Camden, Del., and was born 37 years ago. The present is his first appearance in the political arena. He is in business with his father at Dover, and has the reputation of being wealthy.



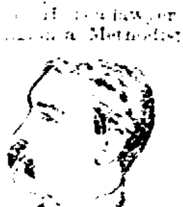
HARRY A. RICHARDSON.

Collecting Islam Literature.

At Tashkend, a city of Asiatic Russia, is to be found probably the largest collection of Islam literature in the world. It owes its existence to Gen. von Kaufman, who instituted a search, immediately after the battle of Samarcand, for the library of Tamerlane, often referred to in Persian and Arabian writings. No trace of this ancient collection could be found, but partly by persuasion and partly by force he acquired many valuable and rare books from the priests and learned men. These formed the nucleus of the present library, which, after the conquest of China, was greatly enriched by innumerable costly volumes secured at the sacking of the palace of Chan [illegible] Rachim. A large number of [illegible] works, the property of Chan von Kokand, were also sent to Tashkend.

A Young University President.

The new president of the Northwestern University at Evanston, Ills., Henry Wade Rogers, is [illegible] years of age, but has already [illegible] a wide reputation for scholarship. [illegible] a lawyer by profession, and [illegible] a Methodist. His birth place was Buffalo, N. Y. His parents, Wade by name, died while he was an infant, and he became the adopted son of Mr. Rogers, a wealthy philanthropist, who gave him every educational advantage. He was graduated from Ann Arbor university in [illegible] school of the same [illegible] years later. He practiced at [illegible] until 1883, when [illegible] succeed Judge Thomas [illegible] of the law department [illegible] formerly been a pupil. He remained at Ann Arbor until elected president of the Northwestern University.



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NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

AN UNFOUNDED REPORT THAT THE COFFEE PLANT IS DYING OUT.

The Ceylon Source of Supply May Have Failed, but the Berry Flourishes Elsewhere—The Methods by Which Coffee Is Prepared for Use.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

Somebody living in Colombo, Ceylon, has written to an American friend, and it has been freely given to the press, that "the time is not far distant when coffee will have ceased to be the beverage of the people." He gives as a reason that a "parasite has attacked the plant and is gradually killing it, and that the planters in Ceylon, seeing the berries die, have found a substitute in tea, the export of which has increased rapidly from 50,000 pounds per year to 60,000,000 pounds."

The statement was of such importance as to warrant an investigation, and it has been promptly met by the assurance on the part of some of the best representatives of the coffee market—men like Maj. John C. McNulty and Mr. F. B. Thurber—that the crops of Central America and Brazil, whence we derive our largest supply of coffee, are 25 per cent. larger than they have been for several years past. In fact more coffee is being raised than ever before. The district of Santos Paulo, in Brazil, will alone, it is estimated, produce 39 per cent. of the entire consumption this year, and a corresponding increase elsewhere will cause a surplus. The consumption of the world does not exceed ten million bags of the average weight of 130 pounds, and with the exception referred to there is no report that the crop will in any wise be diminished.

THE COFFEE PLANT.

This Ceylon disease has been known since 1869, when a fungus appeared upon the leaves for which no remedy has been found; but neither in the quality nor the amount of coffee produced can this misfortune to one locality possibly affect the general supply. Besides, better coffee comes from other countries, for the range of culture extends over almost the whole of the tropical belt of the globe, the plant thriving in localities differing as much as 20 to 30 degs. in average temperature. In Brazil alone no fewer than sixteen species are distinguished as growing in a wild state. The limit of productiveness is about thirty years, but the trees are replaced on the plantations every twenty years.

This process of replanting goes on constantly, the trees being raised from seeds in the nurseries and transferred to their final positions when about a year or eighteen months old. They are usually set at intervals of eight or ten feet, and begin bearing at the age of four years, their product annually increasing. When about eight feet high the tops are cut off, which causes them to spread instead of growing taller. The average diameter of the trunk in full bearing trees is about the size of a man's wrist. The leaves are of dark green and glossy, and the fruit forms on the woody stems at the base of these leaves. When ripe the berry is red in color, resembling a large cranberry or medium sized cherry. Dissected it is seen to consist of five different parts covering the two beans, which lie face to face. First is the outer skin, second a soft pulp, third a glutinous substance saccharine in character, fourth an envelope, called by some the parchment, and somewhat thicker than the husk of wheat, and finally a thin, gossamer like film resembling the thin skin which covers the white onion and designated "silver skin."

Picking begins in Java in January and lasts three or four months. In Brazil they commence gathering in April or May, and continue until September. Women and children are largely engaged in gathering the fruit, carrying it from the field in baskets to the mill house or terrace, where the preparation of the berry for market begins.

Mr. Thurber says: "There is no item which enters into the supply of our table, unless it be butter, which is so easily injured in flavor as coffee, or which exhibits such a tendency to absorb surrounding odors. Vessels from South or Central America often arrive with mixed cargoes of coffee and hides, in which the former has been almost ruined by absorbing the smell of the latter. Roasting in a measure dissipates the 'hidey' smell, yet to an expert it is very perceptible, enough remaining to destroy the delicate flavor of the volatile oil or caffeine."

The extreme sensitiveness of coffee to surrounding odors is further demonstrated by the readiness with which roasted coffee absorbs the flavor of the wood when put into a pine box or bin. Roasted coffee therefore, should never be kept in anything except a tightly closed tin box, or better still, an air tight glass or earthen jar. Different varieties show a great diversity in flavor, and different seasons produce different qualities.

DR. JOHNSON AT THE CHESHIRE CHEESE.

Unquestionably a most important factor in a cup of good coffee is the process of roasting the bean, and in this respect a revolution has taken place in the United States during the last twenty years. Formerly not one pound in thirty of roasted coffee was sold, the consumers doing the "cooking" in an iron pot or skillet over an ordinary fire. Now, however, there are large coffee roasting establishments using steam power in every city of considerable size in the country.

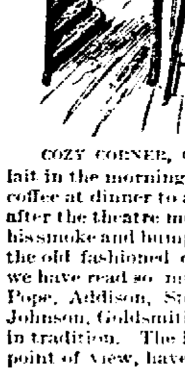
The first complete apparatus for roasting and grinding coffee was set up in Worcester street, New York, in 18[illegible], opposite Washington square. Other establishments followed, and wholesale grocery houses now, as a rule, run mills of their own, thus securing uniformity in their product and a better result in every way. Where parties attempt to roast their own coffee their object should be to produce a rich chestnut brown, but for making black or French coffee the bean should be roasted higher than usual. No coffee should be kept long, however, or exposed to the air. Of late years roasted coffee packed in one pound papers has come into favor with consumers, the large dealers, from their knowledge of the characteristics of coffee and the flavors which harmonize in blending, having succeeded in producing grades adapted to the taste of different sections where coffee is largely used.

In reference to this subject the celebrated chemist, Baron von Liebig, wrote: "On roasting depends the good quality of the coffee. It contains a crystalline substance named caffeine or theine, because it is also a component part of tea. This matter is volatile, and every care should be taken to retain it. For this purpose the berries should be roasted until they are of a pale brown color. In those which are black the essential parts of the berries are entirely destroyed, and the beverage prepared from them does not deserve the name of coffee. As the berries lose every hour somewhat of their aroma in consequence of the influence of the oxygen of the air, it is better when the roasting is complete and the vessel is yet hot to mix with the berries some powdered white or brown sugar (half an ounce to a pound of coffee is sufficient). This sugar melts immediately, and spreading over the berries gives each one a fine glaze, which renders it impervious to the atmosphere."

"How to make coffee?" answered Mr. Thurber in answer to a question. "Why, there are as many recipes as there are countries. I have one of my own which is plain, good, economical, and produces the best results. It is this: Grind moderately fine a large cup of coffee; break into it one egg with shell; mix well, adding enough cold water to thoroughly wet the grounds; pour upon this one pint of boiling water; let it boil slowly from ten to fifteen minutes, according to the variety of coffee used and the fineness to which it is ground. Let it stand three minutes to settle, then pour through a fine wire sieve into a warm coffee pot. This will make enough for four persons. At table first put the sugar in the cup, then half fill with boiling milk, add your coffee, and you will have an ideal beverage that is a revelation.

"Coffee deteriorates if left stewing upon the stove, and this is one of the principal reasons why that which is served at the hotels and restaurants is so often unfit to drink. While in Constantinople I investigated the mysteries of the far famed Turkish coffee. When a cup is wanted there the requisite amount of finely powdered coffee is put into a little brass, long handled pot, fitted with a grooved spout, but without a cover. Water enough to fill the pot is then poured in, and it is set upon live coals until it heats up just to the boiling point. It is then, without straining or settling the grounds, poured into a tiny cup. The composition is thick, muddy, and the lower half consists of a paste which is swallowed by the Turks with the same relish they show for the beverage itself. I am convinced that the reputation of Turkish coffee is principally due to the great care observed in roasting, not more than a twenty-four hour supply being purchased at one time."

It is a curious and endless study for a foreigner to observe life in the French cafes, for it has been remarked that Paris without cafes would be like a landscape without water or a bride without a veil. It is there that he takes his first cafe au lait in the morning, his demi tasse or black coffee at dinner to assist his digestion, and after the theatre meets his friends to enjoy his smoke and bumper of wine. In England the old fashioned coffee houses, of which we have read so much in connection with Pope, Addison, Steele, Dryden, Fox, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith and others, live only in tradition. The English, from the coffee point of view, have rather fallen into bad ways, and tea has been permitted to outstrip the Arabian berry in their affections. In colonial times and the early days of the republic New York had its Burn's coffee house, Merchant's coffee house, on the corner of Wall and Water streets, the Tontine coffee house, Browne's coffee house, in Water street, and other places of the kind, where Irving, Paulding, the Astors and old merchants of the city were wont to assemble. But these institutions have all long since passed from memory, and even their histories have been obliterated. People now drink their coffee if not at home in the restaurants and dining rooms, and the real delights of the beverage are seldom enjoyed.



COZY CORNER, OLD COFFEE HOUSE.

F. G. DE FONTAINE.

Searching Out Word Meanings.

A work which is expected to revolutionize the system of dictionary making at present in vogue is just being published at Paris by Delagrave. The "Dictionnaire Generale de la Langue Francaise," of which the late Professor Arsene Darmesteter, of the College de France, and Professor Hatzfeld are the authors. It represents the first attempt in any language to trace the historical development of the various meanings of words and to reduce them to one or two primitive significations. The word "bureau," for example, is provided with a complete pedigree, the new dictionary showing that it was applied originally to a particular species of woolen stuff named bure, with which desks and tables were covered. Then it came to be attributed to tables themselves, afterward to the room in which the table was placed, and finally to the persons assembled in the room at the table in question.

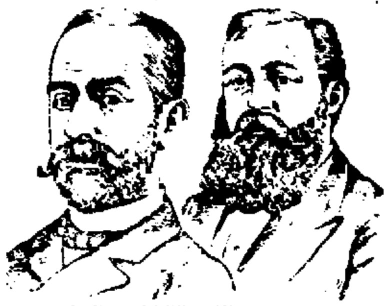
At the age of 80 Lord Tennyson announces that he intends to write one more poem and then throw aside the pen forever. He has indicated a desire to have Lord Lytton succeed him as laureate. It is said, however, that the queen, the Prince of Wales and Lord Salisbury each has a candidate in view.

STRICKEN DOWN ON THE STREET.

The Sudden Summons That Came to Judge Noyes, of Ohio.

It was just after the close of court at Cincinnati the other day that Judge Edward Follansbee Noyes met a friend and condoled with him on the loss of one they both loved as a brother. Said the judge: "The ways of Providence are mysterious and past our finding out. We must abide by them. From them there is no appeal. But it does sometimes seem that death always takes those we learn by contact to value and love the most highly."

Not five minutes later Judge Noyes fell a corpse upon the street, stricken down by apoplexy at the age of 58. He was a native of East Haverhill, Mass., and a graduate of Dartmouth. In 1858 he began the practice of law at Cincinnati. When the civil war began he abandoned the office for the field, and while acting colonel of the Thirty ninth Ohio regiment lost a leg in battle. Recovering from his wound he reported on crutches for duty, and was made a brigadier general and assigned to the command of Camp Dennison. Later he left the army to assume office as city solicitor of Cincinnati. Then the people made him probate judge, and in 1871 he was elected governor of Ohio. At the end of his term he accepted a renomination, but was defeated at the polls. When Mr. Hayes secured the presidency he made Mr. Noyes, who had been one of his most active supporters, minister to France. At the expiration of his term he returned to Cincinnati and resumed the practice of law. Two years ago he was elected superior court judge, and occupied that place at the time of his death. He leaves a widow and son.



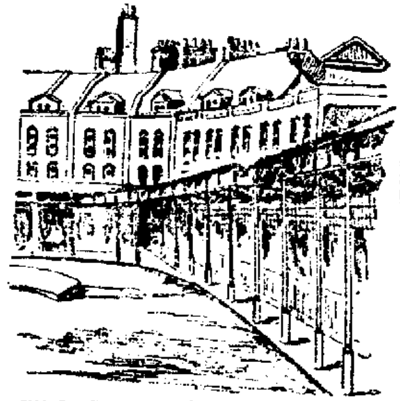
J. R. SAYLER. JUDGE NOYES.

Governor Campbell has appointed Mr. J. Rhiner Sayler to succeed Mr. Noyes on the bench.

BELLAMY'S PUBLIC UMBRELLA.

A Theorist's Idea Put to a Practical Test in England.

Those who have read Bellamy's "Looking Backward" will recollect that one of the ideas advanced in that remarkable book has to do with "public umbrellas," otherwise covered footways in public thoroughfares. A new street in Brixton, England, is being constructed according to the Bellamy plan. It starts from the principal thoroughfare and curves around toward the station. The roadway is broad, and the covered pavement on each side is ten feet wide. Light iron pillars support a glazed roof, from which are suspended numerous gas lamps. When it is finished the covered way will, it is said, be a well lighted promenade, open to the fresh air and at the same time thoroughly protected from storms and heat.



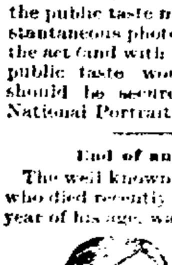
VIEW OF BRIXTON'S COVERED STREET.

Authors and Critics at Odds.

The critics—those gentlemen who sit in judgment on the productions of authors—have been of late impaled by the pens of two well known writers—one British and one American. "All current criticism," says the first, "is falsely principled and conditioned in evil;" but if anonymous it is usually "savage and dishonest." The other asserts in satirical vein, "The critic can really produce good work on subjects of little or no importance, but he should not meddle with fiction of a high order." Says The London News: "It is impossible to avoid the suspicion that both these authors, though old enough to know better, have yielded to the temptation of reading some unfavorable reviews of their own books, and they are naturally incensed that the mask of the anonymous prevents them from identifying the writers and tearing them limb from limb. One critic has 'gone for' them and shown himself also to be master of language. Another has confined himself to satire. The most amusing sentence he has written is, however, where the drollery is undesigned. 'You say,' he writes, 'that you authors have never profited by our observations. Perhaps not. But there are other people to be considered in this matter. An author may be incorrigible, but the public taste may be corrected.' An instantaneous photograph of a reviewer in the act (and with the motive) of correcting public taste would be invaluable, and should be secured at any price by the National Portrait gallery."

End of an Artistic Career.

The well known artist Henry F. Spread, who died recently at Chicago in the 40th year of his age, was best known as a portrait painter, but had done work equally meritorious in other directions, his "First Dream of Love" and "Sad News" being canvases that have gained the praise of critics and connoisseurs. Mr. Spread was born at London and educated at Trinity college, Dublin. After graduating he became a student of drawing at the South Kensington museum. He at first devoted his talents to water colors, but later on took up work in oil, at which he made his chief success. He traveled extensively, and in 1871 became a resident of Chicago. He leaves a wife and five children well provided for.



HENRY F. SPREAD.

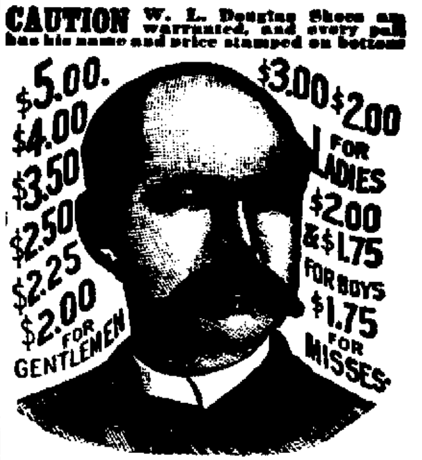
The "National Tonsorial Parlor company" is the latest novelty in the way of trusts. It has been incorporated at Chicago, and is to include barber shops in the various cities of the United States.

BROKEN OUT!

How often do we see this on the faces of children and, alas, of people who otherwise are healthy? What causes it? Bad Blood. The thought is terrible: the trouble is worse. No ordinary help can remove it. It requires something unusual. Do not take cheap sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. You must have something that has proven its power in both Europe and America. General Wheatcroft Nelson, of London, says: "My experience in the English army, as well as in America, convinces me that nothing so thoroughly purifies the blood, or adds to the health, vigor and life, as Dr. Acker's English Blood Elixir."

This grand Elixir is sold by druggists in all parts of America. It is a good, pure, honest medicine. Try it to-day.

For Sale by H. C. HOBERMAN & CO and W. B. FOYE.



CAUTION W. L. Douglas Shoes are warranted, and every pair has his name and price stamped on bottom

$5.00. $4.00 $3.50 $2.50 $2.25 $2.00 FOR GENTLEMEN
$3.00 $2.00 FOR LADIES $2.00 & $1.75 FOR BOYS $1.75 FOR MISSES

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Fine Calf and Laced Waterproof Grain.

The excellence and wearing qualities of this shoe cannot be better shown than by the strong endorsements of its thousands of constant wearers.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, an elegant and stylish dress Shoe which commends itself.
$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt. A fine calf Shoe unequalled for style and durability.
$3.50 Goodyear Welt is the standard dress Shoe, at a popular price.
$3.50 Policeman's Shoe is especially adapted for railroad men, farmers, etc.
All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

$3 & $2 SHOES FOR LADIES, have been most favorably received since introduced and the recent improvements make them superior to any shoes sold at these prices.

Ask your Dealer, and if he cannot supply you send direct to factory enclosing advertised price, or a postal for order blanks.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

SOLD BY J. E. RHOADS.

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WEST AND NORTHWEST, SOUTH, Southwest and Southeast.

The Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Ry.

—WILL SELL—

ROUND TRIP EXCURSION - TICKETS!

To all prominent points in the West and Northwest, South, Southwest and Southeast

—AT—

HALF RATES

—ON—

Tuesday, September 9th,
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All tickets good returning thirty days from date of sale. This is a glorious opportunity for Home Seekers to visit the territory named, and we would invite correspondence on the subject. For full information call on or address

E. A. DOMBAUGH,
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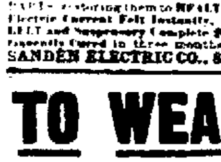

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT WITH SUSPENSORY FOR WEAK MEN DEBILITATED through INDISCRETIONS or EXCESSES. WE GUARANTEE to CURE by this New IMPROVED ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY or REFUND MONEY. Made for this specific purpose, Cure of Generative Weakness, giving Freely, Mild, Soothing, Continuous Currents of Electricity through all WEAK PARTS, restoring them to HEALTH and VIGOROUS STRENGTH. Electric Current Felt Instantly, or we forfeit $5,000 in cash. BELT and Suspensory Complete $5. and up. Worst cases Permanently Cured in three months. Sealed pamphlet Free. SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., 819 Broadway, New York.

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

BIG G Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by The Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, O. U.S.A.

Big G is the acknowledged remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women. I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers. A. J. STONER, M.D., Decatur, Ill. Sold by Druggists. PRICE $1.00.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE WEEKLY [illegible] SPECIAL REPORTERS.

Items Personal or Otherwise From all Parts of The County, Mingled with Local Political Reflections The Lively West End.

LaRue.

Weather is clearing up favorable after the flood; by tomorrow, if no rain, seeding can be resumed. A little late, but necessity unavoidably compels. If the weather is favorable a greater acreage will be sown than usual, notwithstanding the flood. I will endeavor to report the number of acres sown in western precinct of Montgomery, and if somebody from each township and precinct in the county would do so it would be well. Pastures are growing fast.

The acre measured off for the new school house, near the C. and A. railroad, on the Kenton gravel road, will probably, in thirty days, have a school house upon it.

W. R. Morris expects to visit his son David and family, in Kansas, soon.

John Virden, who graduated at Belview Medical College, N. Y., is expected home. He has spent nearly a year at the hospital since he graduated. He expects to locate in the spring. Then the tug will come.

Beale for Probate Judge and the people would have a chance to make a good selection. Farmers have a great deal of business in the probate office, and they are interested in seeing a man well qualified and reliable. Beale is honorable, pleasant and well qualified and suited to the place. His reputation and standing will bear investigation, so will his capacity to satisfactorily fill the office of Probate Judge. The people in Marion county have had experience with poorly qualified officials and their pockets have suffered some. Never elect a man to a responsible office poorly qualified for the place, because he has been a reliable Democrat or Republican. If you were looking for a hand to work on a farm you would look for one who understood farming and was industrious. Make the same rule in selecting public servants. Don't make a nomination equivalent to an election, make reputation and qualification the test. Let us compel political parties to make creditable nominations if they expect our votes.

The flood about spoiled the few potatoes we had out here. Wheat out in the stack much damaged, near all thrashed, however.

Waddle was out here yesterday, insuring Samuel Hopkins. Spent last night here.

Sept. 17, 1890. C.

Agosta.

Rev. M. D. Scott on last Sabbath morning delivered a master sermon, from the text, "For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crusified." In the evening the Sabbath school gave a concert to a large and appreciative audience.

Mrs. Grimm accompanied her mother, Mrs. Reese, who has been spending a few weeks in Agosta, to her home in Columbus. Mrs. Grimm spent this week there and took in the State Fair.

M. S. Berge passed through our village Tuesday, en route for the State Fair at Columbus, with a fine team of horses.

Wilson Imbody and several others in and around Agosta, attended the State Fair.

Amos Gray, of Cochranton, was in town one day this week.

A wedding took place at Mrs. Dutton's, east of town, this week. The contracting parties were Mrs. Elizabeth Dutton, of Agosta, and Carl Prettyman, of LaRue.

A gang of Gypsies wended their way through our village Saturday last.

Messrs. Andy Strawser and Ira Furgerson's watermellon patches were visited Sabbath with six of Espy and Gurleyites. They were discovered, and Furgerson being too fleet footed for them, caught one, who showed a disposition to have a little combat. Furgerson was too much for him and shut off his wind, then letting him loose, the prisoner hollowed murder. Three of the rest came to his rescue, there to meet A. Strawser and Lewis and Mike Tron, who were prepared for the occasion. The parties were arraigned before his honor, L. H. Delauder. There was a settlement agreed upon by a promissory note, but three of those who promised bail gave it by going to Indiana, as we learn. Later a warrant was issued for Sherman Tongret, and on Monday he was brought before the 'squire, and pleaded not guilty. A trial resulted in a fine of $19.70.

Mrs. T. J. Bishop, of Marion, is the guest of B. F. Severns this week.

Dr. Free, of Green Camp, was over this week.

A baby boy came to the home of H. McColly, the 11th inst.

Mr. Brockesby, of Marion, is the guest of Thomas Wilson a few days.

Miss Maggie Rush, of near Denton, returned home Saturday, after visiting her uncle, G. T. Nesbum, for one week.

There are several strangers attending our schools this term.

Miss Ollie Tuttle is teaching a fall term at Morral; Estella Carey is teaching at Ground Hog school house, Belle Miller commenced a two month term of school in Cookston district last Monday.

A few barrels of cider were made at Snyder's press, north of town.

Paintings of the Johnstown flood were unfurled to a small audience Tuesday evening. Pretty thin affair.

We see a few of those reliable "Silver Oak" heating stoves at E. E. Brown's.

Pearl Johnston, a little daughter of A. C. and Clara Johnston, was on the sick list.

J. Clark shipped a car load of hogs, Wednesday.

Uncle Billy Rusler is around, after a few days sickness.

Miss Alice Daley is the guest of Miss Clara Hoke this week.

Miss Ada Stancliff, of LaRue, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Anna E. Brown.

Sept. 18, 1890 [illegible]

DeCliff.

Attend the fair

War in the west end again

Let the political pot boil hard

John Bain for state senator [illegible]

Sam Myers and D. H. [illegible] [illegible]

Add and John Bain [illegible] State Fair Thursday

Rev. Minesti, of [illegible], O., [illegible] at DeCliff Sunday last.

John Mills, of [illegible] after [illegible]

Kelly and [illegible] in the near future

The Farmers' A[illegible] grand meeting Tuesday [illegible]

Will Shultz, of Scott Town, was [illegible] Tuesday night, helping the DeCliff band play.

Mr. and Mrs. Eager, of St. Joe county, Ind., are visiting their son, Lee Eager, at DeCliff.

The town was all afloat Sunday, last on account of the heavy rain Saturday night.

Ellis Brown and wife returned Monday from an extended visit through the West.

The DeCliff schools commences Oct. 20 Sherd Mattix teaches his first term.

The Farmers' Alliance seems to be in good working order in this end of the county. Some very interesting meetings are being held weekly.

Chris Walters, night operator for C. and E. R'y, is fixing things to keep "bach" rather than board. He claims to be an expert cook.

The recent heavy rains it is feared will rot what potatoes there are in the ground, thereby entirely destroying the entire crop, which was very light in this vicinity.

A skirmish fight between Gen'l Aaron Sharp and Col. Elmer Mayfield took place Tuesday night in the west end. These two armies have been maneuvering for positions for some time. The skirmishing lasted about two hours, both sides being completely out of ammunition (wind) before they retired from the field of battle. The Women's Relief Corps was out looking after the wounded, but found no one seriously hurt except Lieutenant Bill Anderson, who was shot in the mouth with the neck of a bottle. Two or three others were hurt the same way. Capt. Will Burley also arrived on the scene with a squad of cavalry, being sent over from the barracks by General Jake Mohr, to relieve both sides. No juice being in sight, Capt. Burly retired behind Petty's hen coops and waited orders. Picket lines were thrown out and a hard battle is momentarily expected. Later, both armies resting upon their elbows.

Sept. 17, 1890. JOE STIKES.

Claridon-Adelaide.

Mrs. Ullom and Messrs. Garvin and Owen are much improved, but Miss Coleman is no better.

Mrs. Henry Garvin received a box of very fine peaches from Bloomington, Ill., Saturday.

Although the weather was very disagreeable, about eighty of the invited guests were present at the McDonald Hanes wedding. It was a time long to be remembered, and the supper was one fit for a king [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] were [illegible] [illegible]

Mrs. Deveny [illegible] Dawson, [illegible] Saturday.

John [illegible] had [illegible] twenty acres of corn covered with water Thursday and Friday of last week [illegible]

There have been two [illegible] at Mr. Joe M[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

G. F. Haxx has been [illegible] Owen the past week.

The general health of our vicinity is better, and this gives our doctors a little rest.

Mrs. John Hersey had ten acres of corn that was cut washed away by the high water and does not know where it went.

Dr. C. C. Owen departed Tuesday for Claybourn, O., where he will begin the practice of medicine.

Mrs. B. R. Howser and children spent Monday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Mitchell.

Mr. John Gruber is mending slowly. He is afflicted with sciatic rheumatism.

Mrs. A. M. Williams spent Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Warwick.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Bolinger spent Sabbath with Mrs. Elizabeth Fletcher.

Sept. 17, 1890. Z.

Brush Ridge.

The past week records one of the largest floods that has visited this section in years, so say old settlers. Great damage has been done to crops along the streams, as well as to fences. Mr. Will White, of Wyandot, lost forty head of sheep by the flood in the Sandusky river, others found their stock completely surrounded by water upon last Thursday morning. The pastures along the Scioto are almost worthless since the overflow.

Mrs. Andy Bretz is quite sick with hay fever.

Elder Sherwood, of Delaware county, preached at the First Baptist church here the evening of the 15th inst. He was stopping at his brother-in-law's, John Hite.

There were a few jobs of threshing done this week which were considerably damaged by the heavy rains, some ricks being wet almost through.

Corn is not ripening as well as we might desire, there being but little that is in condition to cut.

But a very small amount of wheat is sown, what there is looks well where the water did not stand upon it too long.

Miss Fannie Hatty, of Bucyrus, spent Saturday and Sunday with W. H. Booze and family.

The fall pasturage will be very plenty for stock until winter. ANON.

Sept. 17, 1890.

[illegible] struck on a whaler, [illegible] from Sitka with his [illegible] story of how he came [illegible] bride reads like the [illegible] John Smith. [illegible] Wing [illegible] was [illegible] Alaskan coast and Wing [illegible] where he was found [illegible] treated him kindly [illegible] his suspicions [illegible] in the [illegible] he was to be bar[illegible] [illegible] and on [illegible] brought out [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] in a [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Wonderful Congo River.

For our knowledge of the dimensions and navigable lengths of the Congo, the largest, and, next to the Nile, the longest African river, the world is indebted almost entirely to Mr. Stanley, its discoverer, and the founder of the great Free State within its basin. According to Mr. Stanley the Congo is more than 3,000 miles long, and in size and volume the second river of the world, the first being presumably the Amazon. Like the Nile, the Congo has one stretch of uninterrupted navigation 1,000 miles long between Stanley Pool and Stanley Falls.

Unfortunately for commerce, however, this magnificent stretch of water is separated from the sea by a series of insurmountable cataracts that compel a portage of 235 miles, or two portages of 85 and 50 miles and many transfers. The largest of all African rivers, and probably the most valuable from a commercial point of view, more promptly and more emphatically than any of the others forbids the upward progress of the steamer.—Thomas Stevens in Scribner's.

A Gorgeous Mausoleum.

After five years' litigation, during which time the interest on the large sum bequeathed has accumulated, the American courts have decided that the gorgeous mausoleum on the hill overlooking Spa, in memory of an American lady whose maiden name was Sarah Strother, is to be built. The edifice in question will be an exact replica of the chapel of the Knights of St. John at Rome, and the interior will be composed entirely of white Sicilian marble and mosaics. The bodies of the Strothers will lie under three tombs in a crypt; the garden surrounding the church is over four acres in extent; a spacious house is to be erected for the "perpetual guardian," the English chaplain for the time being, and the whole is to cost nearly £40,000. The rest of the Baroness Fahnenberg's enormous fortune is to be devoted to the construction of almshouses in Kentucky. —London World.

Boys Capture a Thief.

A desperate horse thief in Maine, who escaped from jail, has been captured by boys. Discovering him they gave chase and cornered him in a deserted house, where one of the lads drew a toy pistol and fired several blank cartridges at him. The fellow then gave himself up. A carriage was obtained and he was returned to jail by the triumphant youngsters.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Cranberry packing [illegible] an [illegible] industry [illegible]

Count von Moltke will [illegible] [illegible] kept as a [illegible] went into the military [illegible] Copenhagen barracks at [illegible] 12 years.

WARNER & EDWARDS'

FALL AND WINTER ANNOUNCEMENT.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Dress Goods, Cloaks and Shawls, Domestics, Notions!

Three Solid Floors Loaded With

DRY GOODS AND CARPETS!

First and Second Floors, Retail; Third Floor, Wholesale.

First Floor---Dress Goods, Underwear, Flannels, Blankets, Domestics, Notions, Etc.

Second Floor---Carpet Department, Cloak and Shawl Department:

Third Floor---Wholesale Department.

Having taken the third floor of the building we are better prepared than ever for Increased Business in All Departments.

Dress Goods!

Novelties,
Pattern Suits,
Beautiful Plaids,
Camels' Hair,
Cheviots
and the best values ever shown in Plain Fabrics.

CARPETS.

Beautiful Patterns in Beautiful Colorings in Moquette, Body Brussels and Ingrain Carpets. People furnishing houses can be suited and can save money with us. Carpets made and laid by superior workmen.

Yarns and Blankets.

Honest Woolens from Mechanicsburg, Ohio, the best goods in the State—Skirts, Flannels, Yarns and Blankets.

Black Dress Goods!

The popularity of Black Dress Goods still increases. We have the correct things.

Black Dress Silks.

The New French Weaves!

Warranted to Give Satisfaction!

RUGS.

Wilton Rugs, Astrachan Rugs,
Smyrna Rugs,
Ingrain Rugs, Mats, Hassocks, Etc.

UNDERWEAR.

Our line is very complete and contains the best values that we have ever shown. Natural Gray, Camels Hair, Scarlet and White for Men, Ladies, Boys, Children and Infants.

Cloaks, Wraps!

Popular Stockinette Jackets, stylish Cloth Jackets in new shapes, desirable Long Wraps.

PLUSH CLOAKS.

Reefers, Long Cloaks, Misses' Jackets (very stylish), all of the new shapes in Ladies' Plush Wraps. Special inducements to early purchasers.

DRAPERIES.

Portiers by the yard or by the pair,
Irish Point Curtains,
Swiss Lace Curtains,
Shades, Poles, Etc

Flannels & Canton Flannels.

Medicated Scarlet Flannels, celebrated Shaker Flannels, beautiful French Flannels, Shirting Flannels. Customers will find our Canton Flannels at 7, 8 and 10c, the best goods shown in Marion for the money.

With increased facilities for handling goods in quantities we can at all times give the very lowest possible prices on every article in our line. We are in constant receipt of New Goods, and at all times will show the most attractive and desirable things in the market.

WARNER & EDWARDS.

CUNNINGHAM & STOWE

226 EAST CENTER STREET, MARION, OHIO.

Sanitary Plumbers.

LORAIN
HYDRANTS
—AND—
Street Washers.

CONSTRUCTION:

All wearing parts are made of heavy Brass and Galvanized inside and out Will last you for years.

GAS FITTING!

VAUGHAN & ALLEN, PLUMBERS!

STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,

223 North Main [illegible]

In order [illegible] we may not carry a large stock [illegible] we are selling 15c and [illegible] [illegible]

CALL AND SEE THEM.

HOW —TO— SAVE MONEY!

If you want to Save Money call and examine goods and get prices before you buy, for the

PALACE

Is Headquarters for All Family Supplies, and we have not advanced prices yet with the market. This is an excellent opportunity for laying in a Fall and Winter Supply, as goods are rapidly advancing.

We have a 60lb keg of Apple Butter; will sell at a bargain. It's guaranteed to be pure and first-class.

Canned Peaches, Pine Apples, Apricots, Plums—Golden Drop and Green Gage. Corn—very fine and three for 25c, Apples for Pies, all at the lowest price.

Six 3/4 lb Bars of Soap for 25c; a good Wash Soap, 12 cakes for 25c; fancy Toilet Soap, 5c per cake.

Good Coffee for 25c and upward to 35c, for a fancy.

Try the Eagle Flour, the best in the market.

Good Meat, 9c. Kingan's Meat always on hand—the finest in the market.

Six Boxes Matches for 10c.

Tea, 35c to 80c per lb.

We knock them all out on Sugars—give us a call.

Just think of it! 1lb good Plug Tobacco, 25c. 1lb Fine cut, 30c.

Don't forget to give us a trial. We will do you good

PALACE GROCERY,

Corner Center and West Sts., [illegible]

The Sandusky BUSINESS COLLEGE

AND SCHOOL OF SHORTHAND.

[illegible] teachers [illegible] work. Modern methods. Low expenses. 90 per cent. of graduates in good positions. Commercial, Shorthand, Typewriting and practical English Course. For Catalogue, address R. L. Meredith, Prin., Sandusky O.

ECKHART,

—THE—

FINE TAILOR!

Call and examine my immense stock of

Suitings, Overcoatings, Pantaloonings.

GARMENTS CUT TO PLEASE!
WE CAN FIT YOU!
PERFECT WORKMANSHIP!

SATISFACTION OR NO SALE!

Complete Line of

READY-MADE CLOTHING & FURNISHING GOODS

SCHOOL SHOES

For the children, good serviceable Shoes that will wear the worth of the purchase price. A new lot just in.

LADIES' WEAR

No one can offer better, more stylish or more serviceable shoes for the money than our Ladies' Hand Welt Shoes, ranging in price from $3 to 4.50. Of course we have higher grades, but these are recommended for economy.

MEN'S FINE SHOES

In an endless variety at prices that make them the best bargains offered.

J. E. RHOADS, S. Main Street.

—Mollie Wilkes.

—Little Giant school shoe at Tristram & Young's.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ira Uhler spent Friday at Columbus.

—More new goods received at Mrs. Baldwin's. Styles entirely new. tf

—Miss Hite, of Lancaster, trimmer at Mrs. Baldwin's, has returned from Columbus.

—Received, new lot of steel and black dress trimmings, in sets and by the yard. Seffner Bros.

—J. H. Neely, of Greenville, Ohio, is visiting his son, G. W. Neely, and his daughter, Mrs. M. H. Pinyerd.

—Mrs. S. J. Southard and Miss Sallie S. Painter, of West Mansfield, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Morrill, on north East street.

—Frank Stoll, through the real estate firm of Chase & Hunter, has purchased a lot in Lettler's addition and will erect a dwelling at once.

—A good house attended the show given by the Imperial Minstrels, at Music Hall, Friday night, but the perdid not give general satisfaction.

—Tom Hanagan, who has been employed at Kansas City as telegraph operator, for the past year, has come back to Ohio and spent Friday among his friends here.

—Edwin W. Lewis, general agent of the Gilbert Opera Co., was in the city today arranging for the appearance of his company here next Friday and Saturday evenings.

—Col. and Mrs. W. P. Hazen expect to return to Florida next week. Mrs. Hazen has been ill for the past two or three weeks, but it is believed she will be able to make the journey next week. We would rather, of course, that the Colonel could remain, but he knows a good thing in returning to the glorious southern home for winter.

—For nice goods at reasonable prices call at Mrs. Baldwin's.

The Latest Sensation.

The many sensations of the last few days has been capped by the one just come to the surface; unlike the others, this one is doing some good to the public at large. Kleinmaier Bros., the strictly one price clothiers, have the sensation of the day, in their new tailor made suits and overcoats which for fine work, good taste and style, lead the merchant tailors.

Among the many novelties new this season, they are showing a line of fine clay diagonal suits in sack and cutaway coats. This cloth never wears shiney, is very soft to the touch and is the proper thing for dress suits. In black cheviots they have every grade in sack and cutaways, both flat bound and unbound, also double breasted coats with double breasted vests.

Their black cheviot overcoats are certainly the novelty of this fall. They are a short English box coat, with very wide welts, Prince Albert collar and a new row of stitching around the [illegible] collar and cuffs. You should also see the handsome Melton, Kersey, Worsted and chinchilla overcoats they show.

Their prices are right, depend on it. It

NEW INCORPORATION.

The McMurray & Fisher Sulky Company Organized, with Increased Capital Stock. Election of Directors.

The McMurray & Fisher Sulky Company was incorporated under the laws of Ohio, Thursday, September 18, with a capital stock of $100,000. The organization of the company has been completed by the election of the following directors: Thomas J. McMurray, William B. Fisher, John J. Hane, Charles C. Fisher and George McMurray.

The chief objects in the formation of this company are to perpetuate and enlarge the already extensive and profitable business of McMurray & Fisher. The business of this firm has long been established and constantly increasing, and there is no doubt but that the formation of this company will naturally lead to the enlargement of facilities for manufacturing the well-known McMurray & Fisher sulky, and possibly a branching into other lines.

Messrs. McMurray & Fisher will leave next week for Europe, where they will look up their foreign business, which is already of considerable consequence.

COLLEGE HILL NOTES

Sam Bowers was circulating among our citizens last week.

Miss Cora Wonder, a former student of the Normal, was visiting friends here last week.

Mr. and Miss Selanders spent Sunday at the home of their mother at Waldo.

Miss Tillie Austin is attending school at the East school building this term.

Joseph Eccles, an old student of the Normal, was circulating among friends at College Hill Tuesday.

Miss Allie Riley was visiting friends on College Hill last Wednesday.

Jake Klinefelter was visiting Rev. A. W. Yale and family, on Franconia avenue, Friday.

Will and Frank Titus visited friends in our city this week.

Two of the new houses at Kensington are finished and already accupied.

Rev. Downer will hold services at the chapel Sunday morning and evening. All are invited to attend.

The old Philomathian Literary Society expects to reorganize in the near future and hold their meetings in a new hall in town.

Sept. 20. Incognito Mendax.

Probability of Peanut Parties.

A lady reader of The Star writes that a new entertainment for the winter will be peanut parties. Why peanuts? The common, cheap, every day peanut that our country swain purchases for his best girl to eat during the circus or as they go the rounds of the county fair. But you know the peanut is precious now, aye, even as gold. The supply required is [illegible] bags, and we, the people, have on hand about [illegible] bags—quite a discrepancy; and as "blessings brighten they take their flight" so will the virtues of the little nut increase as it becomes expensive, and we shall have peanut socials, and hunt-the-nut parties, and all the idiosyncracies in which society occasionally indulges.

IN CIRCUIT COURT.

GOOSE CREEK CASE DECIDED IN FAVOR OF DEFENDANTS.

A Victory for the "Food Sufferers" Along the Line of the Bothersome Ditch—The Court Sustains Defendants in Every Point—The Disposition of Other Cases.

The Circuit court adjourned Friday night about 9 o'clock, after disposing of the case of George Roberts against the Board of County Commissioners and others. The court had a long seige with the case, it being a difficult one to decide. There has been no precedent in Ohio that exactly fitted the case. The plaintiffs alleged that there was no sufficient outlet or terminus for the contemplated ditch—Goose Creek—improvement, and that if there was it was not within the jurisdiction of the county commissioners; that said improvement was a matter for either township trustees or the town council of the village of Marion to authorize; that the course and direction of said ditch had been changed and that the county commissioners had no authority of law to assess lands lying in the corporate limits; and that two of the commissioners, Philip Loyer and Isaac Merchant, were assessed for the construction of the ditch, and therefore had no authority to act in the matter. The court found that the village had been duly notified of said contemplated improvement, and had failed to take any action in the matter, and that their failure to so act gave the county commissioners absolute authority; that the law disqualifying a commissioner to act in a matter where he was personally interested related only to joint county ditches and did not apply to ditches within a single county; and therefore the fact that the lands of Loyer and Merchant were assessed for the Goose Creek improvement did not disqualify them from acting in the capacity of commissioners and making the assessment for the construction thereof.

The natural inference gathered from the decision of the court is that the plaintiff had mistaken his remedy, that the proper remedy would have been an appeal from the action of the board of county commissioners to the probate court, where the case would have been submitted to a jury and the benefits and damages assessed by it; that the court of equity has no right to interfere in a matter where a party has redress in an action at law.

The petition was dismissed at the costs of the plaintiff; motion for new trial was overruled; plaintiff excepted and gave notice of appeal.

OTHER CASES.

In the case of Richard Justice and Lorenzo Spragg against the Board of County Commissioners, a proceeding to enjoin the construction of a ditch, the plaintiffs alleged that they were assessed too much. The common pleas court had reduced the assessments of plaintiffs with provision that it be assessed on abutting property. The circuit court reversed the judgment of the court of common pleas, holding that appeal should have been made to the probate court.

The case of L. P. Lewis, executor of the estate of Hannah Farmer, deceased, against Princess O. Gray, in error to the court of common pleas, was also heard. Princess O. Gray brought suit in the court of common pleas and recovered a judgment against the executor for $1100, for taking care of Hannah Farmer during her last illness. Deceased had agreed to make defendant a legatee of her will to pay for services rendered. This she failed to do to the satisfaction of Mrs. Gray, hence the suit. The circuit court held that the court of common pleas erred in allowing the will to be construed by the jury, and in admitting certain evidences as to what plaintiff expected the will to contain. The judgment of the common pleas court was reversed and the case remanded for further proceedings.

The following cases were continued by agreement. John Hoberman vs. Angelina D. Hurd et al. Annie E. Young et al. vs. Harrison Ulsh. C., C., C. and I. R'y Co. vs. George Cook, treasurer. Liba Smith vs. Lemuel H. Holland.

The case of the State of Ohio on relation of James F. Lawrence against the Village of Marion, a proceeding in mandamus to compel the council to award contract for the repairing of certain streets to the relator, was dismissed.

The case of Richard Thew and others against William T. Brocklesby and others was continued on the application of plaintiffs. Motion for the increase of the injunction bond was overruled.

Half Fare Home Seekers Excursion South.

Those contemplating a trip to the new South for pleasure or in quest of new fields of labor should not fail to call or write on any agent of the Queen and Crescent route. This line will on September 9th and 23d and October 14th sell round trip tickets to points in Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, Arkansas and Texas, at one fare for the round trip. Tickets good 30 days for return. Four express trains leave Grand Central Depot, Cincinnati, daily, with through sleeping cars for Harriman, Cardiff, Rockwood, Chattanooga, Attalla, Birmingham, Meridian, New Orleans and Jacksonville, Florida. Making connection with through sleeper Chattanooga to Jackson and Vicksburg, Miss. This is your opportunity to visit the blooming South. The fall is the time to see it. September and October are pleasant months to travel. Be sure and ask for rates and tickets via Queen and Crescent route or D. G. Edwards, G. P. and T. A., Cincinnati, O. [sat45wk

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The Liberal Clothing Dealers, make this generous donation. Make your fall purchases in Clothing of us. We guarantee to take better care of you, both as to prices and quality, than any clothing establishment in the state, giving you full value on each and every article you buy. You know our motto, "The best value at one low price, free from all baits and deceptions." We have used the utmost care in placing the Best Selected and Largest Stock of Clothing for men, boys and children ever in the County, and we earnestly hope you will honor us with an inspection whether you buy or not.

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MAMMOTH CLOTHIERS AND HATTERS.

JNO. M. CLEARY, Salesman. DOUBLE STORE. ED STAIGER, Salesman.

Little Giant School Shoe at Tristram & Young's

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The Irving Society Opens the Literary Series in High School, with an Interesting Program.

The first literary exercises of the High School, this term, were given Tuesday afternoon, by the Irving society. Immediately after recess the President, Orlie Rapp, and Secretary Effie Hale, took their places, and proceeded to perform their duties in a very satisfactory manner. At roll call each member responded with a quotation from some standard author. After the reading of the minutes by the secretary, the following program was rendered: Music, solo, Florence Lewellyn. Inaugural address, President Rapp; essay, "Queer People," Florence Foye. Recitation, "The Little Cripple Boy," Effie Hale. Debate, "Resolved, That strikes are a benefit to the laboring class"; affirmative, Mary Fies, Victo Jump; negative, Earl Kennedy, Alice Crow. Essay, "Games," William McCullem. Extemporaneous speech, W. E. Gladstone, Carroll Davidson. Reading of Irving Chronicle, Ethel Clark. Recitation, "Deacon's Prayer," Florence Llewellen. Oration, "Washington Irving," May Roberts. Extemporaneous speech, "County Fair," Stella Waddle. Essay, "Social Influences," Ava Wilson. Recitation, "An Old Man's Story," Florence Douglas.

Every speaker was prepared and responded promptly. The exercises, from the president's inaugural to the closing recitation, were all good and reflect credit upon the society.

We admire the motto of the Irvings—"Qui patitur vincet"—"He who endures will conquer," and hope it may be a constant inspiration to effort.

The next exercises of this society will be given three weeks from yesterday. Visitors will receive a cordial welcome.

NOTES.

Orlie Rapp makes a good president.

The affirmative won the debate by one vote.

Tracy Allen makes an excellent marshal.

There were nineteen visitors at the exercises.

Miss Fite, the critic, gave some excellent suggestions.

The societies are thinking of having some popular lectures or concerts.

Ada Bowen, Fred Dombaugh and Fred Titus were the judges.

Longfellow society will have exercises next Friday afternoon. All are invited.

The debate awakened a lively interest and proved that the young ladies can debate.

The plan of having two literary societies in the High school, organized after the plan of colleges, gives a drill in society work and parliamentary practice that will prove valuable.

Cheap Excursion West and Northwest.

On Sept. 6th, 23d and Oct. 14th, the popular Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City R'y will sell excursion tickets at one fare for the round trip to the West and Northwest. For rates and information, address

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Shorthand, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Elocution and Music.

All Students of the Marion Normal School Paying $8.00 Tuition in the Literary Course may receive Instructions in the above named branches Free of Charge.

Next Term Begins October 13, '90.

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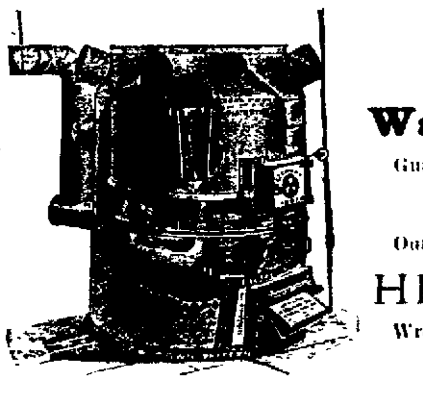

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Wrought Steel Ranges, Grates, Mantles, Enameled and Glazed Tiles are now on our floors.

Call and See Us. We Want Your Trade!

A Site for the Fair

Has been the interesting theme discussed by thousands in the past few months. I wish to interest you in a discussion. "The Site for the Fair," meaning, of course, the Ladies of Marion, is the Delightful Display of New Styles in

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Now on view at our store. I can fit any foot, furnish any style of Shoe and guarantee all work to be of the best. I want to

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Of winning the World's Fair by a greateer feat—winning the custom of the Fair of Marion. If I can win I can hold it by quality and prices.

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" 37.	Brick house, 8 rooms, 3 lots, barn, well and cistern,	3000
" 36.	Large and small house with lot, respectively, $1000 and	500
" 35.	House of 3 rooms, cellar, shed, barn, two lots, fruit, well and cistern,..........	1000
" 34.	Lot 209, house, barn, fruit; central; cheap,........	2100
" 33.	New house and barn, nice lot; near fair ground,....	1600
" 32.	Brick residence, beautiful lot, opp. Union S. B.,....	7500
" 31.	Large frame house, lot, stable, cellar, fruit, etc.,....	3300

No. 30	Beautiful lots, cheap for location, $2000 $1000, $1200,	1000
" 20	Lots central, east side Girard street, -	$150 and $550
" 18	[illegible] acres nearly, with large house (cost $2200), small house all for - -	2500
17.	House and lot on Grand avenue, - - -	900
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" 15.	Splendid house, large barn, large lot, corner south and Windsor streets, - worth, $3000.	2700

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HORRORS ABROAD.

America Not the Only Home of Deadly Tragedies.

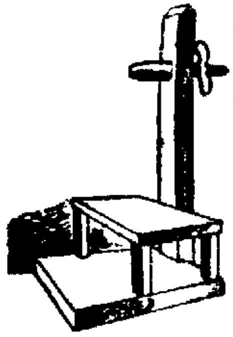
SCENE OF TORTURE AT MADRID.

The Blood Curdling Execution of a Young Woman by Means of the Garrote—Death Dealing Cyclone in France—The Great Fire at Martinique's Capital

Every once in a while, as, for instance, after the execution of Kemmler, foreign newspapers and magazines serve to their readers highly seasoned romances regarding the perils of life in America, the dangers of travel and the continuous turbulence of the elements. The impression is conveyed that the average American citizen shoots on sight, hangs people as inclination moves him, smashes up trains through recklessness, and spends his leisure concealed from the tempest's constant wrath in a cyclone cave.

It is hardly worth while to controvert the cherished and harmless misconceptions of the "outlanders," but it may not be untimely to call attention to the fact that people are as wicked, cruel or negligent, and storm and fire as relentless elsewhere as within the bounds of the United States. The London and Paris journals speak with horror of Kemmler's sufferings in the chair of death, but his tortures were as nothing compared to those recently inflicted on a young woman at Madrid. If this is, as some assert, an era of truly diabolical murders and badly bungled executions, Spain has just furnished a case which combines both to an extent that has horrified even that case hardened nation. Higinia Balaguer, a servant who murdered her mistress, was choked to death by the garrote so slowly that her face and body were distorted out of all likeness to humanity.

The reports say "murdered," but there is much doubt of it in the minds of the people, for the circumstances were to the last degree puzzling. Marchioness de Valera was found in her room dead and badly hacked by some persons who heard her scream and came to her rescue. In an adjoining room lay Higinia Balaguer, apparently in a dead faint. She was revived, but appeared insane, and told so many different stories that no less than twenty persons were arrested on her testimony and held till they proved alibis. Among these was the son of the murdered woman, the Marquis de Valera.


SPANISH GARROTE.

He proved that he was then in jail serving a short sentence for a brutal assault, but several persons testified that they saw him on the streets that evening. The officers of the prison were thus put under suspicion, and the people reasoned very naturally that they would strain every nerve to convict the girl. The marquis was on bad terms with his mother, who was very wealthy, and had been heard to wish that she was dead.

Higinia was then closely confined, and subjected to incessant importunities by officials and priests, as a result of which she finally confessed that she and one Dolores Avila had committed the murder. No motive could be assigned, as there was no robbery, and no ill feeling could be proved. Both women were convicted, but Dolores got off with a sentence to seventeen years' imprisonment. The most horrible stories became current. A favorite theory with many was that Dolores was the real murderer, and was hired to do the deed by the victim's son.

For twenty-four hours before her execution Higinia was seated "in chapel," as the Spanish phrase and custom is, in full view of all who chose to attend, while constant relays of priests chanted prayers by her side. Eighteen months intervened between her condemnation and execution, so strong was the pressure to secure her pardon and release. The government finally refused to interfere and the Madrid executioner was instructed to make ready. He was so agitated by the taunts of the crowd, many of whom believed the girl innocent, that he turned the screw of the garrote before making the collar perfectly tight.

The results were horrible. The girl moaned piteously and struggled for a minute or two, and when the covering of her face was removed, according to custom, a cry of horror and disgust arose from the crowd. Many women fainted. Her face was hideous and her tongue protruded black and swollen, as the result of slow strangulation. Yet such is the [illegible] curiosity of mankind on such matters that during the ten hours the body remained exposed, according to Spanish law, almost every person in Madrid went to look at it.

HIGINIA BALA[illegible]

The Spanish garrote [illegible] collar secured to an upright [illegible] arranged that by [illegible] the executioner releases a p[illegible] instantly contracts the [illegible] tightly compress the neck, w[illegible] spike presses on the h[illegible] at the [illegible] the neck and base of the brain. [illegible] forms of the garrote [illegible] ward and [illegible] claimed that [illegible] painless.

France has [illegible] but has fallen to [illegible] cyclone. At [illegible] the comments of French [illegible] destructive tempest w[illegible] over the northern belt of [illegible] they compare it with the so-called cyclone of [illegible] Stat[illegible] is not so [illegible]. In [illegible] Amer[illegible] that [illegible] recently destr[illegible] houses [illegible] entirely away [illegible] partially destr[illegible]. The loss of life was [illegible] small. Probably not more than forty persons were killed outright, though many hundreds were injured in various ways and at least 6,000 laborers are thrown out of employment by the destruction of mills, shops and forests and the covering of fields by sand and debris.

The small loss of life is largely due to the fact that the people had warning, and this constitutes the peculiar feature of the case. Two lines of storm, so to speak, met, one passed over Dunkerque, and tore a little south and east, the other over Havre and Paris, bearing east. The rain which followed was so heavy and continuous that great gulches were torn in the hill sides and the sand and gravel carried over the cultivated valleys, while many animals, with stables and sheds, were literally washed away.

By a strange chance Capt. Lejeuille, of Dreux, where the two storms met, witnessed all the phenomena, and though thrown violently to the ground had nerve to take note of each stage in the affair. He relates that after an excessively hot day there suddenly appeared two very black clouds moving with great rapidity toward a common point, they met, there was a rush of air whirling around a central point, an awful and continuous thunder with brilliant lightning and after it a deluge of rain, the whole lasting not more than ten minutes.

The sky cleared, and though it was then 10 p. m. the moon was visible. Dijon and Dreux suffered considerably. Ranchetta, a hamlet of twenty five houses, was completely swept away. Three villages about as large, in an adjacent commune, were destroyed. Similar damage was inflicted elsewhere, and there is reason to suspect that the loss of life is underestimated by the French papers. Their explanation is that from three to five minutes elapsed between the beginning of the tornado and its most destructive stage, giving people time to avoid the most dangerous places.

WRECKED BY THE FRENCH CYCLONE.

The appearance of the devastated districts was very strange. The trees were not uprooted as in the United States, but their branches were stripped off. House roofs were not always blown off, but the houses were twisted to ruin under them. Bridge structures were broken into heaps, leaving the piers standing. Many other effects were quite different from those noticed in the United States—possibly due to the nature of the storm, and possibly to the method of building.

To give aid to the cyclone sufferers will now be the task of the journalists of Paris, who have already honorably distinguished themselves by leading in the organization of a relief committee to carry aid to the people of Fort de France, Martinique, which was largely destroyed by fire some weeks since. The committee has lately reported to the French papers that 1,600 houses were destroyed and some 10,000 people rendered homeless just before the beginning of the autumnal rains.

To appreciate the calamity to all France, and especially to Paris, one must remember that Martinique is France's most valued possession in western waters, and in many respects the most delightful place in the West Indies; that it maintains a closer connection with France than any other colony, and that nearly all the officials and active business men are temporary residents whose homes and near relatives are in France. The property loss by the fire was $5,000,000.

Along other lines of disaster it is the custom of foreign papers to refer shudderingly to the Ashtabula railway horror. Dreadful as was that catastrophe, however, it did not equal the Tay bridge tragedy in Scotland, where a whole train went to the bottom of the firth and not one of the [illegible] passengers came up alive.

A Mind Reader's Remarkable Feat.

Irving Bishop, the "mind reader," it will be recollected, died in New York city some months ago, immediately after performing a difficult feat. At Chicago [illegible] other day Paul Alexander Johnstone narrowly escaped the fate of Bishop while exercising his powers and a similar condition. He drove blindfolded through the streets to the [illegible] the Grand Pa[illegible] and there picked out a name [illegible] [illegible] at large remained [illegible]

Thirsting for Indian Blood.

Robert Wat[illegible] [illegible] He is a boy [illegible] hunter [illegible] success [illegible] at [illegible] New York [illegible] told [illegible] for his [illegible] when he [illegible] the other day he left [illegible] [illegible] Master R[illegible] [illegible] started.

[illegible] and Deaths.

[illegible]

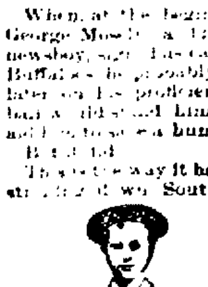
A GALLANT YOUNG CATCHER.

His Baseball Experience Aids Him to Save a Life.

When, at the beginning of the season, George Mosely, a 12-year-old New York newsboy, signed as catcher for the Young Buffaloes he probably had little idea that later on his proficiency in handling the ball would stand him in good stead and aid him to save a human life.

But it did.

This is the way it happened. George was strolling down South Fifth avenue the other afternoon when from above him came a crash and a scream. He looked up just in time to see a baby carriage fall from the roof of a four story tenement. It landed on a pile of baled rags, and the big bounce threw out 2-year-old Amelia Schnable, whose tender body plunged downward toward the stone pavement twenty feet below. Young Mosely was equal to the occasion. He braced his legs and held his hands as was his wont when stopping a hot in-curve, and literally caught the baby "on the fly." He staggered under the burden, but did not lose his grip. The child was saved, unharmed and not even frightened, for she looked into her rescuer's eyes and gleefully remarked, "Baby falled down." Amelia's perilous tumble was due to carelessness on the part of her brother, in whose charge she had been placed.

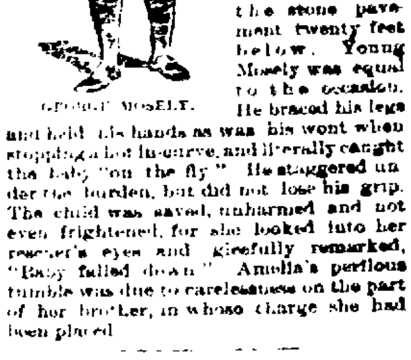

GEORGE MOSELY.

FOUND REST IN THE RIVER.

The Tragic and Mysterious Death of Robert Ray Hamilton.

Was his death accidental, or did he commit suicide?

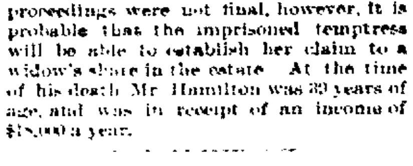
This question naturally arises in considering the tragic fate of Robert Ray Hamilton, whose body was found the other day in the Snake river, near the entrance to the Yellowstone National park. The man had endured enough disgrace—self invited though it may have been—to drive an ordinary mortal out of his senses. Bearing a distinguished name—he was the great-grandson of Alexander Hamilton—and endowed with ample fortune, splendidly equipped physically and mentally for the battle of life, and standing high in the social circles of New York, he had the ball at his feet, and might have risen to high place in the esteem of his fellowmen. How he met the adventuress Eva Steele, married her and accepted her statement that he was the father of a purchased infant came out in connection with a row at Atlantic City, N. J., in which Mrs. Hamilton stabbed a female nurse named Donnelly. The wounded woman recovered, her assailant was sent to the penitentiary and Hamilton began suit for a divorce.


MR. AND MRS. HAMILTON.

The wretched affair dragged its way slowly through the courts, and by a strange irony of fate the telegraph wires which announced the death of the plaintiff also bore to New York on the same day the news that the referee at Elmira had presented a report recommending that Hamilton be granted a decree. As the proceedings were not final, however, it is probable that the imprisoned temptress will be able to establish her claim to a widow's share in the estate. At the time of his death Mr. Hamilton was 39 years of age, and was in receipt of an income of $15,000 a year.

Fierce Natives of Germany.

A steamship recently brought to New York a dozen or so wild boars from the Black forest of Germany. They were imported by the millionaire Austin Corbin, who owns 25,000 acres of mountain and woodland in New Hampshire. Mr. Corbin already has on his preserve moose, caribou, elk, black and white tail deer and buffalo. The boars will join these animals in [illegible] about the big domain, and share with them the bathing privileges of three lakes and forty miles of streams. Although quite young they are fierce and treacherous, and when their tusks grow they will prove ugly customers [illegible]. Their color is a mixture of [illegible] yellow and dark brown. Their [illegible] dark brown, and their [illegible]


A BOAR FROM THE BLACK FOREST.

Garroting in Paris.

[illegible] of the roughs who swarm on the [illegible] Seine, at Paris tired of [illegible] experiments of street robbery [illegible] a method of their [illegible] with a long leather lasso [illegible] the exterior boulevards [illegible] half strangling [illegible] valuable weapon [illegible] they possess [illegible] of this kind they [illegible] easily. The last way [illegible] their clutches was a [illegible] way home at night [illegible] lassoed him [illegible] watch and money, and [illegible] half strangled and [illegible] found in this condition [illegible] conveyed to [illegible]

Savagery a Cure for Disease.

[illegible] the practice of a [illegible] the lancing of [illegible]

JUSTICE FOILED.

Instances Where Murder Will Not Out.

HIDEOUS CRIMES UNAVENGED.

A Strange and Inexplicable Assassination at San Francisco—New York's Bloody Puzzle—Cincinnati's Shanty Boat Mystery—Startling Deductions.

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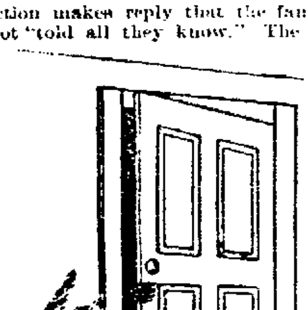
There is a popular saying that "Murder will out," and a more absurd or unsupported proverb never obtained general credence; for even of the known murders a very large portion are never traced to the perpetrators, and in the very nature of things there must be very many unlawful killings in which the fact of murder is not even suspected. The plain truth is that murder escapes detection about as often as any other serious crime; or, if there is any difference, it arises from the fact that murder excites more wide-spread horror than any other crime, and therefore many more people are willing to assist in detecting the guilty.

SAM JACOBSON.

Consider this fact. At this very time no less than twenty mysterious murder cases are employing the energies of police and detectives in the United States, and it is as certain as any future event can be that justice will fail in at least half the cases. Some of them are mysterious indeed. A few weeks since Samuel M. Jacobson, an Israelite, aged 28 years, living at 2,590 California street, San Francisco, roused his mother and sisters about half an hour after midnight with the statement that he had been shot. He declared that two men had robbed him in front of the house, and that one of them shot him. He died in a day or so, and then the formation of "theories" began.

One set of detectives decided with great positiveness that he was shot inside the house, for there were too many people on the street for robbery and murder to take place there and the robbers escape. Another faction maintains that the murdered man's dying statement was correct, and a third is positive that he was shot by a woman. On the other hand his mother and sisters, who were asleep in the house, did not hear the shot, and a janitor at the distance of a block did hear it. To this one faction makes reply that the family have not "told all they know." The papers have taken sides as usual, and so the mystery grows more dense the more it is examined. In view of this and other recent cases one can easily accept the opinion of an expert that it will soon be as disgraceful for a family to lose a member by murder as by hanging, and far more ruinous.


THE BLOOD STAINED DOOR.

On the evening of Labor Day Frank Malaschitz, an Austrian, living with his wife at 318 East Seventy first street, New York, stepped into the room of his neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Walsh. There his wife saw him at or about 11 o'clock, and then and there all certainty ends, for within half an hour he staggered into his own room horribly gashed in the abdomen, and before morning was dead. Now the believers in the maxim first quoted would say nothing was easier than to get the facts in this case, yet it has proved impossible, and mystery increases with inquiry.

BERT ROSS.

Mrs. Walsh and her daughter Julia testify that they departed, leaving Walsh and Malaschitz drinking beer together. Walsh testified that the murdered man was soon seized with nausea and stepped out doors. Mrs. Malaschitz testified that she heard the noise of violent scuffling, and immediately after her husband came [illegible] "What kind of a wife are you [illegible] to my help when I call [illegible]" [illegible] the neighbor woman [illegible] Malaschitz's help testified that she [illegible] the wounded man exclaim [illegible] language, "Ach, Gott [illegible]" answer to a question [illegible]

The Walshes were arrested [illegible] court was soon in session [illegible] evidence to hold them, and [illegible] discharged them. Then a dark and horrible [illegible]. One detective gave it [illegible] of the man had been murdered [illegible] on his back in the bed [illegible] when the police entered [illegible] was but a large knife [illegible] into the arm and jerked [illegible] the artery was thereby severed [illegible] from the knife was spattered [illegible]. The blood was there, just as it [illegible] thus from a knife, and then [illegible] were cut in a way most unlikely [illegible] by an enemy in front. Stains of [illegible] fingers were also on the door.

It was known that Mrs. Malaschitz was very [illegible]. Malaschitz was a fairly strong man, while Walsh is undersized and apparently dying of consumption. The police searched thoroughly for a knife, but have found none capable of doing the bloody work. And lastly, Malaschitz just before death murmured something about having been robbed and murdered. And in just that condition of mystery this peculiar case remains, despite all that police and detectives can do.

Cincinnati has had its full share of mysterious murders, and is just now laboring to get at the details of one as mysterious as any.

John Keys and his wife, aged but 19 and 17 respectively, lived temporarily on a wharf boat at Lawrenceburg, a few miles below Cincinnati, and a man whose supposed name was Fee remained with them some time. One night he disappeared. A woman on an adjoining boat declared that she saw the parties go to the Kentucky shore late at night, and heard shots and screams. A body was found in the river, and so the chain of testimony was supposed to be complete.

It was soon proved, however, that the body was not that of Fee, but of a Cincinnati lad named Rusk, and that Fee and Keys had both decamped. Another "theory" had to be formed, of course, but that was in a measure spoiled by the voluntary testimony of Mrs. Keys, who was visiting her mother in Cincinnati, without thought that she and hers were objects of suspicion. She showed that Fee left them some time before, and it was Rusk who crossed the river with them, that the men fired their guns there and that Rusk left them to go to Cincinnati.

Buffalo is wrestling with a compound mystery. Charles Kelly was the important witness in a case involving the death of one Cox, and expressed fears for his own safety. He took a walk one evening, and was killed very near the spot where Cox got his death wound. Chicago always has a murder mystery on hand, and New York is never without two or three. In short, if the reader believes the old adage, let him try it in this way. Count all the murders reported in a month, say, and then take off the number of murderers actually detected. Then consider that by poison and other secret methods there are as many murders unsuspected, and you will see that "murder will not always out."

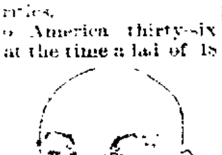
J. H. BEADLE.

A POET IN PRISON.

His Name Is Tau Lau, and He Has No Pigtail.

Tau Lau is a Chinese poet. He is also an inmate of the St. Louis workhouse, to which he was sent recently on a charge of vagrancy. When not engaged in breaking stone he writes verse of more or less merit. The rhymes at least please the other convicts, to whom he recites them, and they are as yet his only critics.

Tau Lau came to America thirty-six years ago. He was at the time a lad of 18 and knew no English. Now he has a good acquaintance with the language. As one step toward bringing himself in touch with American customs he cut off his queue. That was just after the close of the war. His countrymen resented Tau Lau's conduct in a peculiar Oriental manner. At that time he ran a gambling house in San Francisco. A "job" was put up on him, and three conspirators won all his money. Then he received notice to leave town. He did so, and since has been a wanderer, doing some work, writing much poetry and getting into numerous scrapes. Here is one of his productions:


TAU LAU.

Chinaman sneers as I go by,
American gives me kick;
No place or country have I;
My condition makes me sick.

A Rapid Ride for Life.

The bite of the Gila monster, a hideous reptile that thrives in the deserts of Arizona, is said to be fatal. An exception to the rule survives, however, in the person of Walter L. Vail, a cattle dealer, who was nipped on the hand by one of the hideous things not long ago. Of his experience after being bitten he said recently:

"Some one in the party tied a string around my finger and another around my wrist to stop the circulation of the poisoned blood, and I took a big swallow of whisky, not as an antidote, but as a stimulant. Everybody expected to see me die right there, but I made up my mind to live, if possible. I mounted my horse, and started on a twenty three mile ride to Pantano station, and I tell you it was a ride for life. I made those twenty three miles in just one hour and twenty-five minutes. By the time I reached Pantano my back and my legs began to pain. I felt like a man who was under the influence of a strong current of electricity and suffered greatly. An engine for which I had telegraphed on arrival arrived at the station about an hour after I had reached it, and I was conveyed to Tucson, a distance of twenty eight miles. Medical science saved my life, but [illegible] I had passed through ten days of intense suffering."

A Strong Man's Last Wager.

A [illegible] wager with fatal results was [illegible] at Sieping, in Bavaria. A [illegible] strong man named Freytag [illegible] that a horse could not move him from [illegible] of his house. The horse was [illegible] Freytag [illegible] arms and feet [illegible] the stern, the man with whom the bet had been made, fixed a rope around Freytag's neck. At the first [illegible] the horse. A new rope having [illegible] stern plied his whip with [illegible] Freytag gave a [illegible] was dragged along for some yards. His neck was broken.

His Coolness Saved Him.

A native of [illegible] Clare Coggin by name, had a queer adventure with bees the other day [illegible] approached a hive from which [illegible] honey makers were swarming [illegible] settled on his head. With [illegible] them off he made for the river, waded in to his armpits and then settled down until his hat floated away. The bees left him, and he walked to land without a sting on his person.

OVER THE FENCE IS OUT.

How a Cincinnati Prisoner Took a Short Cut to Liberty.

Charles York got out of the county jail at Cincinnati, O., the other day in a peculiar manner. He was awaiting the action of the grand jury on a charge of cutting with intent to kill, and while a prisoner busied himself in removing the garbage from the kitchen to a part of the jail yard lying near the wall. By some means he secured a long mop handle and a piece of strong wire. The latter he bent into the shape of a letter S, and inserted through a hole in the handle. When an opportunity came he hooked the affair to the jail fence, climbed up, jumped over and was free. The first the officials knew of the affair was from a citizen, who saw York leap down and sprint for freedom through the nearest alleyway.

YORK SCALING THE WALL.

The escape was cleverly planned and successfully carried out.

TWO BABY BURGLARS.

They Rob a Store of Valuables Worth a Large Sum.

San Francisco is the home of two burglars who will not be prosecuted.

Their names are William Taylor and Mary Kauffmann. William is 4 years old and Mary is about the same age. One afternoon recently they opened a window to Mr. Armstrong's grocery store, at the corner of Alabama and Twenty-sixth streets, entered, and carried away a gold watch, some chains and other property of the aggregate value of $400. The "plunder" they distributed among their playmates, keeping only a supply of candy for themselves. No trace has been found of the missing property as yet. Mr. Armstrong, who is wealthy, chiefly mourns the loss of a rubber ball, the favorite toy of a little son who died the other day. If he could get that back he says the theft of the other articles would not worry him.

WILLIAM TAYLOR—MARY KAUFFMANN.

Modern Sun Worshipers.

A recent issue of a medical journal published at Vienna contains an account of a curious disease now prevailing to a limited extent at the Austrian capital. The victim while within the house shows no abnormal symptoms, but once out of doors fixes his eyes upon the sun, and instead of being dazzled is able to stare steadily at the fierce light. He spreads his legs so as to acquire a firm footing, his limbs become paralyzed, and for the time he hears no one speak to him, sees nothing but the sun, and appears dead to the rest of his surroundings. After about ten minutes, when the retina has become wearied, he falls powerless to the ground, where he remains a few minutes. Then he raises himself slowly, walks about, and presently he is subject to the same attraction again, and the phenomena above described are gone through a second time.

A Lad Who Has Saved Five Lives.

Harry Moore is a brave lad.

Although but 17 years old he has already saved the lives of five people, and a movement is now on foot to secure for him the award of a medal which he has fairly earned. When but 10 years of age he rescued his little sister from drowning. That was his first feat. Others followed in due course. His last exploit was at Cos Cob, Conn. He was in swimming when he learned that a girl who had gone beyond her depth had sunk for the third time. He went to her aid and brought her to land, although she greatly impeded his efforts by clutching him around the throat. He sprained one arm and broke one of his fingers in the desperate struggle for life. Young Moore is a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., and works as a clerk in a New York shipping office.

HARRY MOORE.

In France the military authorities have substituted carrier swallows for pigeons. A test was recently made at Roubaix, and fifteen of the birds were given absolute freedom of wing for the first time. They flew in different directions, and in about twenty minutes one came back and perched on the trainer's outstretched finger. In half an hour all had returned.

During his recent visit to Russia it is said that Emperor William, of Germany was surprised at nothing so much as at the swimming exploits of the Russian soldiers. "Boots off!" exclaimed a colonel when his men reached a river bank. Then, making the sign of the cross, he plunged in and the whole force followed him, swimming to the other side.

THE WAITRESS.

She comes, she comes upon my yearning sight,
Like friendly beacon shining thro' the night.
What tho' thy hands and feet be large—thy head
And countenance alike be fiery red?
My joy at seeing you is past control—
Thou token of plenty to my famished soul!
She comes to learn my lightest whim or wish,
And in answers,
"Souporfish?"

Daughter of Erin, skittish are thy ways:
Perchance my meal you'll bring some of these
days.
Oh, why procrastinate? Why, why so slow?
Art waiting for the ham and eggs to grow?
At length she comes again upon the scene,
And treats up on me with a smile serene.
Like champagne bottle popping out its cork
She shouts out,
"Beeforpork?"

Oh, fair one tho' no drinking man am I,
I fain some mild, light beverage would try.
Not only hungry am I, but athirst
And I could drink until my hide would burst.
Oh, for ice water, milk or lemonade,
Some cool drink bring me, oh, thou lovely maid!
At last she sees my wishes, and far off
Shouts at me
"Teaorcoffee?"

Come, come thou shy, coy maid, hear my appeal;
Have I come to the end of this, my meal?
Is this small ration all I am to draw?
[illegible] famine's tooth forever at me gnaw?
You think I've had enough—not so—not so
And [illegible] of a boarder's wants you know!
If you'd but listen—if you only would
She answers
"Pieorpud?"

—London Table.

A Business Call

The visitor had a cloth bound volume under one arm and a map rolled up under the other.

Not one of the three lawyers at their desks, nor even the office boy reading a novel, deigned more than a glance at him.

"Ahem!" he began. "Fine morning. Will you be kind enough to"——

"We're very busy, don't you see!" exclaimed one attorney. "We have no time for missionary work!"

"I am not a missionary, a book agent, a canvasser, a solicitor, a hawker or peddler. I want to see a lawyer on business."

Immediately the three lawyers sprang for the stranger, seized and held him, while the office boy grabbed a chair and pushed it under him.

"Give me some air, won't ye?" he gasped. "Is there a lawyer named Stuyvesant in this building? I've got a map for him."

"Three doors below!" screamed the office boy, as the lawyers dropped back to their desks.—Philadelphia Press.

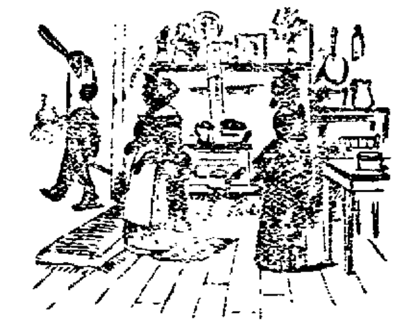
Hurt His Dignity.

Tramp (refusing some bread)—No, madam, I cannot accept your kind offer. My knowledge of the laws of health compels me to draw the line at that bread.

Young Matron—The idea! Perhaps it isn't good enough for you. Well, what would the lord high duke like to have?

Tramp (with dignity)—Madam, I may be a tramp, a loafer, a dead beat, a chicken thief, a scamp or whatever you will have it, but I would like you to distinctly understand that I am no foreign duke, prince or count. No, ma'am!—Epoch.

Military Meanness.



Mrs. Meachim—Come heah, C'lindy! Heah's yo' fren' Mistah Danks, goin' down t' de arm'ry t' drill.

Clarinda—I don' care nuffin 'bout dat trash now. I done asked him t' gub me some buttons fo' earrings d' larst time he wuz heah, an he pulled 'm off'n his s'pendahs.—Judge.

Its Obvious Purpose.

Johnny (looking at lightning rod on barn)—I'd like to know why it branches out into two parts after it gets up on the roof.

Willie (with supreme contempt for the other's ignorance)—To catch the forked lightning, o' course!—Chicago Tribune.

There Was Too Much of Them.

Miss Livewayte (of Chicago)—I wonder why papa was so careful to tell me not to lose my head when we left home.

Miss Bleecker (after an inspection)—Oh, he thought there was no danger of your losing your feet.—Yenowine's News.

Had Plenty of Hair.

Star Boarder—Care makes the hair grow thin, doesn't it?

Landlady—I believe so. Why?

"How remarkably free from care this butter must have always been!"—Lawrence American.

Etiquette.

"She is the greatest stickler for politeness. Why, she won't even have a compass in the house."

"Why not?"

"Because it points."—Puck.

They Have Reason to Be.

There's a good deal of talk nowadays about "passionate poets." Just as if most poets leaving editorial offices were not passionate!—Somerville Journal.

She Was a Pessimist.

Violet—Ma, how do people know it's a man in the moon?

Mother (sadly)—Because it's always out nights.—Boston Times.

A Chronic Invalid.

Larkin—Jones is sick all the time, isn't he?

Gilroy—Yes, he's an ill fated man.—Yenowine's News.

Aye! Aye! Sir.

[illegible]

—Washington Post.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

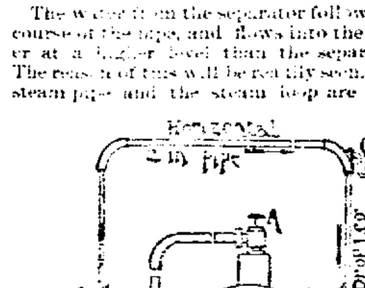
SUBJECTS OF PRACTICAL INTEREST TO WIDE AWAKE READERS.

The Steam Loop, Which Is an Appliance for Returning to a Steam Boiler the Condensed Water from Steam Pipes, Jackets, Heating Coils, Etc.

The steam loop here illustrated is a striking piece of apparatus, since it will return water to a boiler situated at a high level without the intervention of pumps, injectors or other motors. Engineering gives the following illustrated description:

The water simply flows back just as if it were under the action of gravity, the only means of communication being a range of pipes. The action will be readily understood by reference to the annexed diagram, which shows a steam boiler connected by a steam pipe from the dome (A) to a steam engine (B). Immediately in front of the engine is fixed a separator, which catches the water carried over by the steam, as well as that which condenses in the pipe. From the bottom of the separator there rises a pipe until it attains a considerable elevation above the water line of the boiler; it then proceeds horizontally, and finally descends and enters the boiler at D.

The water from the separator follows the course of the pipe, and flows into the boiler at a higher level than the separator. The reason of this will be readily seen. The steam pipe and the steam loop are both



THE STEAM LOOP.

connected to the boiler; but of course there is a slight difference of pressure in them, the pressure falling a little the farther the steam gets from the boiler. Let us suppose the pipes to be blown through at the cocks H and C, and these cocks then closed. Water will commence to collect in the separator, and the pressure in the loop to fall by reason of condensation. The excess of pressure in the separator will immediately begin to drive the water up the riser, not in a solid body, but in separate plugs or plungers, which will follow each other at frequent intervals.

As soon as these reach the top of the riser they will flow along the horizontal pipe, which is of large diameter, and collect in the down pipe. Here the mass will remain until the head of the water, plus the steam pressure above it, is sufficient to raise the check valve, when a part of the column will flow into the boiler. Usually a head of a few feet is sufficient to effect this, but if the pipes be very long it may require twenty feet or more. At the moment when the check valve lifts the gauges at E and F will give the same reading, while the gauge at G will show the steam pressure existing at that point. The water is thus returned to the boiler without loss of pressure and almost without loss of heat. This is done continuously and automatically, the only care required being to blow through occasionally to remove the air.

Colorless Iodine.

While waiting in a drug store recently, says Popular Science News, our curiosity was excited by a call for "colorless iodine," and after the customer had been supplied with the preparation we made some inquiries in regard to its composition. It appeared that the iodine solution was bleached by the addition of ammonia, so that what the purchaser really obtained was a solution of iodide of ammonium, possessing none of the characteristic properties of iodine itself. Colorless iodine is said to be in considerable demand, but it contains no active iodine at all, and is evidently the invention of some druggist or physician with more ingenuity than chemical knowledge.

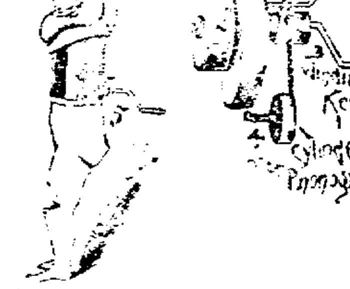
How the U. S. Arsenals Clean Brass.

The method prescribed for cleaning brass and in use in all the United States arsenals is claimed to be the best in the world. The plan is to make a mixture of one part common nitric acid and one-half pint sulphuric acid in a stone jar, having also ready a pail of fresh water and a box of sawdust. The articles to be treated are dipped into the acid, thrown into the water and finally rubbed with sawdust. This changes them into a brilliant color immediately. If the brass has become greasy it is first dipped in a strong solution of potash and soda in warm water, this cuts the grease so that the acid has full power to act.

Edison's Phonographic Doll.

Inasmuch as the mechanism of the talking doll can be made of any size, and the applications are endless, it becomes a subject of more interest than is usually bestowed upon toys. The mechanism of the Edison talking doll is inclosed in the body of an ordinary doll of what is called standard size, and contains a metal cylinder capable of reproducing, in some instances, as many as thirty words.

The first three of these dolls to pass into private hands, we are told by a London journal, were presented to the queen of Holland, for the gratification of her daughter, at the Amsterdam exhibition. The illustration here given of the phonographic apparatus explains itself. Fig. 1 is the diaphragm, 2, cylinder containing the mechanism, 3, winding key, 4, cylinder with phonogram, and 5, doll with the apparatus adjusted.



THE PHONOGRAPHIC APPARATUS OF THE TALKING DOLL.

ALL AROUND THE HOUSE.

Notes on a Variety of Things for Use and Ornament in a Cozy Home.

A portiere or curtain made of buckeyes strung on waxed thread, after the manner of the Japanese bead curtains, furnishes a very rich and handsome hanging.

One of the daintiest sheer draperies for cottage windows is embroidered on tamboured muslin. This comes by the yard in narrow width for sash curtains at from twenty cents upward.

The newest house linen has a broad hem, edged with more or less wide hemstitch and drawn work. The bed quilt, sheets, pillow slips, towels and toilet covers should all match.

Ladies disposed to construct various articles in pasteboard may beautify the surfaces and give these a solid appearance by coating them, says The Decorator and Furnisher. For a bright mother-of-pearl appearance use a concentrated cold solution of salt with dextrine, laid on with a brush—the cardboard being first sized. Other beautiful hues may be obtained from sulphate of magnesia, acetate of soda and sulphate of tin.

The pretty and useful arrangement called "the baby's nest" is intended to be used for the first month of a baby's life. It is a long pad of light soft wool, wadded with eider down, and trimmed with silk and embroidery or lace. The baby is laid in it as in a bed. It is sufficiently long to protect the back of the head and keep it from draughts. This nest insures evenness of temperature with one little woolen garment, no further clothing is necessary. The child is, in fact, shielded in a large, soft, comfortable envelope, and is not teased by the pulling on and off of so many garments.

What to do with the shells gathered at the seashore is easily solved as follows: Having washed them free from sand and dirt, put them in a basin and pour a little muriatic acid upon them, following this with about two-thirds as much water. In a few minutes take them out of the acid and water, wash in clear water, and rub with a bit of soft flannel. Then polish with sweet oil and pumice stone, and finish by rubbing with chamois skin. Fresh water shells are bleached by putting them into a chloride of lime solution and letting them stand in the sun, after which they can be polished as above.

How to Put Up Jelly.

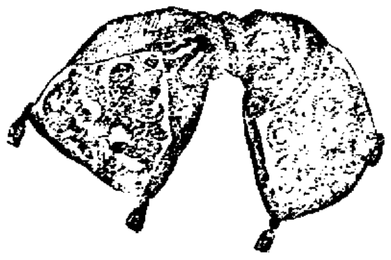
When jelly is cold and firm cut a round of white paper to fit the top of the glass, and dip it in the beaten white of an egg. Press it down close to the jelly. If it lines the side of the glass an eighth of an inch it will do no harm. Over this place a layer of smooth white cotton batting, fitting it closely to the glass. Absorbent cotton is best, but common cotton batting will do if the jelly is firm. Over all paste a round of paper, or paper dipped in white of egg. Be sure the jelly is stored where mice cannot nibble the paper and eat the jelly. Again, pour over the jelly a layer of melted paraffine, melted, but not hot, just warm enough to run. It will harden rapidly. Then paste over the glass a round of soft paper. When the jelly is used, melt the paraffine and save till the following year. Mrs. Hester M. Poole, who is authority for the foregoing, says that where paste is used a few drops of glycerine in each ounce will prevent the label from curling up or dropping off. It is equally efficacious for mucilage.

Green Grape Marmalade.

Green grapes make good pies, also excellent jelly and marmalade. For the jelly more sugar must be used than for ripe grapes. For marmalade remove the seeds from six pounds of unripe grapes, and throw the latter into a saucepan of water over the fire; as soon as they swell lift them off, add a little lemon juice, and let them stand by the side of the fire till quite green, then turn them into an earthenware pan and let them cool. When cool rub them through a sieve and replace them over the fire to dry; then add five pounds of sugar, clarified and boiled to the "crack;" stir it in well, then set it again on the fire till of the right consistency, when it must be put into pots and covered.

A Pretty Shopping Bag.

The purse shaped receptacle shown in the cut is a convenient bag either for fancy work or for shopping purposes. The material used may be plain plush, Roman sheeting or cashmere.



SHOPPING OR WORK BAG.

It is ornamented at each square end with applied pieces of embroidery or antique brocade, the trimming being applied in different shapes on the two ends, and finished off at each corner with chenille and tinsel tassel. Ivory or gimp rings are used.

Melon Cream and Fritters.

Melon cream is not a very common, but certainly a very nice sweet. Slice a moderate sized melon and remove both rind and seeds; put it into a preserving pan with half a pound of sugar and reduce it to a marmalade; rub it through a sieve and add to it three-quarters of an ounce of sheet gelatine, and when cool mix in lightly a good plateful of whipped cream. Melon fritters are also delicious. Cut the melon into neat pieces (removing seeds and rind), and let them soak for half an hour in a little brandy and sugar, then drain them, dip them in batter and fry. Serve with sifted sugar over them.

Russian Tea.

Here is an old Russian recipe for tea: To one-half pound of tea add one large lump of sugar; spread the tea upon a board, crush the leaves and sugar with a rolling pin as finely as possible; mix thoroughly. In making add the water very gradually. The sugar will not be detected even by those who dislike it, and tea thus made is delicious.

Brief and Practical.

Fruit stains on cloth or on the hands may be removed by rubbing with the juice of ripe tomatoes. If applied immediately powdered starch will take stains out of table linen. Left on the spot a few hours it absorbs every trace of the stain.

It is said that a joint of meat may be kept many days by wrapping it loosely in a fine cloth wrung out of vinegar and hanging it in a draught of air. If the weather is very warm the cloth should be moistened twice or even thrice a day.

Milk may be canned just as you would can fruit. Bring the milk to the boiling point and fill your jars to the brim with it, then shut air tight. This will keep any length of time, and be just as good when opened as when it was put up.

WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

FASHIONS THAT ARE APPROVED AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Costumes for Children That Show New and Attractive Features—Useful and Becoming Bows, Lace Dresses Suitable for Dinners and Evening Parties.

In the cut here given are illustrated three new costumes widely varying in style, and yet all are appropriate and in fashion. The first figure shows a jacket

THREE CHARMING COSTUMES FOR CHILDREN.

bodice and box plaited skirt in plain serge, effectively trimmed with bars of velvet placed slantwise on each box plait of the skirt below the knees, as well as on the fronts of the jacket, and on the puckered part of the sleeves, which are close fitting from the elbows to the wrists. The jacket opens over the full pointed bodice, which is finished with a belt of gros grain ribbon. The central figure illustrates a dress and cape in white nun's veiling with open embroidery. The turn down collar is of pink silk to match the silk socks and the ribbons on the broad brimmed hat.

The remaining figure shows an attractive dress in tartan plaid cut on the cross. The high shouldered sleeves, neck band and corselet are in plain motive of the darkest shade of the tartan. The stockings worn with this dress are of the same color as the sleeves and corselet. For a child of five to eight years, an accordion plaited dress with full sleeves and full round bodice made with a smocked yoke affords a simple and at the same time becoming garment. Older girls affect sleeveless vests and jackets with loose receding fronts.

A BLACK GAUZE DRESS.

Lace dresses are exceedingly graceful affairs, and are also convenient, especially when made in black lace, being suited to many occasions, as a dinner, an evening party or an afternoon at home. Black, too, is becoming to most women.

In the cut is shown an attractive gown in black gauze, spotted with wafers of chenille and lined with a foundation of maize colored surah silk. The braces that start from the front and extend over the shoulders and down the back of the bodice to the waist line and the streamers at the back are in moire ribbon. The collarette is in point de Venice lace and is headed with a gathered band of yellow ribbon.

Two Types in Dress.

Two articles are being largely sold now that represent the mild and failing type of woman and the new and boisterous set. That is, there is a great demand for needlework and shooting dresses, says Miss Mantalini in The Pall Mall Budget. The old style of woman burdens herself with a big bundle of fancy needle work. The modern woman orders a very practical costume, and travels with a gun or a fishing rod just like any man. A pretty model seen for a shooting dress was made of check homespun. The plain skirt was just long enough to cover the tops of the boots, and was worn over spats of the same material. The coat bodice was tabbed out round the edge, and was left open in front to show a waistcoat. The newest and most expensive waistcoat is made of velvet calf. It is rather showy. Leather is being used a little as a trimming in the form of piping. The hem of a skirt will sometimes be of leather, inside and out. In such cases the edge of the dress need never be dirty or draggled, for the leather hem can be washed.

Fashion's Echoes.

Kid, reindeer skin and Russia leather are used as trimming on ladies' shooting and traveling dresses by English makers.

Accordion plaits are much used on ball gowns. The newest ball gowns touch the ground and often have panels or front of a contrasting color. Silk is even more in fashion than thin material.

Feather bonnets and feathers on hats are in favor.

Except for mourning and lace goods black is decidedly unpopular.

For fall dresses rough soft cloths in dark blue, copper or copper brown will be much worn. They are made double breasted; the collar is a turnover with a step in the lapel and the sleeves are coat shaped and neither high nor full.

Redingotes made of dark silk are now worn over light or muslin dresses.

Ruffled sashes are more and more in favor. The sashes are generally tied at the back with long ends of black velvet reaching nearly to the ground, or else more fashionable still the very latest mode is to cross them at the back and bring them round under the arms and tie them in front at the waist.

PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

The Speed with Which an Impulse Travels Along the Sensory Nerves.

While it follows as a very natural consequence of the modern view of the relation between body and mind that mental processes, however simple, should occupy time, Science reminds us that the very opposite opinion has been held by sober thinkers. It has been argued as a proof of the immateriality of thought that its operations were out of relation to time, and the expression "quick as thought" has come to indicate a maximum of speed. It being established that so comparatively simple a process as sensation involves the passage of an impulse along nerve fibers, it is plain that the rate of traveling of this impulse sets a limit to the time of the entire process, as well as of all more complicated mental operations in which sensations are involved.

The physiologist Johannes Muller, writing in 1844, despaired of ever being able to measure the time of so excessively rapid and short a movement; but before the close of the same decade Helmholtz measured the rate in the nerve of the frog, finding it to be about 86 feet per second. Though somewhat greater in man, 110 feet per second, this movement is extremely slow compared with the velocity of light, or even sound; indeed, it is only slightly faster than the fastest express train. Science adds that for the motor nerves of man Helmholtz has found by a method closely similar to that employed upon the frog a rate of 110 feet per second. The most influential of the conditions affecting this rate is temperature: cold decreases and heat increases it, the extreme of variation being 30 to 90 meters. Under normal conditions it seems fair to regard the rate for both the motor and sensory nerves of man as about 110 feet per second.

Defective Sight Growing More Prevalent.

According to some oculists defective sight is becoming more general in the United States, and blindness, particularly among the poor, shows a steady growth. Purulent ophthalmia of infancy is prevalent in charitable institutions, poorhouses, etc. The disease shows itself within a fortnight after birth. A recent investigation of the blind in the county almshouses and asylums of one state showed that one out of every five cases of blindness was due to ophthalmia, and that the cases could have been cured if they had been properly treated in time, few or no special precautions having been taken in any of the institutions to prevent its spreading. The increase of blindness throughout the country has been so marked of late years—four times as great as the increase of population—that it has been made the subject of special investigation by the American Ophthalmological society, the investigation including a study of the ophthalmia so prevalent in Egypt, to which the ophthalmia of infancy is closely akin.

Better Results Than Pasteur's.

Dr. N. S. Davis, ex-president of the American Medical association, is credited with stating that during the past twenty years he had directed patients bitten by a dog to keep the wound covered by a cloth saturated with a solution of carbolic acid and hyposulphite of soda, and to take in water ten grains of the hyposulphite of soda three times a day, continuing it three or four weeks. He did not pretend to say this prevented the development of hydrophobia, but none of his cases had had it, and therefore it could be said he had had better results than Pasteur.

The Toxic Effect of Cocaine.

Dr. Isidor Gheck is credited with the discovery, arrived at after a series of experiments in seeking to do away with the toxic effects of cocaine, that in combination with phenol cocaine loses its objectionable features and even gains in usefulness. As stated in a medical journal, Dr. Gheck adds a dram of water containing two drops of water to ten grains of cocaine. During a year's use of this formula he has never had to contend with any toxic effect of the drug, and employs it in any part of the nose or throat without fear of harmful results.

A Good Disinfectant.

A writer on disinfectants claims that the most reliable one that is practicable for families is the vapor of sulphur. To use this put it into an iron vessel, set it on fire and leave it to burn out in the apartment with the doors tightly closed. About two pounds of roll sulphur is required for a room ten feet square with ceiling of ordinary height. The fumes are dangerous to life, and caution must be observed in entering the room before it is free from the sulphurous gas.

Color Blindness.

The investigations of a select committee on color blindness carried on in large English workshops have resulted in ascertaining the fact that out of fifty men examined two were color blind. According to Sir George Stokes, M. P., president of Royal society and chairman of the committee, this is about the average of color blindness in England.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE.

Casual Introductions at an Outing Do Not Involve Future Acquaintance.

Introductions which take place out of doors, as on the lawn tennis ground, in the hunting field, in the street or in any casual way, are not to be taken as necessarily formal unless a lady chooses to consider them, says Mrs. John Sherwood, who is authority on manners and social usages. The same may be said of introductions at a watering place, where a group of ladies walking together meet other ladies or gentlemen, and join forces for a walk or drive. Introductions are useful, and should be made by the oldest lady of the party, but are not to be considered as making an acquaintance necessary between the parties if neither should afterward wish it.

It is universally conceded now that this sort of casual introduction does not involve either lady in the network of a future acquaintance; nor need a lady recognize a gentleman if she does not choose to do so after a watering place introduction. It is always, however, more polite to bow; that civility hurts no one.

There are, says Mrs. Sherwood, many women—members of an exclusive set—who fear if they should know some other women outside of that set that they would imperil their social standing. The result is that much ill feeling is engendered, and people whom these old aristocrats call "parvenus" are always having their feelings hurt. The fact remains that the best bred and most truly aristocratic people do not find it necessary to hurt any one's feelings. An introduction never harms anybody, and a woman with the slightest tact can keep off a vulgar and pushing person without being rude. It is to be feared that there are vulgar natures among those who aspire to be considered exclusive and that they are gratified if they can pre-eminently increase their own importance by seeming exclusive.

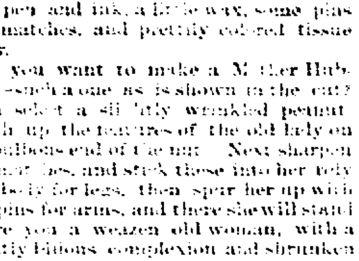
YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

DEVOTED TO THE ENTERTAINMENT OF GIRLS AND BOYS.

How Peanuts May Be Transformed Into Fanciful Characters by Sticking Pins and Matches Into Them and Adding Bits of Wax and Tissue Paper.

There are medium sized, commonplace peanuts, like some of the ordinary persons one sees every day, and out of which nothing can be made, and there are short, pudgy, self important looking peanuts, and round, fat little peanuts that look like the wee, wee pig that couldn't get over the door sill. Then, too, there are graceful slender peanuts, with elegant figures, resembling genteel ladies with their skirts tightly tied back, some wearing bustles and some wearing none. If you want to turn a pile of peanuts into fanciful objects, such as hunchback men, pigs, babies in long clothes, and old women in caps, get your pen and ink, a little wax, some pins and matches, and prettily colored tissue paper.

Do you want to make a Mother Hubbard—such a one as is shown in the cut? Then select a slightly wrinkled peanut. Touch up the features of the old lady on the bulbous end of the nut. Next sharpen two matches, and stick these into her roly poly body for legs, then spear her up with two pins for arms, and there she will stand before you a weazen old woman, with a slightly bilious complexion and shrunken limbs, but an old woman capable of being improved by dress, as most women are. Therefore fashion her a gown and bonnet out of tissue paper, and as she would hardly be complete without hands and feet, a little gum properly placed will supply these missing members.



MOTHER HUBBARD—HUMPTY DUMPTY.

A short, thick set peanut, provided with arms and legs and pen-and-ink sketched features, as already directed, requires only a tall paper cap to transform it into a Humpty Dumpty. With the foregoing directions, and the models borrowed from The New Orleans Picayune, bright boys and girls can readily multiply these peanut creatures into a numerous and interesting family.

Little Hi Pon Tush.

Little Hi Pon Tush is a jolly Chinee boy,
And he came to our shores when he scarce could walk;
But now he has grown to a chubby, laughing lad,
A lively young sprout from the oriental stock,
And he says, does little Hi,
As he winks his almond eye,
"I now speakee allee samee Limited States talk."

Young Hi's yellow pa handles "washee washee" check;
The elder Mr. Tush runs a laundry shop, you know;
While Mrs. Tush prepares the "Flowery Kingdom" stew,
An art she learned in Hong Kong many years ago;
But they sometimes say they yearn
Unto China to return,
And live in a junk on the River Hoang Ho.

Little Hi plays all day with the "Melican" boys,
And don't care a snap for the land of tea and rice;
But he says with a laugh that shakes his twisted queue,
"I heap thinkee chicks taste bettler than rats or mice,
And the home of the flee
Is much good enough for me,
For George Washington's land is belly, belly nice."
—Golden Days.

The Ring Game.

All present must leave the room with the exception of one person, who then places a heavy finger ring in some fairly conspicuous place. On the entrance of the others the object is to find the ring, but instead of exclaiming when they see it each person that does so quietly sits down without speaking. The last person to find the ring, or the one who cannot do so, has to pay a forfeit or fine, or whatever may be previously settled, and to be the next person to hide the ring. Brass or gilt candle sticks, clocks, brackets, etc., are good places on which to place the ring, and the same game may be likewise played with a thimble. It is droll to see those who have perceived the ring quietly sitting down and the eagerness and despair of those who fail to see where it is.

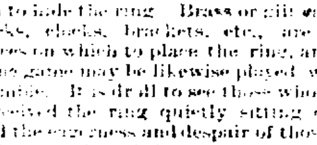
The Donkey and the Gosling.

One morning in June, a very hot day,
A donkey was quietly munching his hay,
When he lifted his voice and began to bray.

A gosling who lived in the farmyard nigh
Happened just then to be passing by,
And thought it a vulgar way to sigh.

"My dear sir," said she, in some surprise,
"It's a voice that's terrible to the eyes;
It's worse than the shout of a dozen boys.

"Do express your thoughts in a quieter way,
For if you even ventured to neigh
It would not be so bad as that horrible bray."



HE LIFTED HIS VOICE AND BEGAN TO BRAY.

"Pray do not stand there and dictate to me;
To whom are you talking?" said he,
"Wait but I'll very soon tell you," said she.

"Your voice would sweep a dozen boys away;
Your face is as a stroke on my cheek ...;
So what can one expect from a donkey, I say?"

She delivered this speech, and then waddled away,
The donkey ... walked away in dismay,
But after a ... thus spoke again:

"No doubt you expect me to make answer now;
But I ... you—what is the use?
If I am a donkey you'll soon be a goose."

THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

Two Precious Relics Preserved in the Collection of Mr. George W. Childs.

A little green harp in the possession of Mr. George W. Childs has a curiously suggestive history and importance. It belonged to "Tom Moore" in the days of his greatest triumphs as poet and singer, and went with him to all the homes where he was so heartily welcomed. It was rescued from oblivion and carefully preserved by the S. C. Halls, and was part of their gift to Mr. Childs of their wealth of literary relics.

A miniature likeness of Gen. Washington, handsomely inclosed in gold, is one of the most precious relics in the possession of Mr. Childs. Its authenticity is certified to by a paper signed by the Washington heirs, to them it passed as children of Washington's friend and relative, Mrs. Hannah Washington, of Fairfield, Frederick county, Va., to whom it was bequeathed by Washington himself, and by whom it was enriched by a lock of Washington's hair, set in the back of the picture. Fairfax Washington's letter, reciting that he had visited Washington at Mount Vernon two months before his death, and seen the original portrait from which this miniature was painted by Mr. Field, also attests its history. With it is another letter giving the history of its transmission through a succession of Washingtons, Fairfaxes, Meades and others, all related to the great original. From the last owner it passed into the ownership of Mr. Childs, by whom it is reverently preserved in his private office as one of his most precious relics. There it has been seen by hundreds of visitors, Americans and foreigners.

The Button a Modern Invention.

The word button (French bouton, from bout, an end or extremity, and bouter, to push or place) is less correctly applied to an appendage of dress than to a tiny projection or collet intended to be pressed by the thumb or finger for a specific purpose, of which the aptest illustration is furnished by the terminal button of an electric bell. The idea of utilizing the bouton for bringing anything thereto, or fastening anything thereto, is of comparatively modern date, in short, neither the term nor the article was known to the ancients. The dress of the Greeks and Romans needed not the presence of buttons, ample substitutes for which were found in the clasp. Among all the paintings and mosaics discovered in the ruins of Pompeii no single illustration of the button has ever been brought to light. Nor did the simple costume of the Anglo-Saxons require those accessories. Previous to the Norman conquest buttons in England were altogether unknown. The people of Normandy must certainly have been of an inventive turn of mind, or they would never have conceived the utility of buttons in relation to dress. The suggestion probably came from the already familiar wooden knob or extremity known as the bout or bouton of their early furniture. We know ourselves how convenient it is to hang any article of dress upon a door or drawer handle, or even on the collet of a bedpost, so there exists no doubt that in this way it was how the Normans hit upon the idea of temporarily attaching one garment to another.

Animal Worship.

Among primitive peoples all animals are supposed to be endowed with souls, which in many cases have formerly animated human beings. Hence a likeness is often recognized between an animal and some deceased friend, and the animal is addressed as the person would have been, and honored with a kind of worship. Many tribes call themselves by the name of and even derive their pedigree from some animal. Its cries become the omens of the tribe, and thus originate the divination and augury of more civilized nations. In the modern world the most civilized people among whom animal worship vigorously survives lie within the range of Brahminism. Here the sacred cow is not merely to be spared; she is as a deity worshiped and bowed to daily by the pious Hindoo. Siva is incarnate in Hanuman, the monkey god. The divine king of birds, Garuda, is Vishnu's vehicle, and the forms of fish and boar and tortoise assumed in the avatar legends of Vishnu. Perhaps no worship has prevailed more widely than that of the serpent. It had its place in Egypt and among the Hebrews, in Greece and Rome; among the Celts and Scandinavians in Europe, in Persia and India; in China and Thibet, in Mexico and Peru, and in Africa, where it still flourishes as the state religion in Dahomey.

Where the Handsomest Corals Come From.

The largest quantity and the handsomest corals come from the Algerian coast. These coral grounds have been worked since the middle of the Sixteenth century. Other coral grounds are found on the coast of Sicily, Corsica, Sardinia, Spain, the Balearics and Provence. More than 500 Italian barks and over 4,200 persons are engaged in the coral fishery. Besides these French and Spanish barks are engaged in the same occupation. The Italian fishermen pay a high royalty to the French government for their right of fishing for corals on the Algerian coast. There are more than sixty coral workshops in Italy, forty of which are in the little town Torre del Greco, at the foot of Vesuvius. These shops give employment to about 9,000 persons, mostly women and children.

The Oldest Architectural Ruins.

The oldest ruins in the world are probably the rock cut temples at Ipsamboul in Nubia, on the left bank of the Nile. The longest temple contains fourteen apartments hewn out of solid rock. The first and largest of these is 57 feet long and 52 feet broad, and is supported by two rows of massive pillars, four in each row, and 30 feet high. To each of these pillars is attached a standing colossus or human figure of enormous proportions, reaching to the roof, overlaid with a kind of stucco and painted with gaudy colors, apparently as brilliant after a lapse of over 4,000 years as when laid on.

Graves of Washington and Adams.

Washington's remains lie in the vestibule of the vault at Mt. Vernon, within sound of the Potomac. His tomb is overshadowed by a willow, which was a cutting from a tree that overhung the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena. Martha Washington rests beside her husband.

John Adams and his son, John Quincy, lie side by side in a vault under the Unitarian church at Quincy, Mass. Their wives are buried with them.

How Opium Is Obtained.

Opium is got by cutting the capsule of the poppy flower with a notched iron instrument at sunrise, and by the next morning a great deal of juice has oozed out. This is scraped off and saved by the grower, and after he has a vessel full of it it is strained and dried. It takes a great many poppies to make a pound of opium, and it goes through a number of processes before it is ready for market.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Save Your Hair

BY a timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.

"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After due waiting, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair grew

Thick and Strong.

It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."—J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles street, Haverhill, Mass.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

IS A SPECIFIC FOR PAINFUL PROFUSE SCANTY SUPPRESSED AND IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION OR MONTHLY SICKNESS

IF TAKEN DURING CHANGE OF LIFE GREAT DANGER & SUFFERING WILL BE AVOIDED

BOOK "TO WOMAN" MAILED FREE

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA.

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E. C. HOBERMAN & CO.

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THE FINEST DISPLAY

—OF—

FANCY GOODS!

TO SELECT FROM FOR A

WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, CRYSTAL OR CHINA WEDDING PRESENT

—IS AT—

THE PEOPLES' STORE.

LITTLE GIANT SCHOOL SHOES AT TRISTRAM & YOUNG'S.

BIG BARGAINS

IN BROKEN LOTS OF

LADIES' AND GENTS' FINE SHOES!

They must go in 10 days to make room for our large

STOCK OF FALL GOODS!

That is coming in daily. Misses', Ladies and Children's Oil Grains and Calf Shoes for Winter at

FROM $1.50 TO $2.00,

Warranted. Come and see THE LEADER, on the Corner.

W. S. BOWERS.

P. Centemeri & Co.'s Glove!

NEW YORK CITY, September 12, 1890.

We have given Mr. D. Yake the sole and exclusive sale of our glove for the city of Marion, O., and we recommend ladies who reside in that city and wish our make of gloves to buy only from D. Yake, as he is our authorized agent for Marion and no one else can obtain or sell our glove honorably. P. CENTEMERI & CO.

FOR RENT—Dwelling of four rooms on north East street. Inquire of James Molloy. 251-tf

FOR RENT—Business room, cheap. Inquire at Marion Steam Laundry. 157w1.

FOR RENT—House on Uhler avenue, East Marion. E. E. BUSH, Real Estate Ag't. 256-tf

FOR RENT—House of six rooms, well and cistern, and all conveniences, including barn. Inquire of T. Breen's grocery. 258w1

FOR RENT—House of seven rooms and barn, corner of East and Railroad streets. Inquire of Wm. Cull, at his wagon shop. 257-1w

FOR SALE—A new two story house on Park street. A parlor, dining room and kitchen, with front hall and stairs, second floor having three bed-rooms, bath room and hallway. Cheap. Apply to L. V. Gardner, City. 259-t6

LOTS FOR SALE—On Greenwood and George streets, one square north of Huber shops. Easy terms, to suit purchaser. Inquire of F. E. Heise. 1was20tf

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Good wages given to a competent girl. No washing.
259 t3 MRS. J. J. HANE

$75.00 TO $250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities.
B. F. JOHNSON & CO.,
1009 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

—Mollie Wilkes.

—Cunningham, the plumber.

—Little Giant school shoe at Tristram & Young's.

—Call and see the display of stoves at S. S. Fox & Co's. 258-ltaw

—Underwear for ladies, men, misses and children, at SELTNER BROS.

—New mince meat
258t3 J. W. [illegible]

—Mollie Wilkes.

—One lot of ladies' cloth jackets worth $6, will close out at $4. They are a big bargain and will not last long at the extremely low prices named.
SELTNER BROS., Masonic Block.

—See Prendergast at once if you wish to buy your winter's supply of hard or soft coal. Their prices are extremely low. 183-tf

THE MOST COMPLETE LINE OF

School Books!

AND SUPPLIES AT

LOWEST PRICES.

In the city. Second hand School Books for sale, and bring your old text books, which will be taken in exchange for new ones, at

C. G. Wiant's.

—Mollie Wilkes.

—Little Giant school shoe at Tristram & Young's.

—Three houses for rent. Inquire of J. H. Vaughan, north Main street. 240-tf

Economy: "100 Doses One Dollar."
Merit: "Peculiar to Itself."
Purity: Hood's Sarsaparilla.

—Ladies, call and see our handsome embroidered pattern suits, no two alike. Prices low. SELTNER BROS.

—Received, a large stock of ladies', misses' and children's wraps, which will sell at bottom prices.
SELTNER BROS.

—The Central Ohio annual conference of the U. B. church will convene at Westerville, Ohio, Oct. 1st, 1890. The senior bishop, Rev. J. Weaver, of Dayton, will preside.

Services at U. B. church Sunday. Subject, morning, "God's care of His own." Psalms [illegible]. Subject, evening, "A night of toil rewarded in the morning," an illustrated discourse.

The Marion Cemetery vault, which has been shut off from use for some time on account of undergoing repairs, is now complete and ready to receive bodies. The vault is now in excellent order.

—We have a large and choice selection of fall and winter dress goods in plaids, stripes, fancy mixtures and plain goods, at popular prices.
SELTNER BROS.

The only place in the city to get the famous Anheuser Busch Budweiser, St. Louis beer is at [illegible] Schwartzfarth's. Also imported schweitzer cheese and [illegible] wines at Schwartzfarth's.

The sewer contractors are [illegible] to advertise [illegible] for [illegible] the main sewer [illegible] all Ma[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Masonic [illegible] Tuesday, Wednesday [illegible] Saturday at [illegible]

[illegible] Masonic [illegible] realized they became discouraged

GET THE BEST

Hard or Soft

COAL

Linsley & Lawrence,
West Street, Between Railroads.

—Mollie Wilkes.

—Little Giant school shoe at Tristram & Young's.

—The cheapest place in town to get a stove is at S. S. Fox & Co's. 258-ltaw

—Just received, a limited number of cloth jackets, which will sell at $3.50; well worth $5. SELTNER BROS.

—Mrs. Frank Mayer has returned from Columbus, after a few days' visit with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Guthke.

—John Winters, of Grand avenue, is ill with pneumonia or lagrippe. He is under the professional care of Dr. Hensley.

—H. G. Remage, of Foye's drug store, left this morning for Paulding, Ohio, for a few days visit with friends and relatives.

—Mrs. R. B. Heller, of Napoleon, O., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Sharpless. Mr. Heller was here Friday but has returned home.

—G. W. Worden, editor of the LaRue News, was in the city this forenoon. A rush of business prevented Mr. Worden from remaining for the convention.

—Miss Lillie Powell, of LaRue, has returned to the home of her cousin, Miss Princess Aronhalt, on north West street, intending to remain for an indefinite time.

—Deputy Marshal Ruhl, on west Center street, has been quite sick the past week, but is reported by his attending physician, Dr. Hensley, as now improving nicely.

—Upper Sandusky Union: Tom Emery and Will Hunt, two of Marion's model young men, were at the Big Fair yesterday, getting acquainted with more of our handsome young ladies.

The Baptist church, on East street, is closed for awhile, in order to make improvements. Pastor Downer will preach on Sunday, Sept. 21, at Normal chapel, morning and evening. The prayer meeting and business meeting will be held in the [illegible] building, 3d floor, southeast room, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 24.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McNeal entertained about two dozen of their friends on Friday evening in their beautiful and elegant home, on west Center street. The company was in honor of their guest, Miss Bryson, of Wooster, O., and as a sort of a farewell to Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Fisher, who are soon to leave on an extensive trip abroad. The floral decorations were beautiful, the music delightful and the refreshments all that even the hostess could have wished. Cards and dancing were also a part of the entertainment.

Columbus Dispatch: Calvin Skinner, a Pan Handle engineer and a resident of this city, has been appointed road foreman of engines on the Chicago and Erie, with headquarters at Huntington, Ind. His jurisdiction will extend over the 2[illegible] miles between Marion and Chicago. Mr. Skinner is a road most and engineer of long experience, having served seven years in the shops before going on the road. He has been an engineer on the Pan Handle for [illegible] past fifteen years, running [illegible] this city during all of that time. [illegible] departure from Columbus will be regretted by numerous [illegible], however, congratulate [illegible] of his worth [illegible] appointment just re[illegible]

Low Priced Envelopes.

[illegible] has just received one [illegible] envelopes, bought [illegible] have formerly [illegible] Parties desir[illegible] our prices [illegible] shipped from [illegible] prices [illegible]

Mollie Wilkes!

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Fair, cooler weather; northe[illegible]

UNDERWEAR!

LADIES' CAMELS HAIR UNDERWEAR.
LADIES' NATURAL WOOL UNDERWEAR.
LADIES' BALBRIGGAN UNDERWEAR.

Misses', Children's and Boy's

UNDERWEAR IN ALL GRADES
AND AT VERY LOW PRICES!

SPECIAL VALUES IN GENTS' UNDERWEAR.

We are opening the Season with an immense stock of Underwear at prices lower than they have ever been: Your especial attention is called to qualities and prices.

Warner & Edwards.

MOLLIE WILKES.

WARRANTED AND FITTED

—TO THE—

☞ HAND! ☜

. Every pair of KID GLOVES above 75c per pair we will warrant and fit to the hand. We keep the best gloves the market offords and our drices are always the lowest. A large lot of 10-Button Suede Mosquetair Gloves; just opened, beautiful tan shades, best goods, only 79c. We have decidedly the largest line of Kid Gloves in the city, and it will be to your advantage to call and see them.

DRESS GOODS!

Our Dress Goods stock is complete. We are showing elegant goods in all the novelties at prices so low that you will be satisfied if you will call and examine them. Remember the place, White Front in the Masonic Block.

D. A. FRANK & CO.

THE EVENT OF THE COMING WEEK.

Great Preparations Being Made for the Entertainment of the Visiting Masons, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

Preparations are rapidly being completed for the entertainment of the visitors to the city next week, called here to attend the Sixtieth Annual Assembly of the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters and the Seventy-fourth Annual Convocation of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of Ohio.

The committee of arrangements, which is composed of C. H. Wilson, Michael Waddel, Julius Strelitz, Harvey Wilson, George McGuire, T. H. B. Beale, F. R. Saiter and B. P. Sweney, is busy with the necessary preliminaries to make the meeting of the brethren a notable one, and one that will be a credit to Marion.

The reception committee for the first day—Tuesday—the day on which the Grand Council assembles, is composed of the following gentlemen: H. True, J. F. McNeal, J. R. Harshberger, P. Dombaugh and Sidney Young.

The reception committee for Wednesday, the opening day of the session of the Grand Chapter, is composed of Harvey Wilson, George Copeland, E. E. Davis, John E. Waddel and E. S. Boalt.

Thursday's reception committee, also Chapter Day, is as follows: T. H. B. Beale, W. H. McClure, E. K. Uhler, John A. Wolford and Ben Berber.

The meeting of these two Masonic bodies is expected to bring about 350 Masons to the city, some of whom will be accompanied by their ladies; and while the committees will have their entertainment to look after, they will need the cooperation of citizens. There will be no public demonstration during the session, and the time that is not employed by the business meetings will be given up to social entertainments. Of course, the feature of the occasion, socially, will be the reception given at the court house Wednesday evening, to all Masonic bodies and the ladies.

During Wednesday and Thursday conveyances will be provided to take the representatives about the city, to all points of interest. The town should be put in its holiday attire, and thus extend a welcome to this noble body of men.

As a part of the program for the week, which has already been given, the Grand Council will assemble Tuesday at 9 a. m. The day will be devoted to the business of the grand body. In the evening at 7:30 there will be an exemplification of the Royal and Select Master's degree, at Masonic Hall, to be followed by the conferring of the Super-Excellent degree by Past M. I. G. M., Henry Theobald, assisted by members of Marion council.

The Grand Chapter convenes at 9 a. m. Wednesday, and the day will be devoted to the business of the body. In the evening the Order of High Priesthood will be conferred at Masonic Hall.

The headquarters of the Grand Council will be at the Kerr House and those of the Grand Chapter at Hotel Marion.

—Little Giant school shoe at Tristram & Young's.

—Mollie Wilkes.

NOW

—IS—

THE TIME

To do careful and painstaking Paper Hanging and all Interior Decorating. We are now receiving New Specialties in Wall Paper, Room Mouldings, Curtains, Draperies, Etc., to meet the best class of mid-season work.

JOHN LANDON,

West Center Street.

To Dispel Colds,

Headaches and fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

Married.

KEMMERER—WARNER—At the parsonage of the Christian church, September 17, 1890, Mr. John Kemmerer and Miss Ivy Warner, both of Marion county, Ohio.

May happiness and peace their portion be.

Ministers' Meeting.

The ministers' meeting next Monday will be held in Hotel Marion at 10:30 a.m. A full attendance is desired.
W. E. THOMAS, Sec.

There are
many white soaps,
each
represented to be
"just as good as the Ivory."
They are not,
but like
all counterfeits,
they lack
the peculiar
and remarkable
qualities of
the genuine.
Ask for
Ivory Soap
and
insist upon having it.
'Tis sold everywhere.

"PROGRESS!"

[illegible]

ACORN STOVES,

[illegible]

LEADING FURNACE!

We are prepared at [illegible] TIN AND IRON R[illegible] Give us your trade.

S. S. FOX & CO.,

FITE BLOCK, EAST CENTER STREET.

## THE HOME

STEAM LAUNDRY

Wants your trade,
solicits a trial order
with a guarantee of the
Best Work
turned out anywhere.
Work called for
and delivered.

CUSTER & FRIES,

PROPRIETORS,

BACK OF FARMERS BANK

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WHEN

You contemplate a purchase of Furniture do not fail to call at

FIES' FURNITURE STORE

And see the Real Novelties and New and Popular things of the day. Fine Furniture is made a specialty, and the prices will compete with any city quotations.

WM. FIES,

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WALL PAPER

Curtains and Curtain Goods!

—AND—

Mouldings and Frames!

Spcialties in Toilet Novelties!

MASONIC BLOCK.

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COAL! COAL!

Buy your Coal at once from

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And save Twenty-five Per Cent.

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L. B. GURLEY'S.
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